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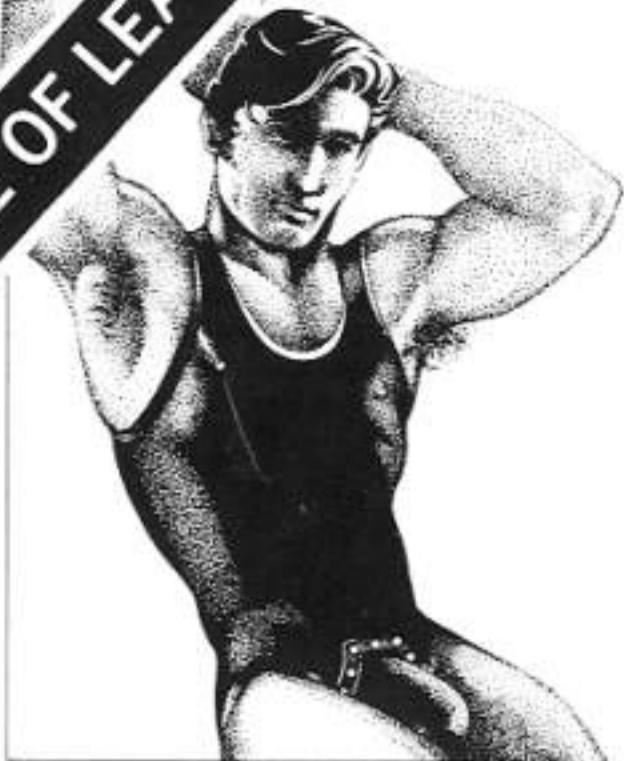
FLESH & STEEL / MR. BENSON / DRUM

ISSUE 32

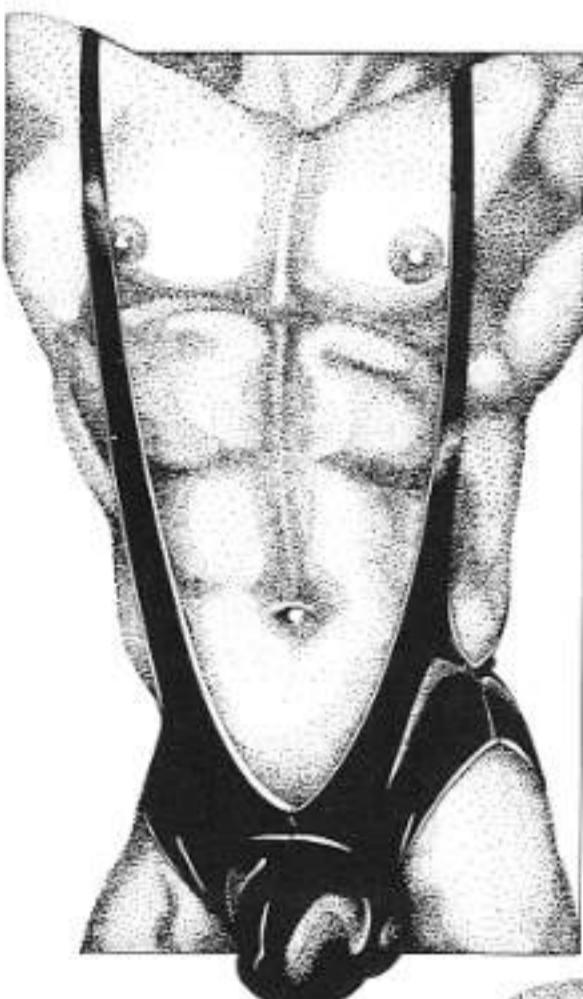
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AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 4

32

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



- 6 GETTING OFF/MALE CALL
8 STANLEY STELLER
Drummer debuts a hot new wave New York photographer with an eye for the bent. Get your jack rag ready.
2 FLESH AND STEEL
Gordon Grant pumps iron for a living. Drummer takes you inside the gym and under the big man's biceps.
19 THE DOSSIER
He came from France to San Francisco looking for the experience of a lifetime. He got more than he bargained for.
22 MR. BENSON/PART FOUR
Jack Prescott's twink turns wide-eyed at an unexpected revelation.
28 THE MEN/ROBERT OPEL
Artist Robert Opel was murdered in his well-known gallery earlier this year. He was working on a major examination, in verse, of his vision as an artist. Drummer proudly presents Opel's last words.
30 ASTROLOGIC
Scorpio, alleged a real killer
32 DRUMSTICKS
33 DRUMBEATS
Bigger and harder than ever before!
41 CENTERFOLD / WESTERN MAN
This hot and raunchy new photography studio takes an original look at the man in the tux and the man in the body-harness.

- 50 PRISON PUNK / CONCLUSION
Frank O'Rourke's look behind steel bars comes to a crashing climax.
58 DRUM
Bill Ward's hero goes to a Roman Orgy.
61 BOOK REVIEW
In The Model: The World Behind the Lens, those macho billboard and magazine hunks take you behind-the-scenes.
63 DRUMMER REVIEWS THE FLICKS
Nick Nolte as a cowboy football player.
66 TOUGH SHIT
Once again, Drummer brings you the worst from around the world.
68 TOUGH CUSTOMERS
Looking for a hauler or a mechanic? These guys will haul your ass or re-align your crankcase.

- 71 CON RAP
Drummer begins an ongoing dialogue with the brothers behind real prison walls. Get involved.
72 TOUGH TALES
Readers turned writers. Drummer fans can get it off their chest in this new column.
74 BAR SCENE / THE TRIANGLE
Denver hosts a hot watering hole for the hard corps.
77 MEN'S BAR SCENE
The Drummer round-up goes international.
86 IN PASSING
One last wicked look.

Cover: Another hot man from the Zeus cameras, Clay. Destined to be seen again and again.

Contents Page Photo:
by Western Man

DRUMMER

AMERICAN REVIEW OF
GAY POPULAR CULTURE

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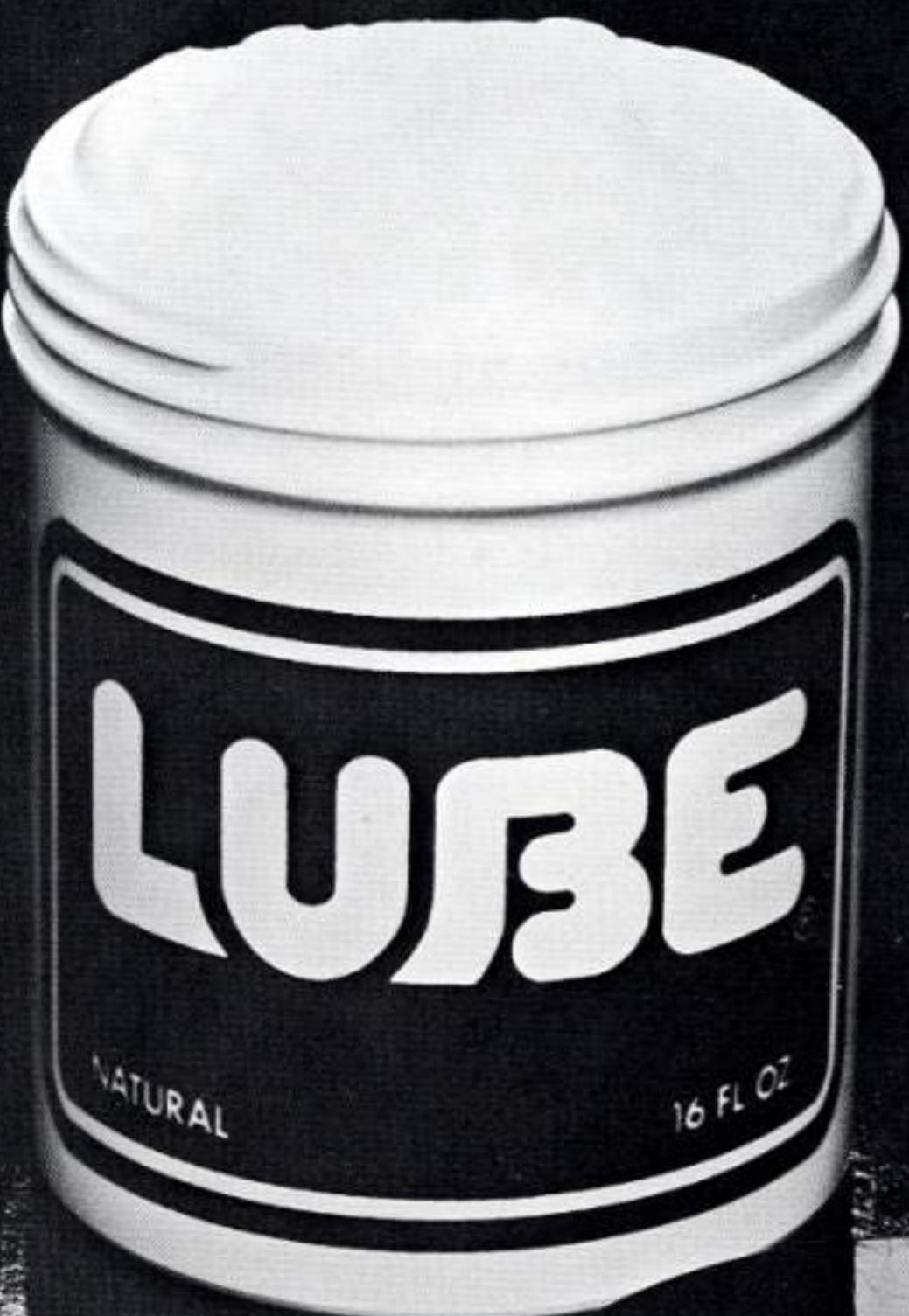
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GETTING OFF

THE DUKE IS DEAD

Okay, so it's been a couple months; so I've been grief-stricken and couldn't straighten out my thoughts, much less commit them to paper. So this is my first *Getting Off* column and I wanted to set a certain tone.

'Straighten out,' now that's a phrase the Duke would have used.

"Let's straighten out those injuns 'fore they go and rape any more of our womenfolk."

Or, "I'll straighten you out, boy, if it kills us both."

How do you eulogize such a man? How do you rhapsodize a legend that became the prototype of the WW2 hero yet never served a day of his life in the Armed Forces? How do you canonize the symbol of American purity and justice and honesty — who willingly testified for Joe McCarthy against his fellow actors during the House on Un-American Activities witchhunt? How do you write the epithet for an actor who made his reputation on the screen engaged in the wholesale slaughter of the American Indian during the great heyday of Hollywood mythmaking movies; then boasted that he was nothing if not proud of his career spent killing heathens? Dust to dust? Why bother?

The Duke represented and will represent for some time to come a particular image of the American male that at least 10 million other American men think to be the height of admirable masculine sensibility. He was Mohammed for all the non-thinking, spread-assed, conservative, up-tight, dickless heterosexual men who couldn't reach even the boot straps of the hero he portrayed; but how found in him a vicarious personification of their own shallow nerosis.

If he opened doors for ladies it was because, in his apple-pie heart, he didn't believe a woman capable of opening a door. If he was the friend to dogs and small children, it was because dogs are dumb animals worthy of pity and small children need rigid role models to grow up straightened-out.

He was God-fearing, patriotic, fundamental; and he makes them seem like nefarious qualities. While he lived, not one breath of scandal was ever uttered about the Duke. Now, months after his final round-up, or shoot-out, or whatever it is you want to call it; not one breath of scandal emerges.

He was truly a god.

Ironic that the Duke was killed by cancer, the satan of the twentieth-century. Ironic, when a friend described his leave-taking as, "A twentieth-century cancer that finally consumed itself."

The Duke is dead, and that's the tone.

— John W. Rowberry

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

TIT COLORS

Tits! Wonderful tits, wonderful Anniversary Issue! I have often felt cheated that there is no hankie color for guys who are into tits. Except for purple, which is for piercing. But I am into tits without the piercing.

Thank you. Keep us, I mean it, coming!

P.Y.
Los Angeles, CA

Editor's Note: Drummer has officially decreed that pink is now the regulation tits hankie color! If there's a black clamp attached, it means the person is into nipple toys. Right pocket is tit bottom, left pocket is tit top. You read it here first!

GRUNTS AND GROANS

Thanks for the Anniversary Issue. Needless to say, you're getting better all the time!

The article about wrestling was a big thrill and got me itchy all over. But so did the cover of that issue!

By the way, couldn't you connect your covers with the inside somehow? Automatically, when you see a man on the cover you want to see more of him inside.

And how about another article on Men in Uniform?

H. Bock
Munich, Germany

POW!

Thanks for the story on Noddles Romanoff and the great boxing pictures in *Drummer* number 29. Jack Fritscher's copy and the shots by Target and Sparrow will be enjoyed by all of us who are into boxing. And I'm sure that interest has been sparked in guys who had never considered boxing as a form of macho eroticism as well as a great sport.

S.W. 'Dick' C.
Toronto, Canada

HOT DUMPS

Drummer is perhaps the best publication of this type to ever be published. I have been reading it since the first issue and, even then, thought it could not have been improved . . . but it has. Keep up the good work.

I have seen several stories dealing with WS, and am looking forward to stories and/or articles on scat.

Mike
Phoenix, AZ

TWO FRATERNITIES?

I joined *Drummer's Leather Fraternity* at the same time I joined another organization called The Leather Fraternity in La Crescenta, California; thinking between the two I would probably get to

meet every hot stud in the country. I was pleased with the promptness with which you guys initiated my membership, and have no complaints. But I have never heard from the La Crescenta group (although they have cashed my check) and was just wondering if you might know what's wrong.

Name and Address withheld by request

The other organization you wrote to is Ms. Jeanne Barney's own version of our Leather Fraternity. Why you have not heard from them, we simply can not know. Readers should be advised that Drummer's Leather Fraternity (the original and still the largest in the world) has no connection with any other group calling itself The Leather Fraternity, nor can we be responsible for letters, money, or materials sent to any but DRUMMER's address. DRUMMER's Leather Fraternity has DRUMMER's address on all its advertising matter; imitators do otherwise.

VAL MARTIN FAN

I just want to tell you I had the greatest pleasure to meet a fantastic man, Mr. Val Martin. He was here to promote his new movie, *Born To Raise Hell*. And I'm sure it was hell for the guys in the movie, but a hell of a lot of pleasure.

I got *Drummer* number 30 and I couldn't believe he was on the cover. I went out and bought 10 copies to give as presents to my friends. They all get off on him so much that we have been jerking off every day to his photographs. And we want to see more.

A.S.
Pittsburgh, PA

Editor's Note: Val has been a friend of Drummer's since the magazine was first founded and we get him in our pages as often as we can. You might look for our new annual, DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN! for more photos of Val and his co-cover man, Bob.

ENGLISH LEATHER

I read and reread all my *Drummers* over and over again, they're much better than anything published in England. I also read *Mr. S&M* from Sweden, which is published in English, German and Swedish, but *Drummer* is still tops.

Why not ask your readers why leather is so closely connected with S&M now! I was into S&M years before leather was a cult, and pain was always an ingredient of sex for me. Always! I liked a good leather belt across my ass before being fucked but had never heard of leathersex as a culture. Some of your older readers must have been in the same position.

Also, although reading some leather books you'd never believe it, a lot of macho men (meaning me) can grow vegetables and fruit and even . . . roses! And, understand how deep freezers work. And still thrash a friend til he begs, or bleeds.

G.C.
England

Editor's Note: Drummer has it from very reliable sources that some of the heaviest-duty tops wielding a whip have great chocolate cake recipes . . . and someone else to do the baking.

S&M WRESTLING

Just read issue number 30. The wrestling article is great. I'm a wrestling freak and can't get enough. You have a terrific magazine but you don't have enough articles, drawings, etc. about wrestling. How about a serial in the style of "S&M Gym" using wrestling instead of body building? (Just think of all the interesting holds and pins that could be used in a story like that.) Wrestling is growing in popularity in the gay community and I hope *Drummer* devotes more space to it in the future.

Also I read M.S.'s letter (page 77, issue no. 30) suggesting "some comic strips a la Harry Chess but with photos of real people" and think that's a great suggestion.

Could you clarify in your magazine how *Drummer* is delivered if a guy subscribes to it? Does it come in "a plain brown envelope" or what? Sorry, but I don't live in San Francisco and can't be that open. Also, what about ordering from The Emporium section — how is that mailed out?

Thanks for a sensational magazine. Keep up your work. But remember — more of all kinds of articles, pictures, etc., on wrestling.

Frank
Fremont, CA

Editor's Note: Drummer subscription copies arrive in a brown envelope with only the return address printed on its surface. The Leather Emporium tells us that their packages usually have a return address with their name in a shorter form; so postal carriers and clerks won't get too excited by the possibilities of what's inside and slow down delivery.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Wanted to write and say how much I enjoy your hot magazine. Your fiction is especially hot. Why not have some more hot pictures using some tough looking hunks. Also how about a comprehensive article on S/M and gay films and where they are available?

One complaint! It's very disappointing to subscribe to *Drummer* and find the latest issue at the bookstore two weeks or sometimes more before you receive your copy in the mail! Can't something be done about that?

S.L.
Chalmette, LA

We are very aware of your justified complaint since it's the one we hear most often from our frustrated subscribers, but DRUMMER is at the mercy of that

dubious American institution, the United States Post Nasal System and the inscrutable handling of the third class mail. First class is expensive, but well worth it if you're in heat for our new sizzling issues just off the presses. —Ed.

BELTED READER

I am a slave-houseboy.

You cannot imagine how many different "training" and "punishment" session ideas, Master Kim gets from your macho magazine. He makes plans from the contents of *Drummer*; I experience the contents of *Drummer*!

Master Kim keeps each issue locked up in a metal file drawer in his bedroom. As a result, Sir, he is not a soft or easy taskmaster.

If I am late for any reason, I know, Sir, that night, I will have to peel off my jeans and jockstrap, assume the position, and receive Master Kim's paddle in a special session. I will end up with a red hot ass.

If I have a dirty kitchen by Master's rating, I will have to scrub and clean the floor and shelves, bare ass. While I am working, Sir, he will use his wide, leather strap on my naked buns. Again, I will struggle with a burning rump.

I am not permitted to wear boots or any style of underwear. If I wear anything but a jockstrap under my jeans, Master will order me to be naked for the next week, no matter what an embarrassment it may be for me to endure.

If I spill a drink or food, Master Kim takes this action as a personal offense and will, Sir, demand an immediate and humble apology. After three such mishaps, I report for a punishment session that night. I must strip off my tee shirt and let my jeans slump down low on my hips; then Master Kim gives me a whipping with his riding crop because of my carelessness. Parallel lines cut into my back and shoulders.

I notice, Sir, an increase in my "training" and "punishment" sessions immediately after Master Kim has read a new issue of *Drummer*. He wants a humble, obedient slave. If I fail to meet these expectations, his strap, paddle and/or whip creates that type of houseboy in a no nonsense approach. You can see, Sir, that your macho magazine is very effective.

Master Kim is a very well-disciplined, young Oriental; he exacts specific rules. If I behave badly or violate precepts, I will be punished and the form, manner and effectiveness of that, Sir, will come from ideas taken from *Drummer*. Master Kim will like this letter written to you because it is direct and tells it like it is.

Sir, you did an extensive job in journalism in your Anniversary Issue.

A humble slave,

Joe
Long Beach, CA

A SLAVE FOREVER

I have become your slave! Around the time I expect a new issue of *Drummer* to appear, I am forced, with erect anticipation, to start haunting my favorite bookstore. I am trapped as surely as if I were bound and gagged.

You keep getting better and I get harder. Issues 29 and 30 were terrific. Mr. Benson can take me, shirtless and cuffed, out of a bar anytime. Carl's letter in issue 30 on initiations spoke to my deepest needs. Shaving, bondage and humiliation all in the name of good clean fun. How do I join?

I could go on and on, but I don't want to take up your valuable time, Sir.

One quick point, the picture of Hondo in Mailcall (*Drummer* 30) was cute, but the real macho dude on page 72 is hot. I'd trade a week with Hondo for 30 minutes chained to his bunk.

I await on my knees for your next issue.

Hans
San Francisco, CA

PROVINCETOWN

It was with a grave sense of disappointment that I perused your recent peek at the Cape, which might as well have been titled, "Uncle Tom Visits P'town." If this resort has not yet caught up with the times, if caution is advisable, it would better serve your readers to state those facts more or less boldly.

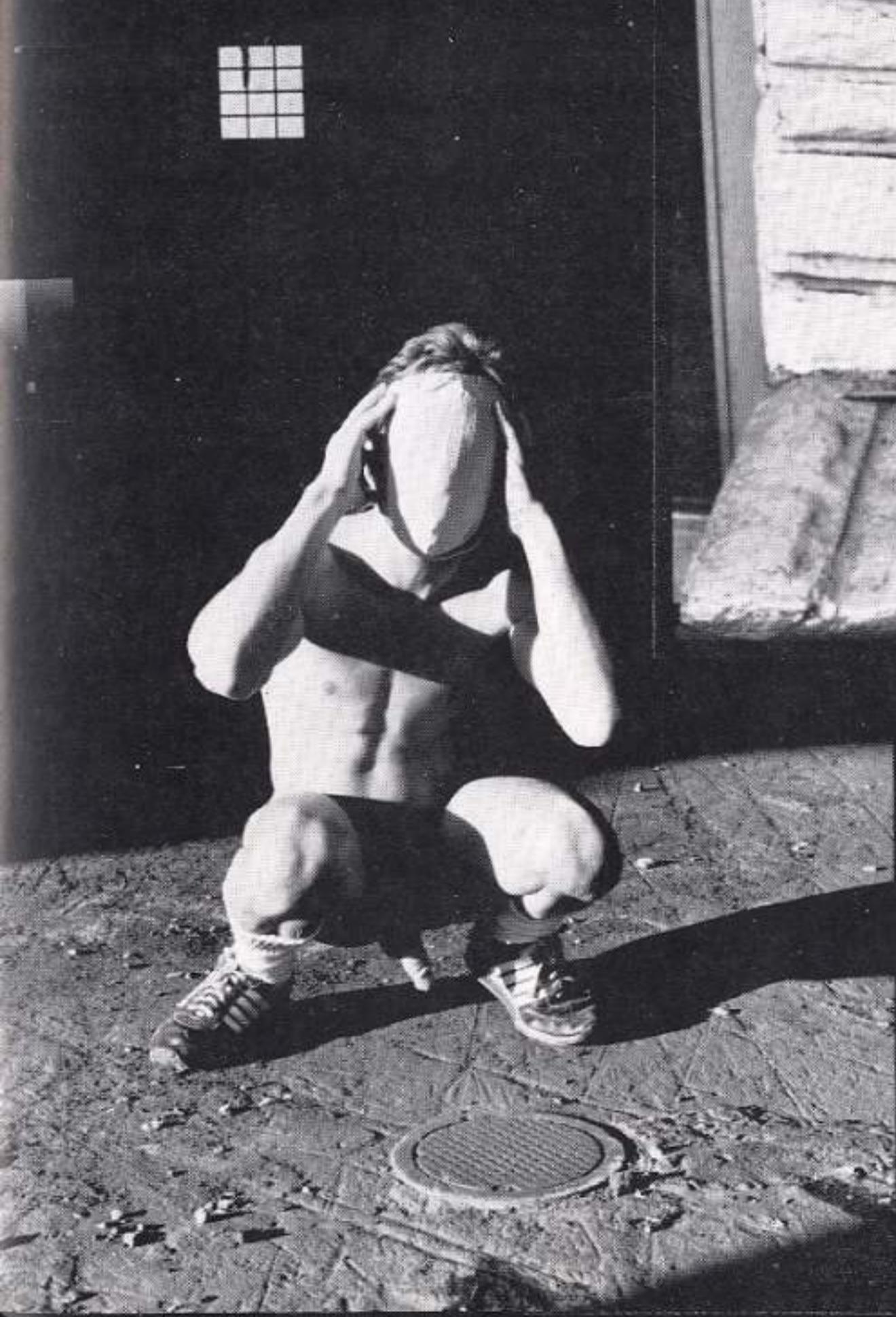
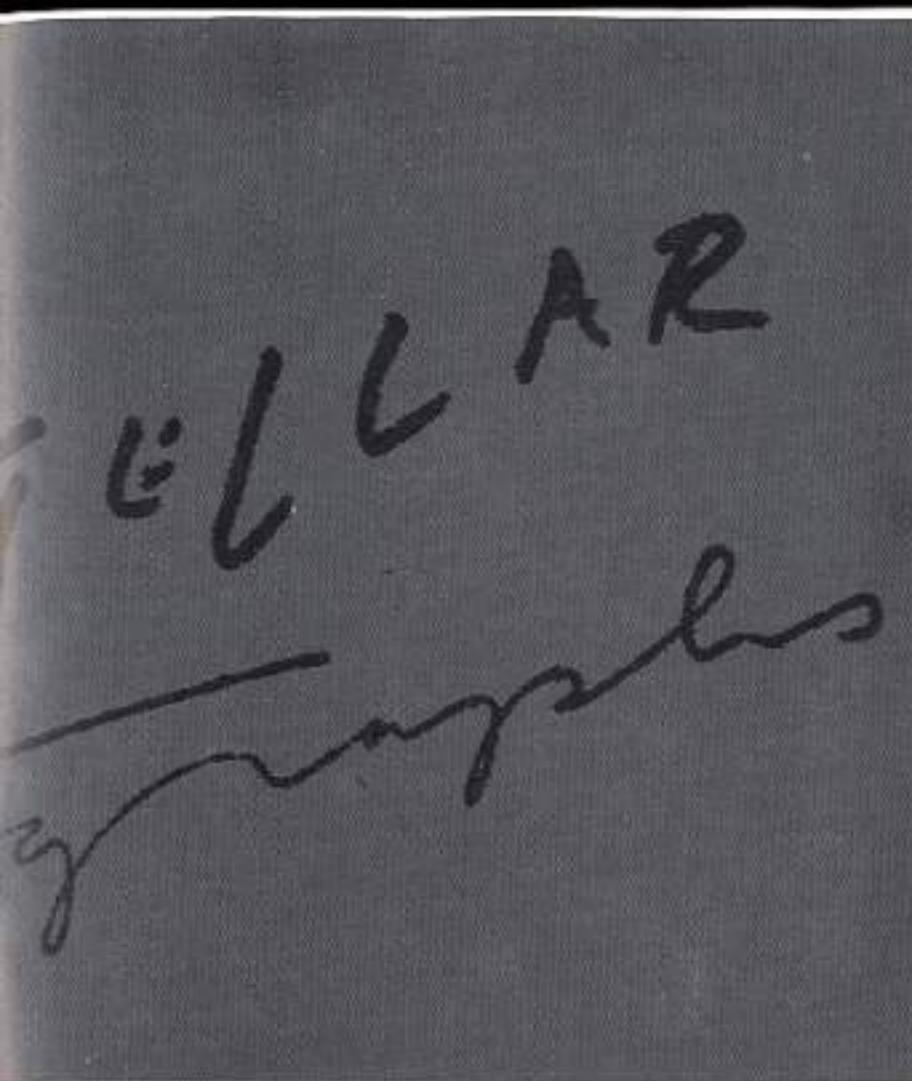
The tone of the article, which glorifies a vacation spot on the basis of a code that enforces hiding and appears to condone that code is a turnoff, undermines the gains of the recent past and is a negation of what you appear to stand for. Its appearance was completely unworthy of your usually excellent publication.

Frederic
San Francisco, CA

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STANLEY'S
P. L. C. T.



There is a new strain of shuttermen coming from under New York's armpits, crevices and cracks. The Maplethorpe/Mindshaft School of Macho Photophunk has arrived in all its decadent glory and is spreading cheek-wide. Establishment critics argue that it ain't art but calculated commercial lowcal camp. But those cretin fucks will criticize anything for big bylines and small bucks.

These artists are indeed capturing the masculinity of now. One of the most brilliant new talents is Stanley Stellar. His lens have caught the damp pecs, pits, tattoos, and crotches of our imagination. A man for all seepages; funky, yet fresh; gritty and graphic. Mr. Stellar, modest to a fault, has produced a hot line of post cards which are available in all the better erotic emporiums across the land. Very collectable!

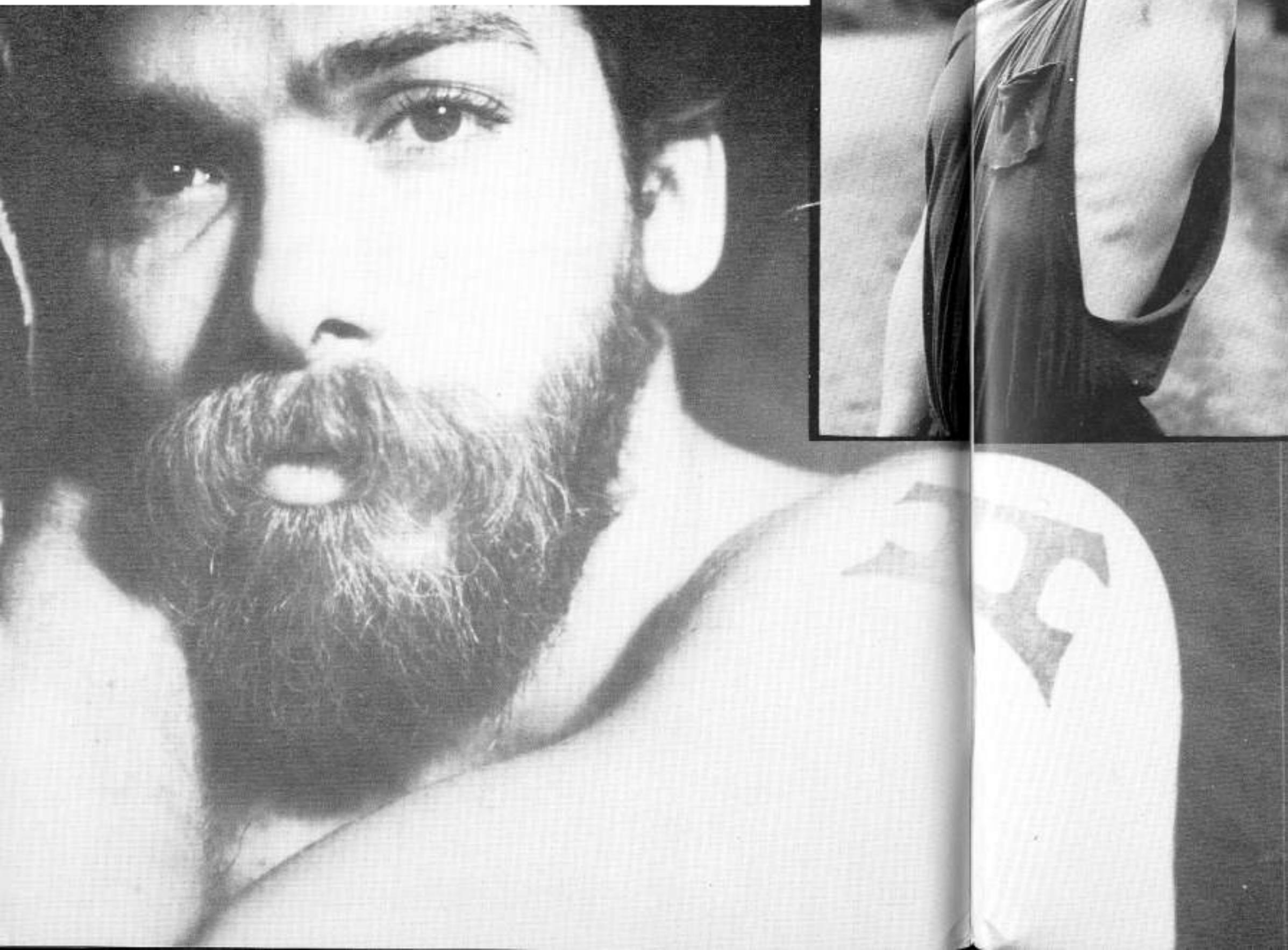
A. Jay

STANLEY STELLAR

About Myself: I was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1945. I went to Erasmus Hall High School and Parson's School of Design. I was an art director at Art Direction Magazine. I have evolved into a freelance photographer and graphic designer.

About Myself: I'm into bodybuilding. The photographic image in all its forms has shaped my imagination for almost all my life. Photographs are realities for me. I am addicted to the image.

About Myself: I'm also into contemporary American tattooing and have photographed a lot of incredible, tattooed people. The Gemini Tattoo (below) by Cliff Raven and the photograph is from my forthcoming book on the subject.



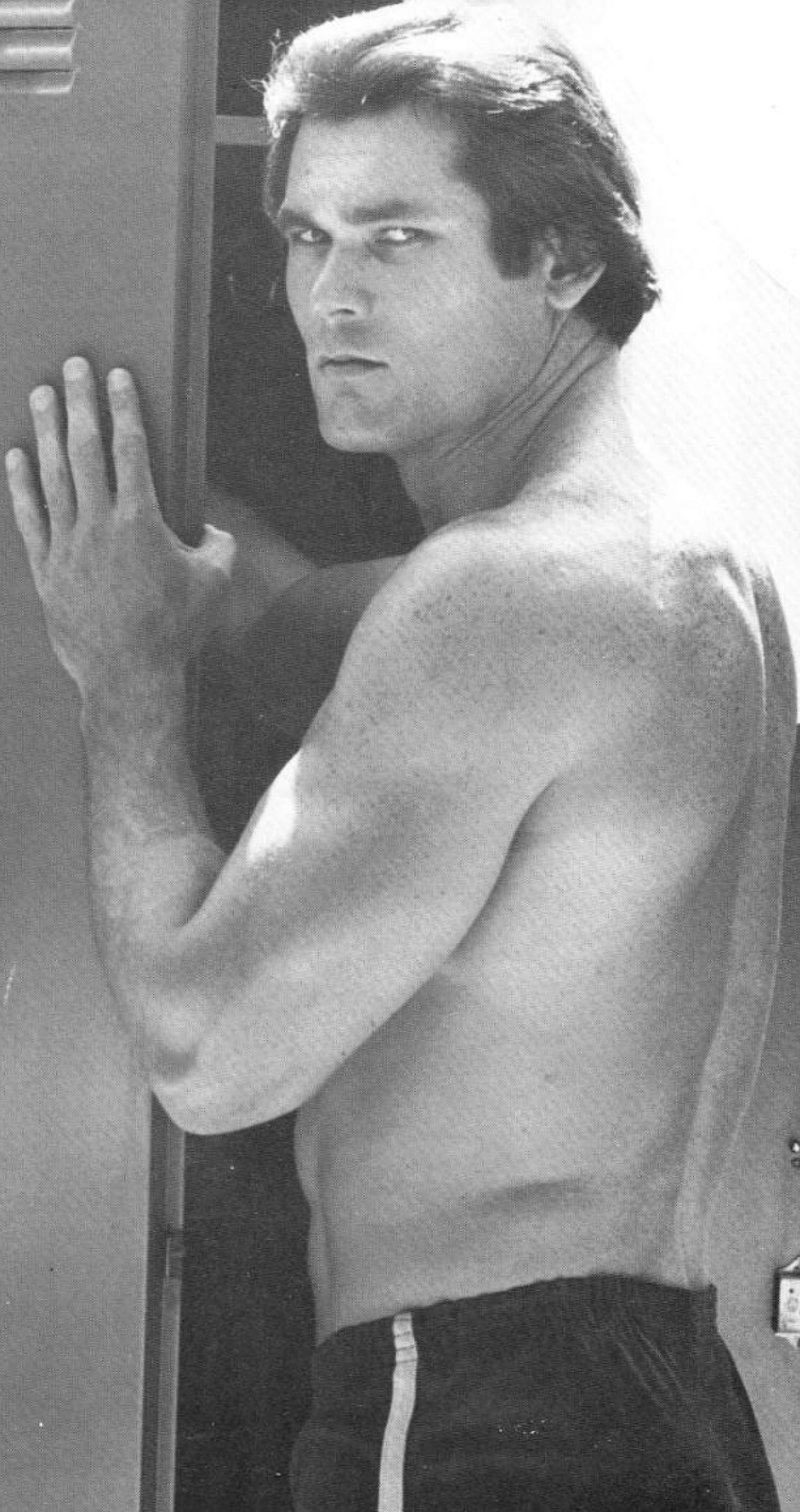


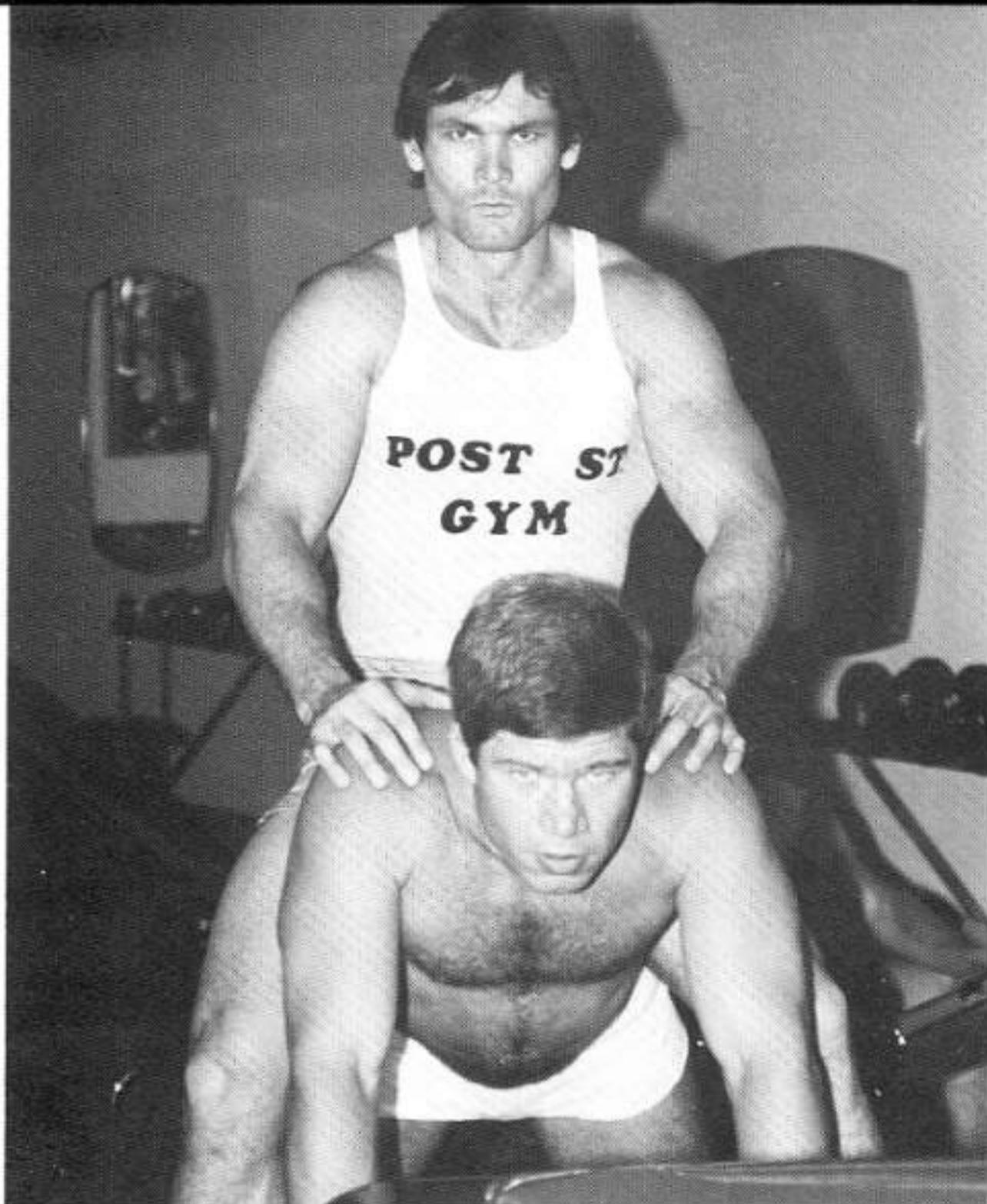
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FRESH AND STYLISH

PUMPING UP WITH GORDON GRANT





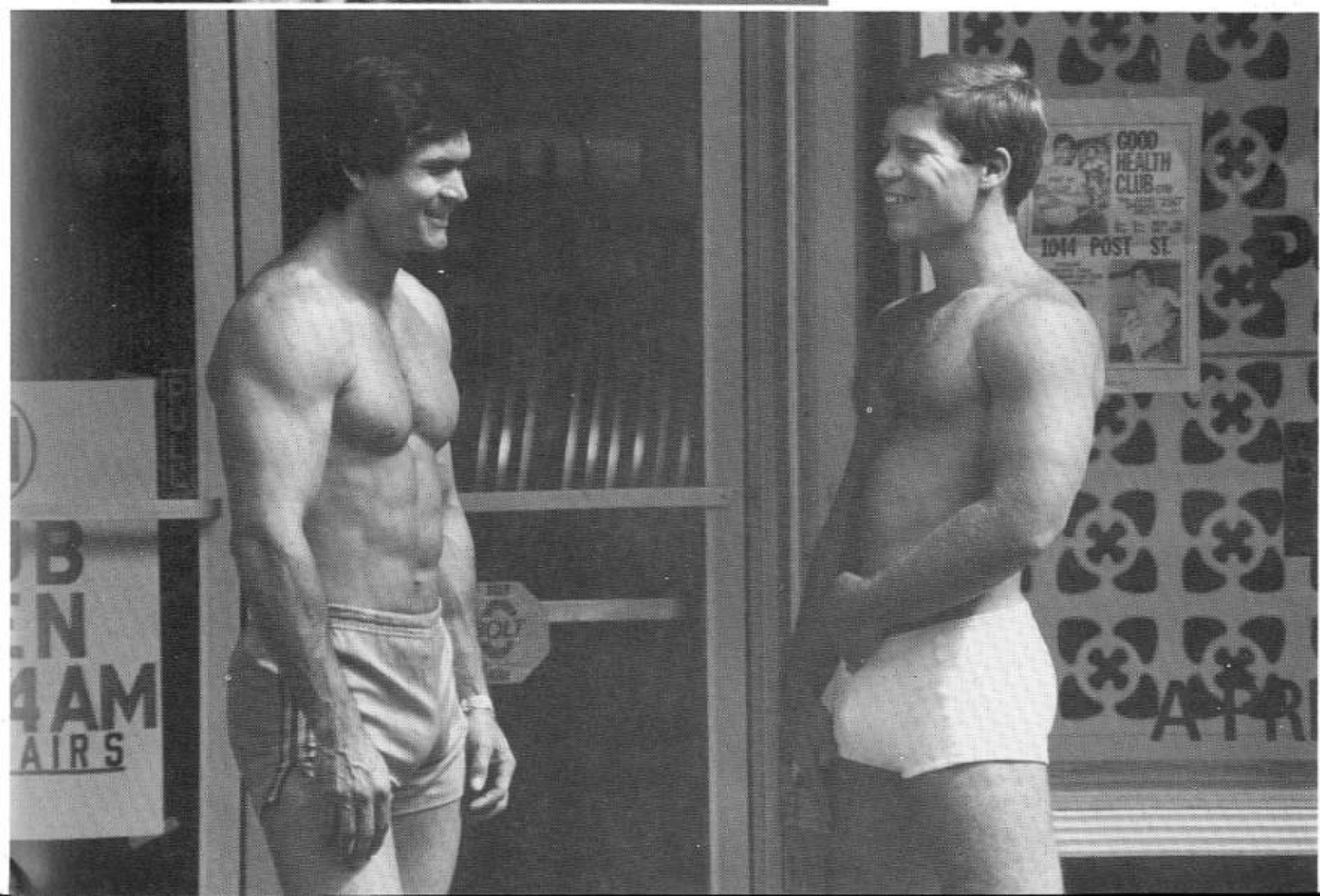
PHOTOS BY TERRY, S.F.

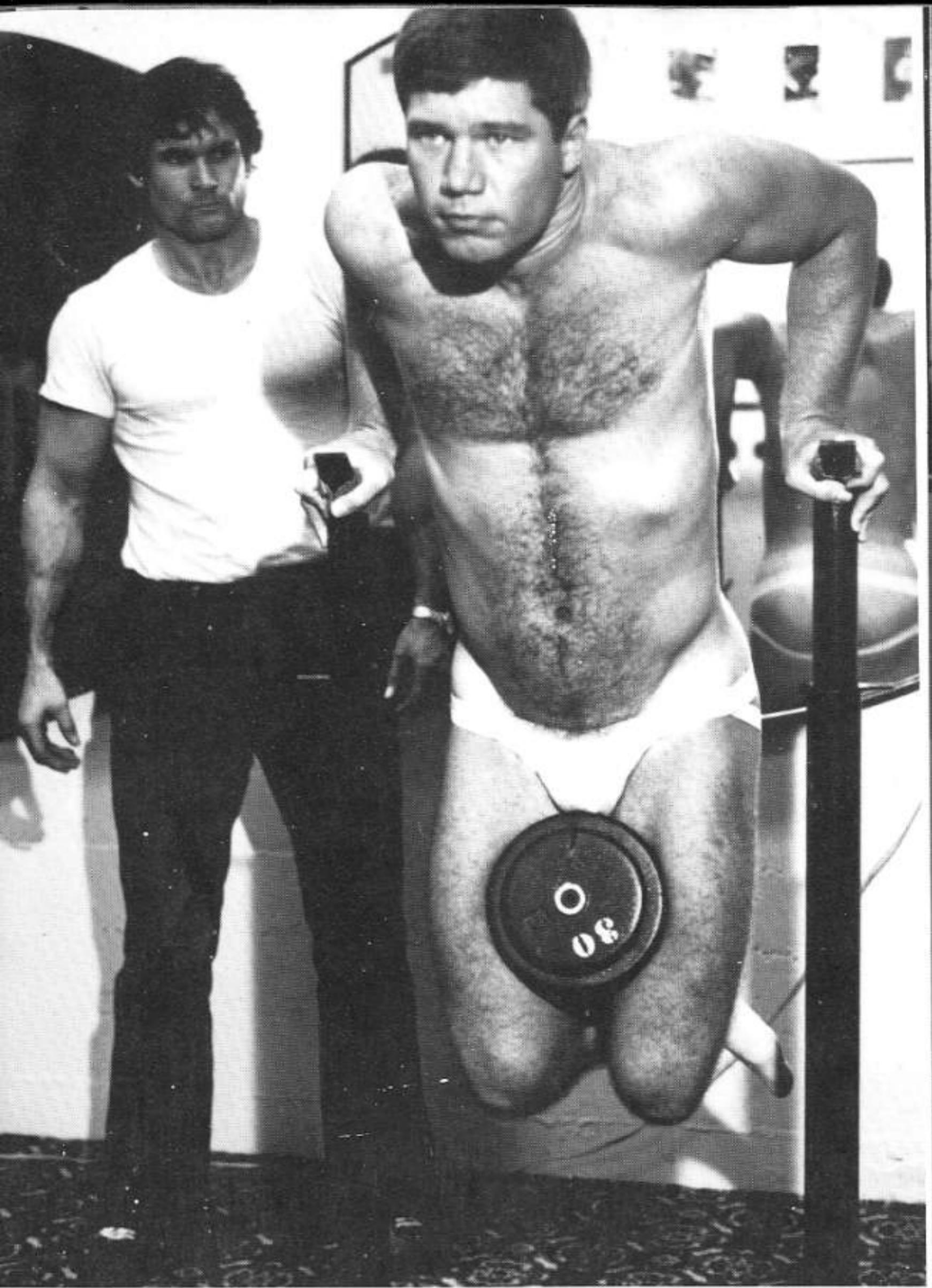
The cosmic sculptor that chiseled the planes of Gordon Grant's face, that pumped American Indian blood into the man's veins, that pounded flat then etched out the lines of his washboard stomach was a one-handed genius. The other hand, red hot with cosmic friction, pulled and pumped on a cockhead that shot out seed like the volcanos of Venus spew out sulphur. And if you don't know who Gordon Grant is by now, then your testicles haven't dropped out of your groin.

Gordon Grant is the man; Roger is a cardboard cut-out, a pin-up parody of who and what and why men get hard looking at men. Gordon Grant (two names, a whole person) is flesh and blood and steel, spit and sweat. Roger (one name, artifice) is a Madison Avenue concept of an abstraction of an absurdity.

When you see Gordon Grant walking down some legendary San Francisco street you see a stud in clothes that you want to entice home and strip and fondle and oil down and stroke and turn on. Because when you see him in the world, you know that under those clothes is the world.

But when you see him in his world, stripped down to well-worn trunks or a jockstrap; you are seeing the cosmic sculptor's finest work.





In the gym, Gordon Grant rules. If you're there, regardless of how big and bad and butch you might be elsewhere, he's going to do the dominating. He's going to tell you how to bend your knees and lift those pure chrome bars higher than you thought was possible even for him, much less for an underling.

He's going to grab you by the shoulders, his reaching hands wrapping even over-worked deltoids, bending, moving, moulding muscles into what he wants them to do; moulding muscles right; demonstrating how a man's body moves under pressure.

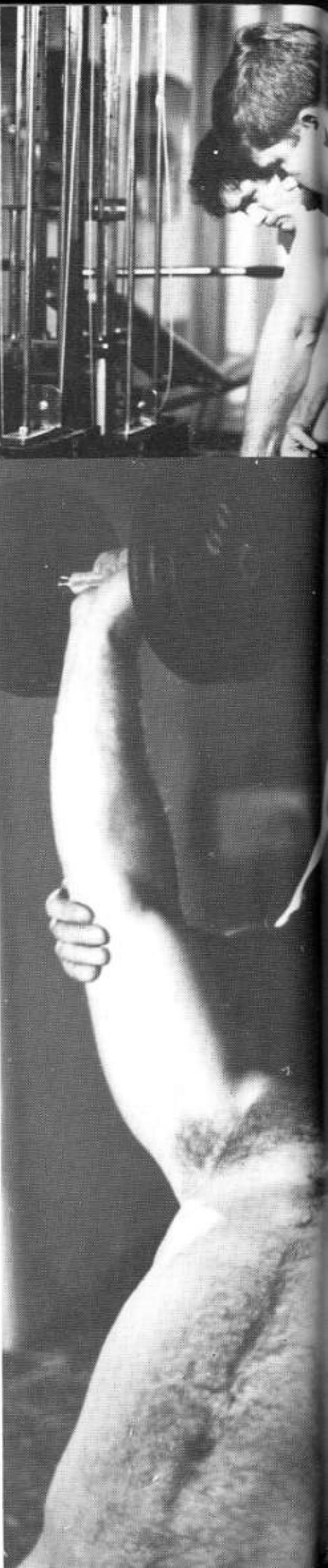
Gordon Grant has documented, in

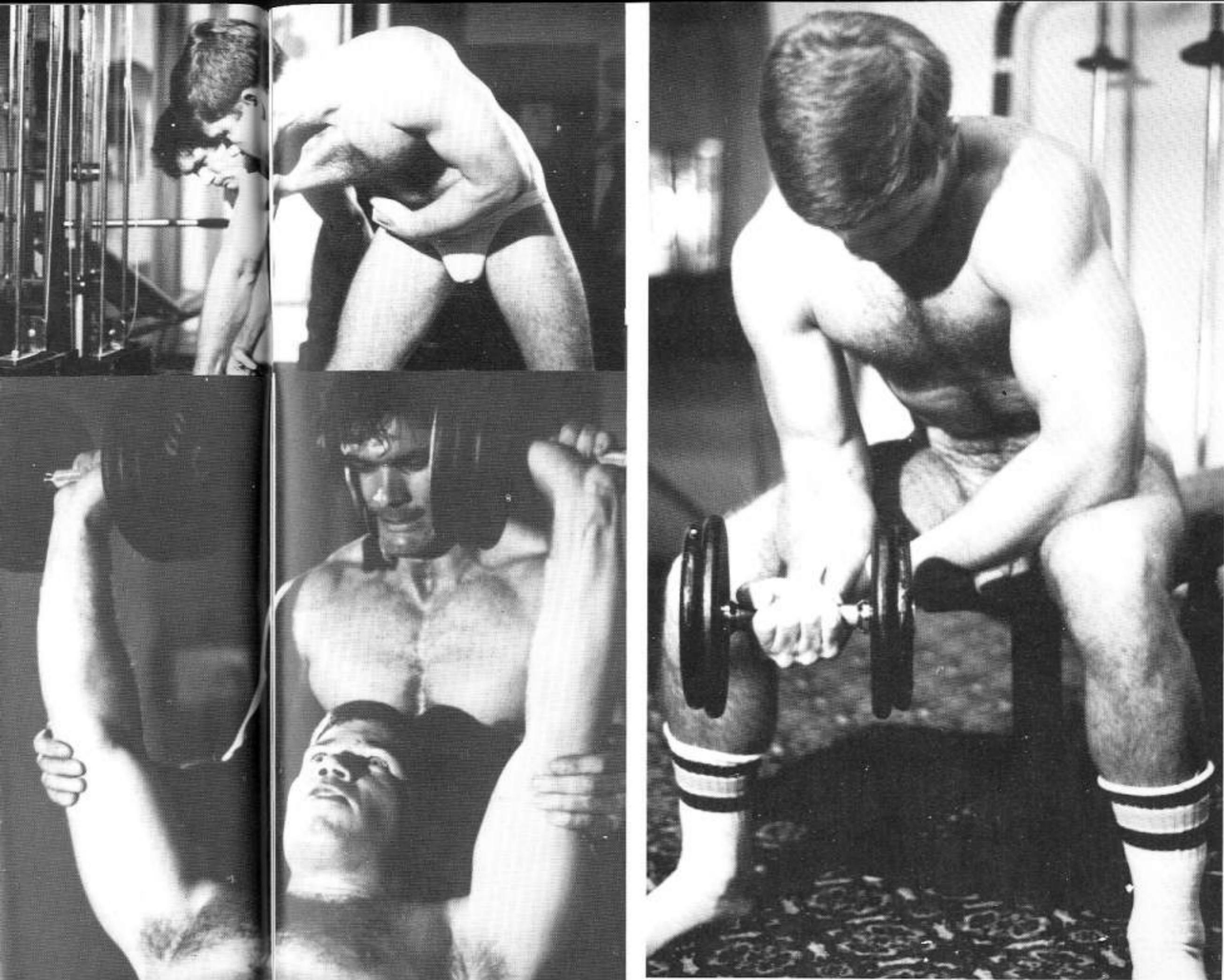
countless films and photographs, the ways a man's body can move under different pressures. But like all good rewards, those are lessons you would have to learn under less accessible circumstances.

Rich knows. When he walked into the Post Street Gym and saw Gordon Grant and all that steel, he knew. And getting there is always all the fun.

You sit like this, Grant might say. You bend like this; you feel the muscle move. The muscle grows when you push like this. And this.

And it moves, and yes, you feel the blood flow, fast, hot, back and forth



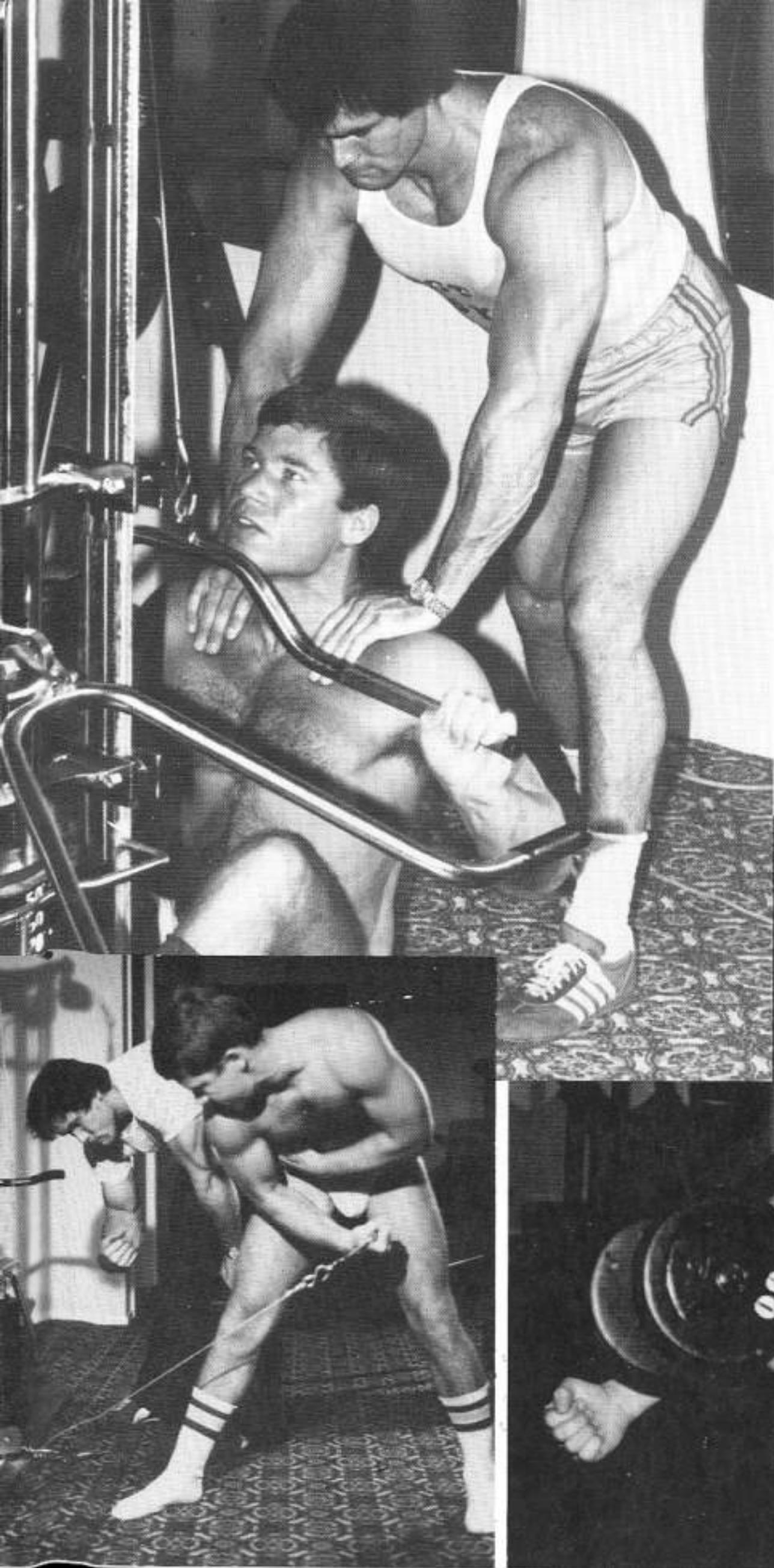


like wine rapidly poured between two glasses. Yes, you bend and lift; you feel muscles come out of closets, spring forward to catch and hold and push against chrome and steel. And yes, when it feels like you can't bend any more, like the muscles might break, yes, you move again, push harder because the man has told you to do one more, yes, just one more, and the man stands over you like a giant, waiting, and you know he's there so nothing will go wrong, yes, he'll catch you if something falls, if the muscle breaks, and you push harder, yes, the sweat is running into the sockets of your eyes and you push that one more time,

yes, so that he can watch you do it and yes, you can do it. Do it for Big G.

And it goes on like that for hours, like a great time with a great man in a great bed; hours of bending and moving and pushing, the blood pumping, the pours open and flowing, the heart pounding, the thighs tense and anxious.

Relief. Then the purification by water when you stand exposed on clean white tiles and feel sharp points of a shower spray bite into your shoulders and back like a thousand impatient and angry needles. Resigned, you reach for and hold the soap like a lover, the smooth scrape of a callous hand massaging deep into red

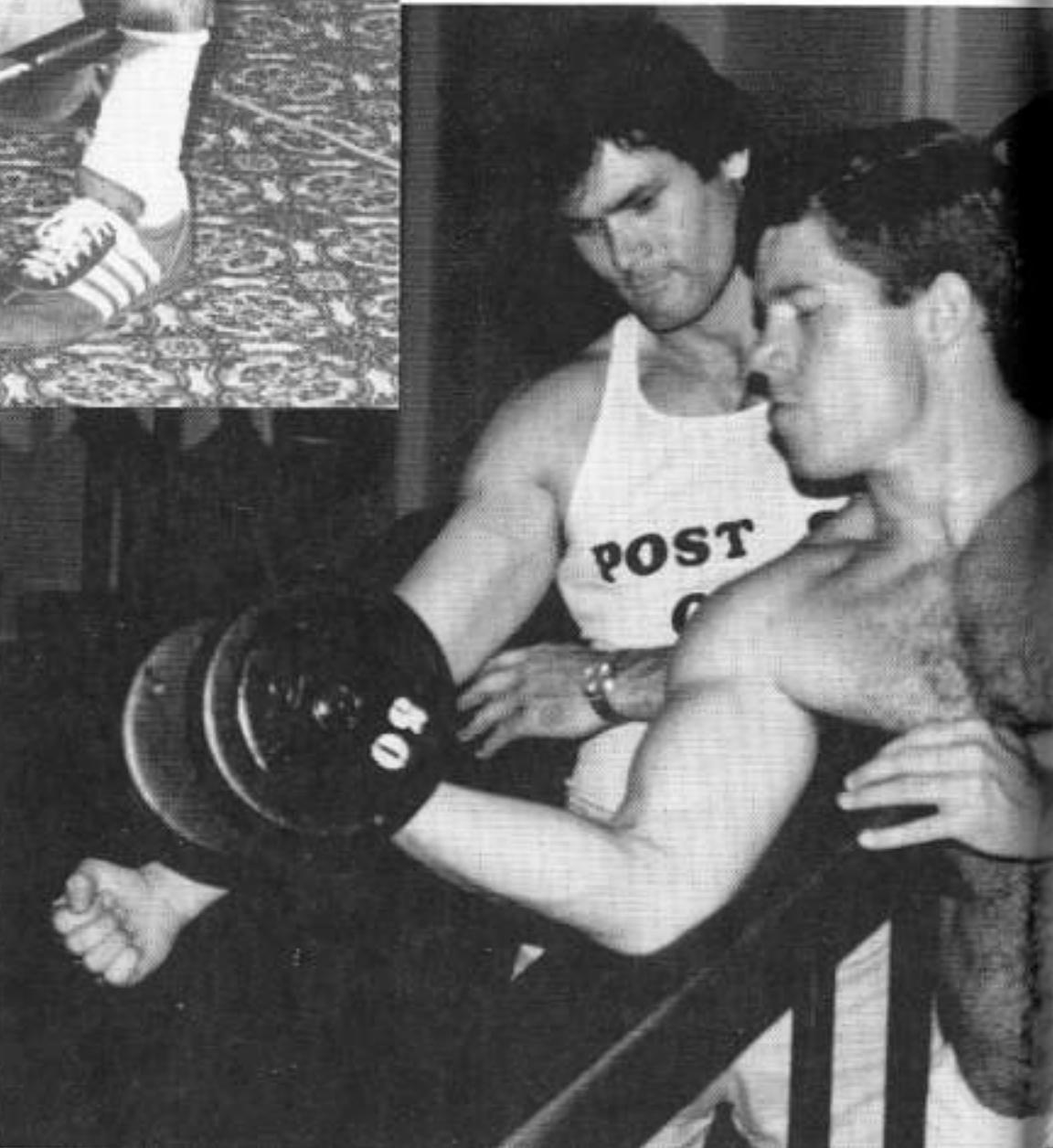


and waiting pores. Water and soap and sweat meet; the nettle of water washes away all the pain, except for the deep interior pain that stays with you for hours, reminding you that you've worked out.

He watches you, in the doorway of the shower, and tells you you've done good, you've made progress, you're getting bigger or tighter or better defined; hinting that someday your man's body will be a match for his.

And then it dawns on you like a revelation: No matter how big and bad and butch you might be elsewhere; in his world you've been topped. You've had this brawny man with the biceps as big as the Ritz hold you down and pump you into the image of a man like him. And you might not want to admit it, but you realize that the instructor is the top, and you have to start on the bottom to get there.

The Post Street Gym is located at 1044 Post Street in San Francisco (415-776-7460). The very modern gym is brand new, situated in its own building, and is open seven days a week. Gordon Grant is the gym's instructor; and individual programs and supervision are part of their yearly membership benefits. The gym offers one-year membership terms in the \$150 price range. Facilities include jacuzzi and whirlpool, the newest free weight equipment, and Olympic press weights for advanced bodybuilders.



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CASE NUMBER: F073

INVESTIGATING PERSONNEL: DI 8732

DATE: 20 JUNE 1979

SAN FRANCISCO

The facts, here transcribed are true. Only the name of the male victim has been changed.

— Editor.

CHARGES: Kidnapping
Rape

On Friday, 27 April, 1979, M left his friend, M.J.B., about 1600 hours in Lafayette Park. M proceeded down Franklin at about the intersection of Sacramento Street. A car slowed and stopped in a parallel position to M.

DESCRIPTION OF CAR:

Yellow, four door, American model. Unable to distinguish make or year. Interior was black or dark brown.

Person in the shotgun position in the front seat rolled down his window. M approached the vehicle thinking that they needed assistance, directions, etc.

DESCRIPTION OF PERSON IN FRONT PASSENGER SEAT:

Caucasian, in mid-thirties, short brown hair, trimmed but full beard, well built but not overly muscular. Wearing a blue-on-white striped shirt with sleeves rolled up.

As soon as M got close to the car and leaned over to speak to the man in the shotgun seat, M was grabbed from behind by a hand on the back of his neck forcing him into a bent-over position. He was then forced into the back seat on to the floor. A knee was placed on his back keeping him face down. M was then blindfolded and his hands were tied. Absolutely no one said anything to M.

As soon as M was positioned on the floor in the back of the car, the car was in motion. The vehicle made a few starts and stops indicating city traffic and then appeared to pick up speed and maintained "highway travel" for about one and a half hours. Once the speed was reduced, M remembers two stops and starts, a stop while someone got out of the car (to open a gate or door?) and the vehicle drove into a ground-level garage or enclosure.

M was removed from the vehicle and taken down a flight of wooden steps. The stairs had no bends or turns and went down quite a long way. A chain was attached to M's bound wrists (still behind him) and one chain was attached to each leg. These chains were somehow attached to the wall (felt like a brick wall, floor was like cement). The chains were long enough to permit M to either stand or lie down on the floor.

M asked, "What's the matter? What are you going to do?"

Reply: "Shut up!"

M was left alone for what he estimates was one half hour. All further times noted are the best estimates M can make at this time.

All three persons came back. The chains were removed, but not the ropes binding his hands behind his back. The blindfold remained in place. M was taken up the stairs into a bathroom, forced to his knees. At this point, M was stripped of his clothes and they were removed from his presence. His hands were again tied behind his back. A collar with a chain leash was placed around his neck. M was forced to bend face down over the side of a bathtub and was held in position with a hand pulling on the chain leash. At this time the blindfold was removed, but M was not permitted to look to either side at any time.

A cream substance was put on M's head in the hair area. The cream made a warm impression. It was left on for about five minutes and then the three men began to pull out M's hair with their hands ("It did not hurt"). The shower was then turned on. The water was turned to very warm and they proceeded to shave the remaining hair with "a long razor."

When the shaving process was completed, M was again blindfolded; the collar was removed and M was taken to another room that had carpeting. M was then chained into an upright, spread eagle position facing the wall. The chains permitted M to move his feet approximately two feet away from the wall. Very little arm movement could be achieved.

M's butt was then forced away from the wall and his head was pushed down. His ass was "greased" and at least one finger was inserted into his anus. Next M was assaulted with a penis. M could determine by feel that the pants were dropped down to about knee level on the assailant.

M was raped three times, indicating to him that all three persons were involved. The first and second assault terminated with semen being deposited in his anal cavity; the third assault was stopped prior to climax being achieved.

M was left in the position alone for about one hour. All three returned. M was taken out of the chains. His hands were again tied with rope behind his back and M was returned to the cellar and again bound with the chains in the same fashion as described previously. He was left for "a long time" (Approximately four hours.)

All three men returned, took off only the chains, and M was taken again upstairs to the bathroom, forced into the tub in a face-up position and at least two, possibly all three men, relieved their urine on M. M was then stood up in the tub and a hose apparatus was used to wash him. No soap was used and without drying M, they returned him to the cellar and re-chained him. M was left there for "many hours" and lay down during that period.

The three men were distinguishable by the way they handled M. M describes one as being very rough; the remaining two were equally strong but not so rough.

The rough one and one of the strong ones returned. They unchained M and took him back upstairs to a carpeted room. M was forced to the floor and into a kneeling, face-on-the-floor position and was held that way by hands. A belt was used to beat him and hands slapped him alternately. This beating continued for about twenty minutes with only minor breaks. M was then kept in the kneeling, bent-down position for about five minutes while the men stood around him. M thinks they were smoking a regular cigarette and not engaged in sexual play with each other or themselves.

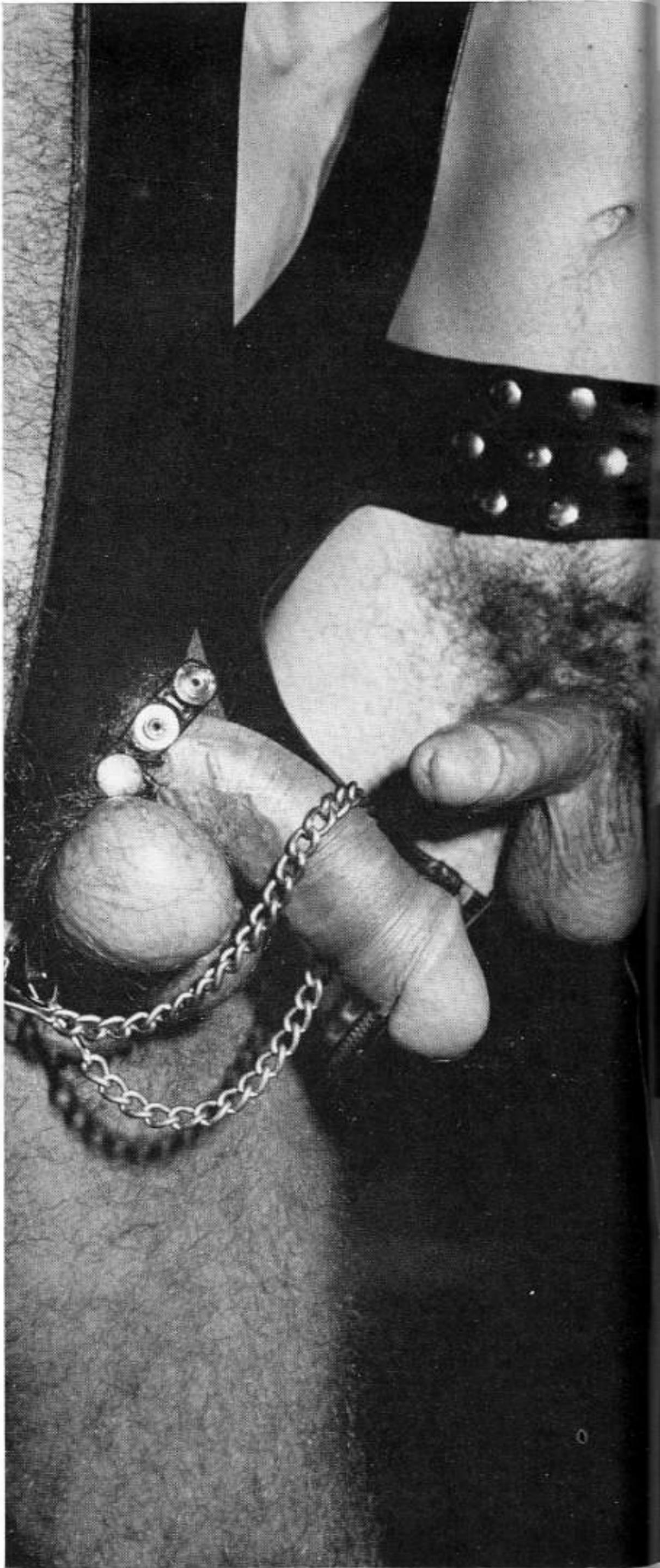
The men then removed the ropes binding M's hands behind his back and forced M into a dog position (on his knees, both hands on the floor). One man stood in front of M with his feet on M's hands to prevent M's movement.

Cream was applied to M's ass, and beginning with one finger, and adding others, M was fist-fucked. Person was slow and careful and did not seem to really "want to hurt" M. M sensed that the person was using his right hand. Hand was turned back and forth inside and was removed after about five minutes. ("Lost track of time.")

M was lifted to his feet and his hands were again tied behind his back and M was returned to the cellar and rechained. "Many hours" passed.

One of the strong men came down, put M on his knees, and stood in front of M. The man inserted an erect penis into M's mouth and forced M to fellate it. A deposit of semen was left in M's mouth. The man left immediately after climax, and M was left alone again for "a long time."

All three men returned. They stood M up facing the wall with the chains still in place. They started beating him with



the belt again. After about three minutes, M asked, "What do you want from me?" (M says he shouted) "I want to get out of here."

M was hit one time very hard with the belt and told, "Shut up. You are going to get out when I say it." They left, again for a long time ("hours").

The rough one and one other came back. M was unchained and taken again to the bathroom. M was forced into the bathtub face up and one of the men got into the tub and crouched over M's chest area. The man deposited fresh solid feces on M's chest and face. Then M was raised up and washed with the hose.

The rough one then took M into a carpeted room and chained M into a spread eagle position with M's back to the wall. Toys called tit clamps and a ball stretcher were attached. A weight was attached to the ball stretcher. M was left for "a long time."

All three men returned and removed the tit clamps and ball stretcher. M was unchained from the wall and his hands were again tied behind his back. M was taken to the bathroom and placed in the middle of the floor on his knees. A penis was put into M's mouth and "piss" started to flow. M did not expect the urine and it spilled out of his mouth.

"Drink it!" He was ordered and slapped.

They returned M to the cellar and chains and left him for "maybe half a day." During this time M urinated against the wall.

One of the strong ones came back and stood in front of M who was also standing. The man began to slap M with short, not really very hard slaps for about a minute. The man left and returned in about five minutes with food (spaghetti). M was forced to his knees and his head was pushed down to smell the food. The man left with the food, but came right back and again forced M down to let M know there was food in front of him. The man said, "Eat!" M ate a little, but was afraid "there might be something in it."

M said, "I'm not hungry." The food was removed and M was left for "a long time."

The rough man and one of the others came back. M was forced to his knees with his face away from the wall. His head was bent over to his left side and held steady. With one quick movement from a gun-type apparatus, M's right ear was pierced. M felt only one quick prick, not a second insertion. When M was released, M discovered a stud earring in place which indicates a more sophisticated apparatus than ordinarily available. Alcohol was used on the ear immediately after the piercing. M was then left alone for "maybe another half day."

The rough one returned alone and forced M to "suck his dick." The man deposited semen and then "pissed" in M's mouth. The man then left M alone for about two or three hours.

All three men returned, unchained M, and placed him face down in a spread eagle fashion. They proceeded to dress M in his own clothes and then retied his hands behind his back and returned him to the chained position.

About two hours later, all three men rushed hurriedly down the stairs and unchained M. The rough one took M by the neck and kicked him and pushed him across the floor. M was then taken to the vehicle and placed again in the back seat on the floor.

The trip had no stops for a long time and then seemed to have stops every so often. M heard other cars. Then they drove again for half an hour without stopping on a winding road. The vehicle then stopped. They untied M's hands, opened the rear door, and pushed M out of the car with a foot. The vehicle drove away very fast.

M laid in the grass for a while before removing the blindfold. He found himself beside a curve in a road which seemed to be remote from houses.

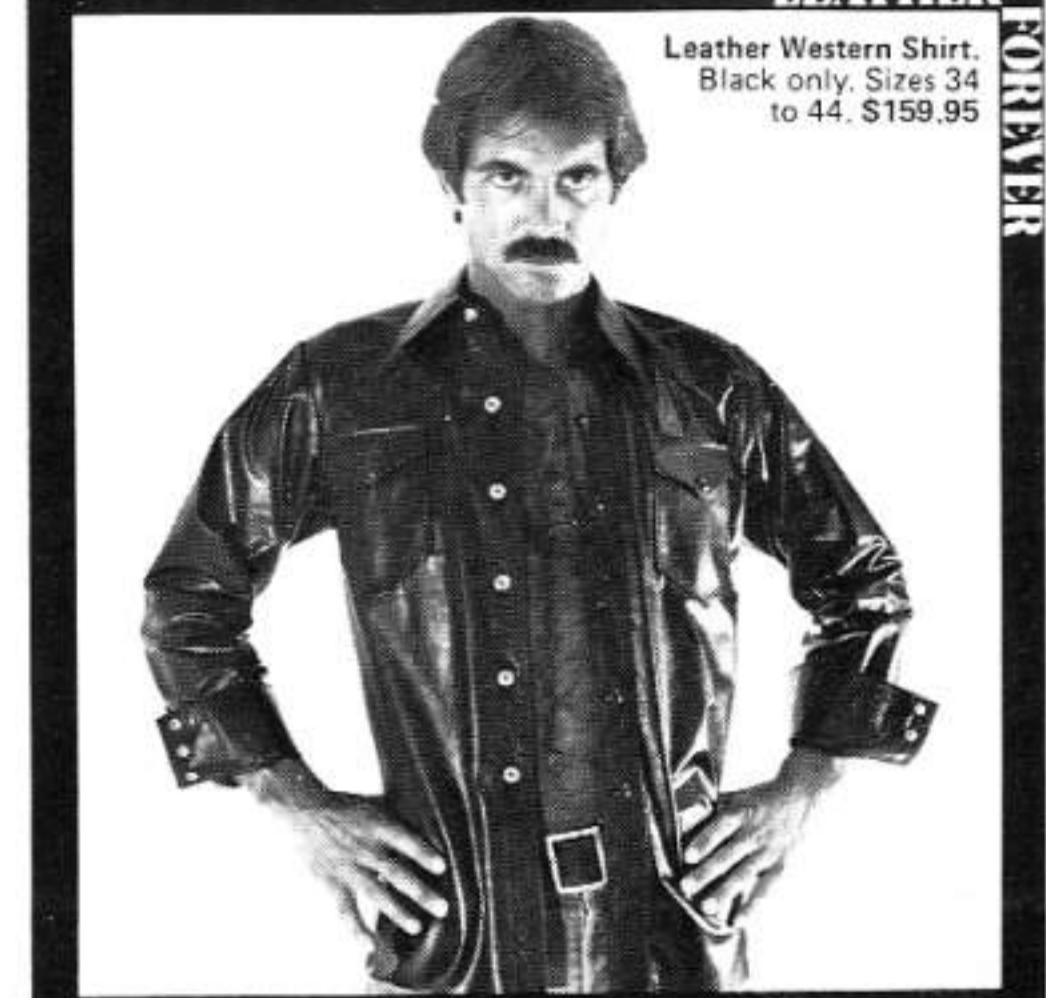
After about five minutes of mental reorientation, M started to run, experiencing a lot of fear that the men would return. He ran until he couldn't run any more and then he walked. M estimates that he walked and ran for about two hours.

The first street he recognized was Collingwood coming from the 24th street area. M found his way to a friend's house on Collingwood, but no one was home. Then he went to 18th and Hartford, avoiding 18th and Castro still experiencing fear. He found a friend at home near 18th and Hartford. Time was about 2000-hours Tuesday night, 1 May, 1979. □

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Part Four Of **MR. BENSON** BY JACK PRESCOTT

The next time I woke up, Mr. Benson was standing beside me. He had one of his noncommittal looks on his face: not really warm, certainly not cold, it was a look that kept you guessing and wondering what was going on inside his head. He was dressed in jeans, a white t-shirt and heavy engineer boots. His freshly shaven face was covered by shadows from the over hanging light.

"Get up, asshole."

I jumped off the sleeping bag and up onto my knees. Sleep kept my eyes from opening comfortably. I couldn't adjust to the sudden glare.

"Kiss my boots." Sleepiness or no, I knew that tone of voice. This wasn't a time to plead a headache. Mr. Benson was obviously going to start off right away this morning. My head

went down and my tired lips grazed the rough leather of the boots.

"The other one." I went over to the second heavy stomper and caressed it. I thought I was finished and started to sit up again.

Quickly, the long piece of leather in Mr. Benson's hand reached out and cut across my chest. "I didn't tell you to get up, yet." I dove back down and tried to think about the sharp surface of the leather, not about the red line of pain streaked across my body. Finally, he told me to get up on my knees.

The waking up ritual was something I hadn't expected. My mind was foggy with sleep. Only that strip of pain joining my nipples made me know this wasn't a nightmare.

Mr. Benson held out the leather. It was a riding crop. I had only seen them before in movies. Its hard stem was tipped with a menacing loop of animal skin.

"Kiss this." My trembling lips reached across and touched that frightening appendage. "This is going to be one of your best friends for the next few weeks. He's going to be your teacher. You're going to learn to obey him."

And now I understood the reasons for all this: after the initiation at the clubhouse last night, I was about to start my real training.

I never once saw Mr. Benson without that crop for the next month. I learned to anticipate its stinging touch. "Every morning you start in, right away. The first thing you do when you see your master is kiss his feet — bared, booted, whatever. And you stay there until your master gives you permission to get up. Do you understand?" The loop of the crop reached down and circled one of my sore tits.

"Yes, sir."

"Go make me a cup of coffee, and then I'll tell you more. Hurry up." The loop flicked out at my nipple and made me bound right up off the floor and into the kitchen.

Mr. Benson was sitting, reading his newspaper, when I placed the cup of hot liquid beside him. "Go take a shower, but don't use my bathroom. Use the one in the maid's room off the kitchen. When you're finished, just stay there. Don't dry yourself off."

This whole thing was becoming ominous. Why was Mr. Benson being so hard and cold? And what was going to happen that I couldn't even dry myself off? I did go, of course, even as scared as I was. And under the warm flow of the shower I thought about my pledges to him. My promise to try to be a good slave. I was waking up finally and my awareness was making me remember by resolutions. I finished and stood waiting for Mr. Benson with the water dripping down my body.

I had begun to shiver by the time he came into the room.

"Turn around." He wanted to see my brand. The scab had at least formed, and even though there were dull aching pains everytime I moved, I was very proud of it. Very proud to have Mr. Benson's mark on my body. The frightening crop made a circle around the mark, but, thankfully, never touched it.

"Every morning, when I'm here, or when you're alone, the next thing you do is shave your body. It is a task you should learn to do reverently. It is the ritual of preparing yourself for me..."

He took a mirror down off the wall and put it on the seat of the toilet. "Lift up your leg and you'll be able to watch yourself."

He handed me a razor and a can of shaving cream and kept guard as I lathered my still damp body with suds. The slick feeling of the soap on my crotch filled up my cock. The skin around my ass had no hair on it after the night's having, and it slid against my lubricated hand. The whole action was erotic in a new sense for me. I took the razor and started to scrape the hard metal against the bristle of my crotch hair. Then, I pulled out the sack holding my balls and cut away the soap, leaving the skin pink with sensation. The hard part was to shave around the puckered hole with just the reflection in the mirror. Mr. Benson kept giving me words of encouragement and advice, and when I was finished, I think he and I were both proud of the extraordinarily nude result.

"That's good, boy, very good. It'll help you keep your mind in the right place at the start of each day. Now go clean up your sleeping area. We still have some things to talk about."

I went and rolled up the bag and put it back in its closet. Mr. Benson was sitting in the chair in the living room, waiting for my return, the leather stick still in his hands. "Kneel."

Once more I found myself looking up at him, aware of the hot bulge in front of my face. "Boy," he said, reaching beside himself and pulling out a small cardboard package, "this is clothing designed for a slave." He held up the package, a jockstrap! "Do you know why?"

I was honest and shook my head, admitting that I didn't know what he meant. "There's no reason for me to put up with the inconvenience of a slave's cock and balls. Sometimes, they're alright to look at but most often they just get in the way. Now a jockstrap keeps all the extraneous matter tucked away, out of sight, but it still keeps the ass open, bare for a slap or a fuck. Whatever's best for the slave. You understand?" I nodded in agreement.

"Boy, I expect you to have a nice clean, white jockstrap on all the waking time you spend in this apartment. There are some extras in the maid's room. You make sure you have one on everyday after your shower. And you keep them clean."

He handed me the elastic pouch and straps. "Put it on," I stood and slipped on the tight cup. The pouch cupping my crotch, making me even more aware of it than I was when it was bare. The straps clinging to the cheeks of my ass and outlining the nude crack between my mounds. It felt very good, and it made me feel very vulnerable.

"Turn around." I swiveled so my backside was to him. His hand came out and grabbed at one of my cheeks. "Your ass is one of the main reasons you're here, kid. Keep it clean and smooth and hard and you'll be around for a long time." The hand lightly went over the scab of the brand, the muscle under it was sore, as though it were bruised, and even this lightest of touches from Mr. Benson made me start with renewed pain. "That's going to come out looking really good, boy."

"Yes, sir." My response was surprisingly enthusiastic, even to me. I was getting turned on by this examination. My cock pressed out against the confining elastic of the jock. I was hoping this was all leading to sex. I was certainly ready for it.

"Go into my closet and get out the shoe polish kit. It's on the floor, right by the doorway." Disappointed, I went and retrieved the wooden box that was, of course, just where he said it would be. When I returned, he put out his foot. "Take care of my boots, boy." I got back down on my knees and took out the can marked black. I put the thick greasy polish over both his boots and then took out the heavy brush and started to work on the leather. He laid a boot on each one of my thighs. "A slave has to learn to take care of his master's things, boy. Everyday, you polish these boots, or whatever I have on. They should all shine. And each time you do it, you think about making your man look good." The loop of the crop came out and ran across the crown of my head, underlining all of his words with its light but threatening touch.

"I want you to think about those boots, boy, think about the feet inside them. Think about how much you want to lick the surface of the leather . . . how much you want to suck on the feet inside . . . think about them rubbing into your mouth and pressing against your balls . . . keep those boots in your mind, boy . . . you have to learn that every part of my body is to be taken care of, every part of my body is another chance for sex for you . . . I want you to get hard thinking about my toes . . . my fingers . . . every single part of my body."

The crop never stopped its caressing of my head, and my cock never stopped filling. I was raging with the pressure from my erection as I worked on the boots, swiping at the surface with movements that became as loving as Mr. Benson's words were. I took out the cloth in the kit to do the last shine of them, the gritty sole of the boots rubbed into my legs, the pouch of the jock lifted away from my surface by the engorged prick of mine.

Mr. Benson kept the crop rubbing against my forehead when I was finally finished. There was a smile on his face — he liked that erection. "Every day, boy."

Abruptly he stood. The crop slapped at my arm, "Come on, you're ready for the next lesson."

I followed him into his bathroom. "Kneel." I got down and watched as he took out the beautiful prick that kept me in a state of desire. I was hoping the exposed cock was for me, but he aimed it at the toilet bowl and I could only watch as he wasted a gorgeous flow of piss down into the porcelain. He tucked his cock away. This really was torture!

"Boy, a slave should regard everything about his master's body as something beautiful. Something sexual. You like my piss, don't you?"

Did he ask the question or did the crop that was now playing with one of my tits? "Yes, sir, I like your piss."

"Good. You'll get enough of it in the time to come. But right now I want you to concentrate on this toilet bowl. That's where I just pissed. It's where I shit. I spend time here, boy. A slave should think of a toilet bowl as his master's throne. Kiss the rim boy."

I bent over and put my lips on the black surface of the seat. "That's where your master's bare ass goes, boy. Get some more feeling into it. Lick it." My tongue darted out and covered the whole round surface with spit as the fearsome riding crop started making moves on my bare ass again. "I bet you can smell what your master's ass would be like if it was open there on that bowl, right now. I bet you can taste what his piss would be like if it was flowing out. Couldn't you, boy?"

I growled agreement. My cock was betraying me again, bursting against the jock, my mind full of memories of smells and sensations from Mr. Benson's body.

He stopped the leather's motion on my ass and went to the linen closet behind him. He brought back a spray can and a





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roll of paper towels. "You like my piss so much, boy, why don't you take a drink out of the bowl? Go ahead, just slurp it up with your mouth." I put my head inside the white container and smelt the slight remnants of Mr. Benson diluted in the water. His legs had come over to straddle me, the denim rubbed against my shoulders as I drank, becoming more and more aware of the acrid taste of Mr. Benson's piss that I could still find in the barely yellow water. My face was soaked when he finally told me to stop, the wetness in my hair flowed down over my eyes. He handed me the spray and the towel.

"Every morning, boy, you come in here and you clean out the bowl. Every single morning you make love to your master's throne. I want it shining whenever I come here. I want it glistening with the affection I expect you to show it."

It took me about five minutes to clean the outside surface, to get every bolt gleaming with reflections of light. The betraying prick in my jock strap pouch wouldn't calm down. My mind was taking in everything Mr. Benson had said. I found myself actually thinking of the white porcelain as a throne; the tiled bathroom had become a reception hall to me. It was all something that had to be spotless in order to meet the requirements of this exalted personage, Mr. Benson.

"Inside too." I took the spray and went to the surface of the water basin. Only a month before I would have been skittish about putting my hands in someone else's urine. But now, now I was delighted to find a way to touch Mr. Benson's piss, and my hands went in and out of the pool with totally unnecessary gusto.

"All right, boy. Those are the basics. The kiss, the shave, the boots and the throne. Those are things I expect every day, without fail. I never expect to have to remind you about them. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, I have work to do at my desk. I want quiet." The crop began underlining his words with taps on my shoulder again. "Absolute quiet."

And that became our ritual for the mornings. I learned those steps easily. Well, the learning was easy, and the execution wasn't any problem, but my prick was a real concern. The shaving every morning was the worst part. When I had to

cover myself with warm, slippery foam, it was an immediate and painful erection. Once, only once, I tried to beat off. Mr. Benson caught me.

"What the fuck are you doing?" The crop lashed out and whipped my ass. I was caught completely off guard. I hadn't expected him to come in. I started to stammer an excuse, but I couldn't do it quickly enough to stop the motion as the leather slashed out again, this time hitting my arm. "Don't you know better than that? What if I wanted you?" The crop cut into my side.

"I'm sorry, sir."

His eyes were alive with anger and fury. "You have to learn to live with needing me, boy. You can't be beating off every time you wake up. You only do that when I tell you. Understand?" The crop gave its most painful emphasis yet, right on my chest.

"Oh yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir." My eyes watered from the pain and the fear of his anger. Everything I was was invested in this man. My life had become his. There could be only fear in the idea of his being angry with me.

And, he got what he wanted, he always does. I was in a state of constant horniness with Mr. Benson. The small strip of clothing made me feel even more naked than if I had nothing on. My shaving ritual and the rituals of taking care of his boots and throne meant that I started the day with a dedication to him and his body.

I don't remember any time in those first few months that I didn't want him. I don't think my cock ever got to be really flaccid.

The morning rituals were wonderful. The afternoon rituals were easy. Mr. Benson worked at his desk or went out on business in the afternoon. I would quietly work in the kitchen or read in a corner of the room where I could get sunlight to warm my nakedness. Those were pleasant times. But, when Mr. Benson was finished with his work, then the horrors began.

"Boy, your body's in good shape, but I want it better." He had bought a set of weights and some exercise equipment. Before dinner, every night, he would take me into the refurbished maid's room and sit at a chair and watch me work

out. There was a set of training exercises he had devised, and he had devised them in such a way that I could never, ever, have completed the required number.

"Your friend, here," he would say, running his hand on the length of the riding crop, "is going to help you with your work outs." The number of sit-ups, for instance, was always moved up, so I couldn't do the quota. The crop made up the difference. If I was three short, I would get three whacks with it: on my stomach for sit ups, on my ass for push ups, on my chest for pull ups. That first month my body was never without bruises, my muscles ached constantly.

But, even so, that wasn't the worst part. After the exercises, I would cook him a simple meal, usually steak or chops — and serve it to him. I quickly got to the point of trying to prolong that dinner for as much time as possible. Trying to avoid the evening ritual.

"Those are your biggest weaknesses, boy." The loop of the crop had reached out and circled each of my tits that first time he explained it to me. "There's no excuse for a slave to have a set of flat tits. It's just not right. A slave's tits should be the easiest way for a master to control his boy. They should be so sensitive that they can give the greatest pleasure, and create the most pain, with the least work. Your little round nipples just won't do, boy."

Mr. Benson had devised a training experience for my tits, one that worked wonderfully for his purposes, and one that nearly broke me.

After dinner, every night, he would take me into the living room. He would bring out leather handcuffs and attach them to my wrists. "Now, boy, don't you start whimpering even before we begin." But I would. Even as I would reach out my wrists for him, I would start to cry a little. After the first night, I knew what was coming. He would attach another set of bands to my ankles and then take me to the wall of the apartment where there were barely noticeable hooks. They were spaced just so far away that when each of my limbs was attached to one of them, I was left spread out as far as possible.

Then Mr. Benson would go back and get clamps. "These are your friends, boy, they're going to make you a better slave, kiss them." And I would have to purse my lips and rub my mouth against the cold steel. I would watch as one of Mr. Benson's warm hands would go down and grab one of my breasts. Then he'd take one of the clamps, serrated with sharp teeth, and spring it onto the tit. I never could control the first gasp when that happened. When each tit had a clamp biting into it, Mr. Benson would go to sit in his chair and watch.

In the beginning, I tried to beg him to release me. It did no good. I should have known it wouldn't. But I cried out from the hot waves of pain that shot out of my nipples. He'd leave me there for an hour sometimes. My tits would bleed before they hardened up in scar tissue. Red rivelets would travel down my chest and over my stomach and stain my jockstrap. I would struggle uselessly against the restraints. The pain from those two little clamps, tearing into my body every night was worse than anything else Mr. Benson did to me.

For weeks, the small circles of flesh was so tender that Mr. Benson's slightest touch was more painful than the lashes of the riding crop.

He would watch me intently while I hung there. Every night I worked against the hooks and twisted my body, desperate to create any sensation I could that would take my mind off the metal eating into me. He loved that show. It was one of the times and one of the ways that I learned that Mr. Benson was a true sadist, not just a power person trying to control someone. His own lust would take over. When the sweat from my arms was flowing down my sides, he would come over and smear it into my face, leaving me with the sour taste of myself. He would admire the tension of the muscles, running a hand over their surface. And worst of all was when he would lean down and take the metalclamped tits into his mouth.

There was no room for my body to move as I screamed in agony. My chest filled with sobs as his tongue ran over the small exposed surface between the clamp's jaws.

And it all turned him on. It turned him on something fierce. After each one of those sessions, Mr. Benson needed release. He would take me down off the hooks. "You look fucking good boy." His erection would bulge out into my groin. I would collapse into his arms, the tension and the

strain of the strange position having taken all the energy from me. He would usually do it right there on the floor. His need would rule out any more time being spent on building up to something. His cock would need me then. Not in five minutes, but immediately.

He would release the clamps, creating a sharp sensation, and then would take the sore, bruised nipples in his mouth, his teeth recreating the ridges where the clamps had bitten into me, his tongue moving against the scabbed surface, his mouth licking in the drops of blood where the skin had broken. He would usually just bring out his prick and lubricate it with only his spit. And he'd force his way quickly and painfully into my ass, ignoring my pleas for mercy.

"You're going to be a fucking good slave by the time I'm done with you, boy. You're going to learn to love it all. The boots . . . his litany would begin, "the tits, the ass, everything about me, every part of me."

He would shoot deep inside of me more quickly than at any other time. His lust over my submission, my pain and his power combined to force the fastest orgasms he would ever have with me.

Then something happened. I don't know how, or when or why. I guess my body just gave in. It had to. It couldn't take the punishment any more. It couldn't take the deep trauma of the waves of pain.

At first, when he had finished, I would have to take a long time to get up and go to my sleeping bag. I would hurt so badly that I had to hold even the soft surface of the bag away from my chest if I wanted to get any sleep.

But, one night, it changed. The tits had developed a new covering. They had grown, as he wanted them to, into red, bright points standing straight out from my body. And, suddenly, one night, there was no pain. My body just did not register pain. It was about half way into a session against the wall. I took a deep breath and felt the sensation against my nipples, I could look down and see the newly grown protrusions. And I was, for the first time, ready for him when he came over. The pain that had horrified me before had turned into my own lust. I don't think even Mr. Benson expected

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my response when he took the nipple into his mouth that night. The warmth of his tongue rubbing against me took my breath away in a whole new way, "Oh, yes, sir, that feels wonderful, sir."

And it did. My mind had created pleasure from pain.

Sex, that night, right there on the floor, was another new experience. I had become something, someone new through these exercises. Instead of tears and tight muscles, Mr. Benson had made a boy into an animal. My legs went up around his chest, inviting his invasion of my body. The sharp entry at my hole was met with a sudden thrust of my pelvis as my body arched to swallow his cock deep inside.

He pumped furiously at me in hunger and need and in pride. We both shot. I never had to touch my cock that night, I came from just the pulling of the elastic material over my bursting prick.

We were both spent afterwards. Mr. Benson was beside me on the floor. "Boy, you just may turn out to be the best slave I ever had." He smiled at me. I guess my smile back was strange. I was preoccupied. I had made a transition that frightened me with its intensity. But, it had happened. I had to face it. Most of the things that had happened up to that point were things that I had suffered because of my need for Mr. Benson. This was different. I knew I had become a masochist.

From that point on, sensations were sensations to me — simply and purely sensations. I could cross the boundary between pain and pleasure. And I owed it all to Mr. Benson.

I had the training down really well. Mr. Benson must have agreed, because he decided to let me be seen in public.

"Brenden is my best friend, boy. He and I are used to spending our Sunday afternoons together. We've taken a break from that routine since we each had a slave to break in. But, it seems like the time is right for us to get back together again. He's coming over with his boy tomorrow.

"Now, I want you to understand something. I believe that a slave is like anything else I own. My friends are welcome to it. If Brenden or any other of the Topmen ever tell you to do

something, you do it. Understand?"

I nodded.

"And, I expect you to show everyone of the Topmen as much respect as you do me. That means you greet Brenden just as you would your own master."

"The other thing you might as well know now is that it's also alright for you to play with your fellow slaves. If you and Brenden's boy want to get into any games while he's visiting, that's okay. We'll all get along better if the two of you are friends."

Mr. Benson had been smiling as he told me the last part. I couldn't understand the humor in that. Sex with another slave? How could that happen? And why was Mr. Benson so pleased by the idea? I began to wonder if he had something up his sleeve?

I jumped and ran when the doorbell finally sounded. Brendan and his slave! I had fantasized a lot about this meeting. I had assumed that the slave would also be a black man. Wrong! When I threw the door open, there was the handsome, ebony figure in his New York police uniform, and behind him was Rocco. My friend the bartender!

My shock and surprise didn't keep me from falling down and kissing the sharply polished surface of Brenden's uniform boots. It also didn't keep me from watching Rocco as he undressed. I assumed it was the ritual for visiting another master's house and that the same would be expected of me. When he was fully naked (no jockstrap! He must have had different rules than I did!) he went over to Mr. Benson and fell to his hands and knees. When I saw those tattoos there was no doubt — this was Rocco, the one who had been tending bar the first night I had met Mr. Benson. Butch, stud Rocco was Brendan's slave!

Brendan put an admiring hand on the brand on my ass. The scab had come off by then and left a vivid mark. "Looks good, Mr. Benson. You did a fine job." He patted my head next, "And got him trained as good as can be!"

Mr. Benson nodded to Rocco's kneeling figure. "You haven't done badly yourself, Brendan." And the two Topmen smiled at one another, obviously very pleased with themselves. "Okay, boys, up."

We stood as the two men met in the center of the room and shook hands, starting a conversation and ignoring our presence. Rocco, who was totally naked, was blushing and had hung his head. I couldn't imagine what was going on, but I wanted to find out. I tried to catch his eye, but he wouldn't look up and just stood there avoiding me. Exasperated, I went to him, grabbed his arm and dragged him into the kitchen. When the swinging door had shut, I broke out with a loud whisper, "Rocco, we've got to be quiet, it's ok to be in here so long as we don't make any noise. So tell me, what happened? How did this happen to you? I didn't know you were a bottom? How long has this gone on?"

My questions came out rapid-fire. Rocco just stammered and finally said, "Jamie, I'm so embarrassed. I never thought you'd go through with it. I didn't know you'd be here."

"Rocco, that's not important. But, yes, I went through with it. I've been here almost since that first night, but you . . .?"

"Can I have a beer?" I went to the fridge and got out two cans. Rocco went to sit at the kitchen table. I stopped him just in time. "We can't use furniture, even here. Come over to the pillows." Mr. Benson had let me put some oversized pillows on the floor for when I watched TV. Rocco followed me over. I couldn't wait for his story.

"I met Brendan over a year ago. I'd been seeing him off and on till last month when I finally gave in."

"Gave in to what?" My enthusiasm broke in.

"Jamie, well, he's a hard man. He believes in all this master and slave shit, especially between whites and blacks. He, well, he wanted me to be his slave. And when I used to resist, he would keep on leaving me. Everytime that happened and every time I went back to him — I had to go back, Jamie, he's the best man I've ever met — well, every time my punishment would get worse. I finally had to decide whether or not I wanted him. If I did, it meant following his rules and living life his way. Once when I left him, he wouldn't take me back until I agreed to let him whip me. Another time, he made me pierce my tits," Rocco cupped his left chest to show me the hole through the nipple. "And everytime I left, he refused to sleep with me and he would stop others. I have this thing for

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black men, Jamie, and, well, Brendan would either follow me around in his police uniform and scare them all away, or he'd tell them I was a racist, or he'd tell them I was under investigation by the cops. Anything, but he made sure I never slept with another black man. He wanted me to be a slave, Jamie, and he finally broke me, I guess."

I was desperate to compare notes. "What's it like, Rocco?"

"It's hell, just hell. Sometimes he'll bring home that other guy, Tom." I nodded to show him I knew who Tom was. "Well, they'll break into the house and they'll start this game thing they do. They take some time in history and make believe that they're living in that period. I have to figure out what it is and who I'm supposed to be. It's always something racial. Like, last week, they came in and they were making like we were in Africa and that I was a white slaver they had captured. They were supposed to be tribal chiefs. Brendan put on this real heavy, real primitive music. And they were wearing African clothes. They used my body to make up for all the African children that had ever been sold off to America."

"And, another time, Brendan brought by these four other cops. They were all black and all had dicks that could kill you. They made believe I was a dope pusher who was selling heroin in the ghetto and ruining the lives of black teenagers. They took their revenge by gang banging me. One after another, till each one had fucked me at least twice. I was bleeding for days."

"He's always pulling things like that, Jamie, making me the scapegoat for all the things that happen to black children. Every night when we listen to the news, if there's anything on the tube that tells about a white person doing something to a black person, I get it — I get fucked, or he ties me up and goes to find people to work me over, or he'll take me to a back-room bar where I have to suck off every single black person there . . ."

My eyes were watering as I thought about Rocco's plight. The poor guy, trapped by love, forced to do all these perverted acts. I thought he was going to cry, too. But, I had misjudged, those weren't tears, "Oh, Jamie," he said, turning to face me finally, "It's all wonderful." The look on Rocco's face was the glazed expression of a totally satisfied man. One who had found his own private key to happiness.

Rocco's tempo picked up as he cataloged all the things that he and Brendan had been doing. And then I told him about Mr. Benson. We talked about the strange feelings of satisfaction and security I had been experiencing. Rocco understood.

"I know, Jamie, it's the same for me. I still work a couple nights a week — just nights that Brendan has to work himself, because we need more money than he makes. Besides, he has this black thing that the man should live off his love. So I give him my paycheck and just use my tips for subways and cigarettes and stuff. But, he makes all the decisions, and as hard as it is to keep up with his moods and his wild sex stuff, still, I feel better since I finally gave in and said I'd be a slave. I don't know about it as much as you seem to — I mean about being someone's slave — but it's the trip Brendan's on and if that's what he wants, I'll do it. It does make me feel secure though. And it feels good to have someone want you so much that you don't have to feel funny about wanting them a lot."

"Then, Rocco, why did you warn me off? Why did you try to keep me from going home with Mr. Benson that first night? Did you really think I couldn't handle it?"

Rocco was quiet for a minute, he was trying to decide whether or not to tell me something. Finally he said, "Jamie, some men who go home with the Topmen . . . they never come back."

"What do you mean?"

I was shocked.

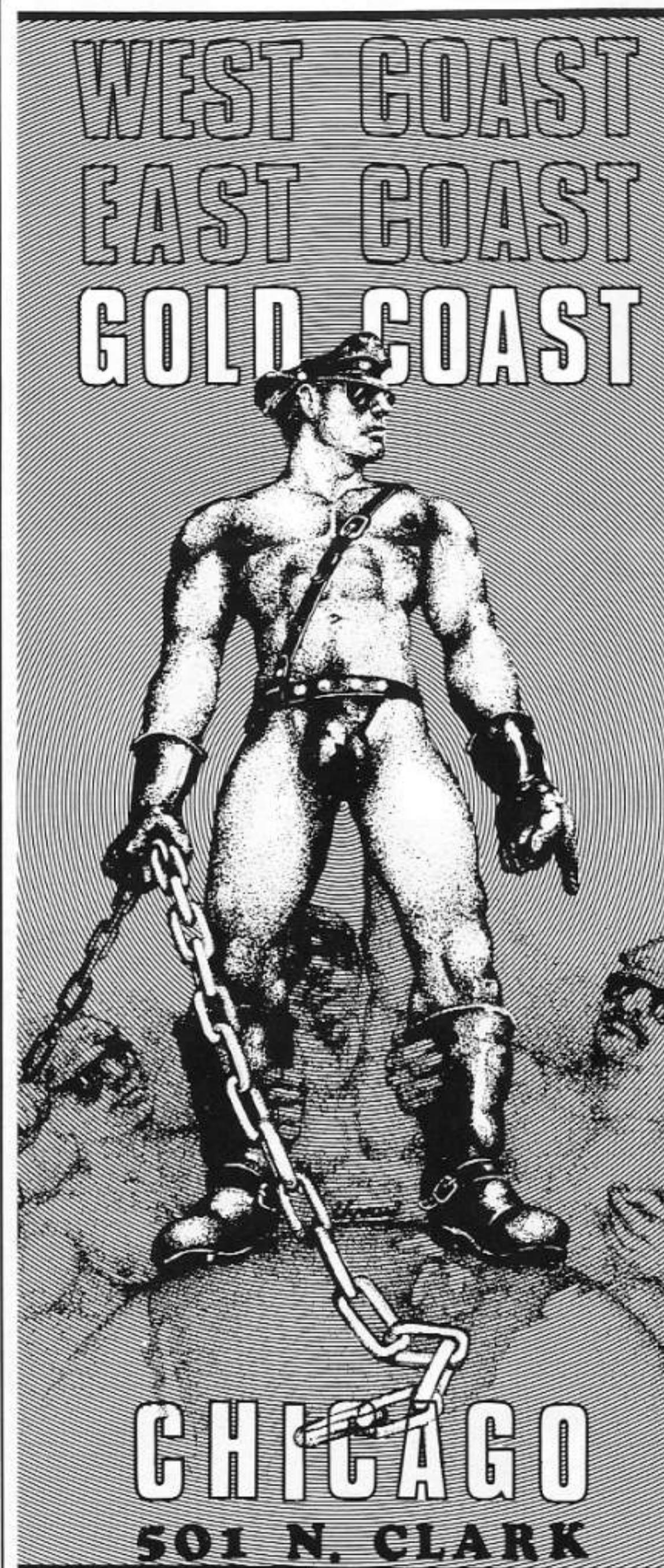
"They never find any bodies, but they never come back. They just disappear."

I couldn't understand that. I couldn't understand what could be happening to the men. How did Rocco know this? What Topmen were involved? What could be happening to the ones who disappeared?

"Brendan doesn't want to admit it. But, he knows it's true."

Before I could get out another question, Brendan's voice boomed out, "Boy!" And Rocco jumped up and ran from the kitchen.

To Be Continued





First ecstatic vision: 15 years ago
between trying to memorize the dicta in Marbury vs Madison
and watching the police beat up Mario Savio on the steps of Sproul Hall.
Somewhere in an alley near the East Bay Terminal,
later recurrences in the back rooms of bars along Folsom,
in the john on the 6th floor of the Servicemen's Y on the Embarcadero.

There was a tobacco store on Market Street on the fringes of the Tenderloin
where you could buy their portraits. Lined against the wall,
next to one another, 5X7 glossy commemoratives sealed back to back
in shiny glassine envelopes. Six poses per pack. Collected like holy cards.
Mounted in a book with black leather binding. Tucked away
in the bottom of a drawer under my Cal sweatshirt, under my jockey shorts,
retrieved when I couldn't be in the City. Flipping them over
with my left hand during the celebration. Missa Solemis.

The Litany

*David: Blond, dark eyes, biceps like softballs bulging.
Pray for me.*

*Marco: Astride a chopper, black leather gloves gripping his handle
with care for me.*

*John: Hairy balls, construction helmet, uncircumcized floppy cock.
Intercede for me.*

*Paul: Nipples like two hard bee-bee's, cock covered with spit.
Salivate for me.
Ahh hhh hhh men.*

Taste of tears in my mouth. Salty
like the air at Land's End where you can fuck in the daylight
on sloping hills and watch the ships bearing the Greek Navy
glide under the bridge. I went to live in L.A. Daze in the sun.
Listening to stories about their exploits. Carried south
down 101 by those who had also seen:

Them, in the Red Star Saloon, at the Barracks.
Rituals, however sacred, without benefit of sacrament, are incomplete.
I designed a poster to remind myself to return. Across the top I printed:

Travel. Engorged pricks, ejaculating cosmic seed, swirled along the sides,
made firm by slicing strokes of my Rapidograph. In the center:
a photograph, lovingly mounted, found in the Missal. Two of them
sitting in a chair, one on one, in his lap, pliant asshole, penetrated,
sliding down, halfway home, caught, erect, in the hairs of a lens.
Half shaft still visible. Flat, sausage like, oiled, poised,
shining in the reflected light of a detonated Flash.
A poster, the kind you can get at the Wharf, protruding, half-hidden
by their naked bodies, tacked to the wall of a sleazy hotel room.
Lettering in the clouds:

San Francisco. Along the bottom I drew sodden phallic heads.
A sky full raining drops of nectar that fizzed into a rainbow.
Open Up Your Golden Gate written in bold letters,
conforming to the shape of an arc. 100 copies. Printed
somewhere in the valley. Sold to the hard corps. One, nailed
to the wall over a toilet. Found in the MB Club. Someday
the banner to trigger the hejira.

I'm back, last year, to stay. Forever.
They were waiting. In place. Named for a dude
who enjoyed a special relationship with animals.
I opened a gallery. The relics, eventually, enshrined.
Languishing in the February fog like an appreciate tongue
darting into the recesses of the alleys South of Market.
A friend on the line. He wants:

A Mural painted on the walls of a place where the faithful
would congregate. In celebration.
I live with an artist who had impressed a winged Goliath,
tongued to ejaculation, sitting on the face of a Merman
on the walls of a fuckhouse in a private swimming club.
We all went to look. He stared down, red eyes, swollen from looking
too hard at the son. His cock, slung left, over his thigh,
pumping white. A serpentine path leading to the showers.
Pointed reference, sufficiently imposing. Two weeks later
I watch my friend press residues of oily crayons with his thumbs
onto the pliant walls of a penthouse.

Through strips of mylar that shade the windows, I can see out over the Bay almost to Land's End. One day the opposite wall is covered with mirrors that reflect a partially composed body. Drops of come dangle from short blond hairs that protrude from his chin. Another day we arrive to work. Chains, bolted to the ceiling, cradle a sling. Sliced strips of black leather, pads for perspiration. On the sixth day the carpet is laid. Shaggy. Matted. Burnt Umber. Two of them with broad backs and firm round asses. Cheeks pulled taunt by constant bending. Sinking to their knees to push twiney pile flush to the moulding at the base of the fresco. A satyr, smoking a joint, watches one of the saints push his fist into a brother's gaping asshole. My eyes scan to the wall, finally fixed. Exhibitionists at exhibition.

They remind me of images printed on cards. Reflecting hues of phosphorous blue lights, hung low over brands of cigarettes imported from Turkey. Lined up against a wall. Sealed in glassine envelopes. Pray for us now and at the hour of our death. After the quake. Remains resurrected of a holy city. Fragments of temple walls, faintly glazed with oil impressions. Homage duly paid to the men.



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ASTROLOGIC

SCORPIO S: (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) If you find the weather beginning to get a bit cool this month, wrap yourself in a nice, warm asshole. Remember to remove all dildoes, fists, and other foreign objects first.

SCORPIO M: Your asshole might be a warm place to slip into but I seriously doubt if the wrapping is still very tight.

SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) Ah, Thanksgiving! Time again for all those tired jokes about fisting a turkey. This year, be different: Pack your slave's ass with hot stove-top stuffing and have your friends serve themselves!

SAGITTARIUS M: Doesn't do much good to stuff you with anything but abuse. You're probably the neighborhood turkey anyway!

CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) The motto this month is "hand-cuffs and fisticuffs." Shackle your slave to a wall and beat the stuffin' out of him.

CAPRICORN M: Continue pissing on the dungeon floor until your Master fully house-breaks you. Broken bones may be the obvious result.

AQUARIUS S: (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) Missing an orgy for a trick may cause you to miss a good piece of ass. Butt holes are like shoes; you've got to try many on to find one that fits just right.

AQUARIUS M: Beware of Sadists who plan surprise parties for you. You know how it depresses you to know that someone cares.

PISCES S: (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) There's a cute little M in your future. Play it right and you'll have him eating out of your ass in no time at all.

PISCES M: Now, don't you wish you were a cute little M rather than the sniveling brute you are? Instead of a hot, hairy ass, the only thing you'll be eating is knuckle sandwiches!

ARIES S: (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Start the autumn off fresh: Shave a Slave. If you own a bald one, force him to wear a Dolly Parton wig under his motorcycle cap.

ARIES M: If you don't look good in a Dolly Parton wig, wear it backwards to hide your face and the whip marks across it.

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20-May 20) Drug and/or sex parties this time of year can be hazardous to your health. Always have your slave taste everything before it goes into your mouth.

TAURUS M: Have you ever considered scat as an alternative to est?

GEMINI S: (May 21-June 20) Public toilets can be your nemesis this month. Don't leave tell-tale finger prints or foreskin rubbings around glory-holes.

GEMINI M: Leave your phone number and a simple ad (25 words or less) on the wall of a roadside rest stop to meet exciting new people. If you're into cops, all the better for you!

CANCER S: (June 21-July 22) Consider going into business for yourself. Maybe a herd of uncut slaves producing a new party dip for S&M functions. You could call it *sleaze cheese*!

CANCER M: If you've never been circumcised, what better time than now? And by a lawn mower no less!

LEO S: (July 23-Aug. 22) Give your favorite boyfriend something to occupy himself while you're away. A good case of scabies will keep him enthusiastically scratching for weeks.

LEO M: Don't worry about scabies ... the syphilis he gave you last week will probably kill them.

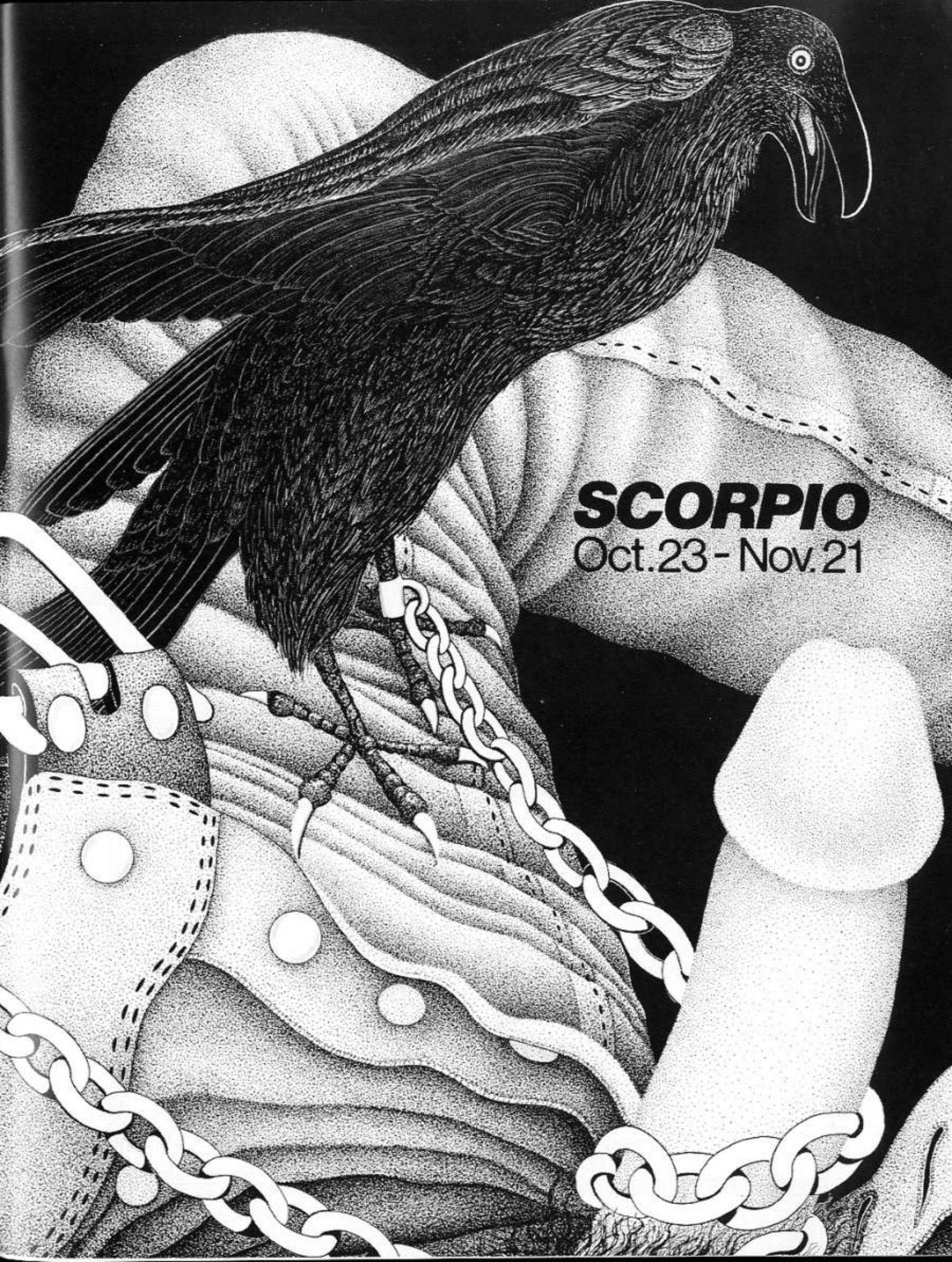
VIRGO S: (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Be careful of M's who spring surprises on you. Slaves given as birthday presents should not be expected to be returned the next day.

VIRGO M: Develop a bad attitude; it could serve you well in this life ... short, though it may be with an attitude like that.

LIBRA S: (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Does your macho wardrobe keep up with the latest in this year's Fall leather fashions? Being a tasteful Libra can distract from the severity of your sadism.

LIBRA M: Fall is a good time to rearrange the dungeon furnishings. Libras love formal balance, so go hang yourself by your heels.

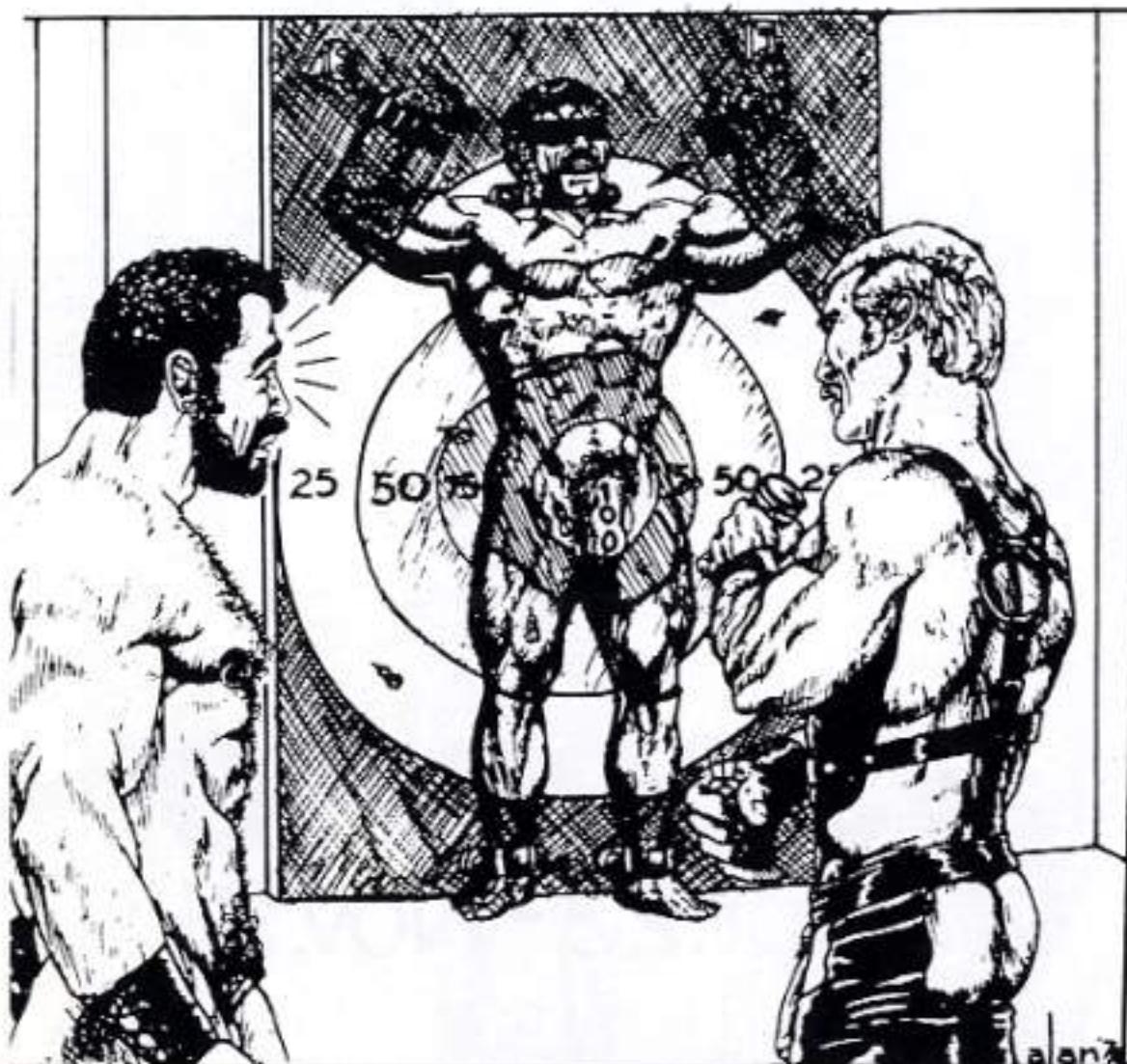
—by Aristide



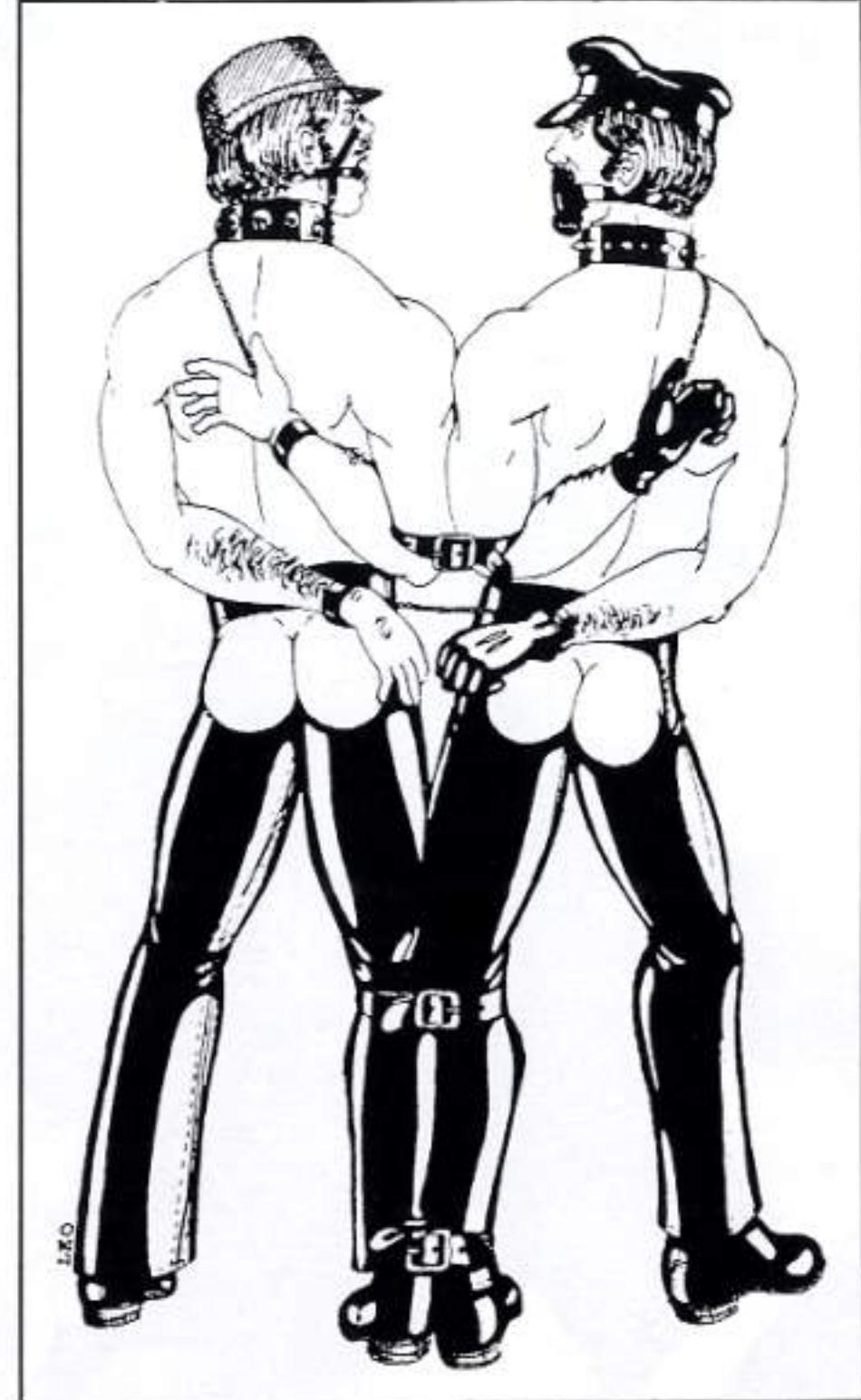
SCORPIO

Oct.23 - Nov.21

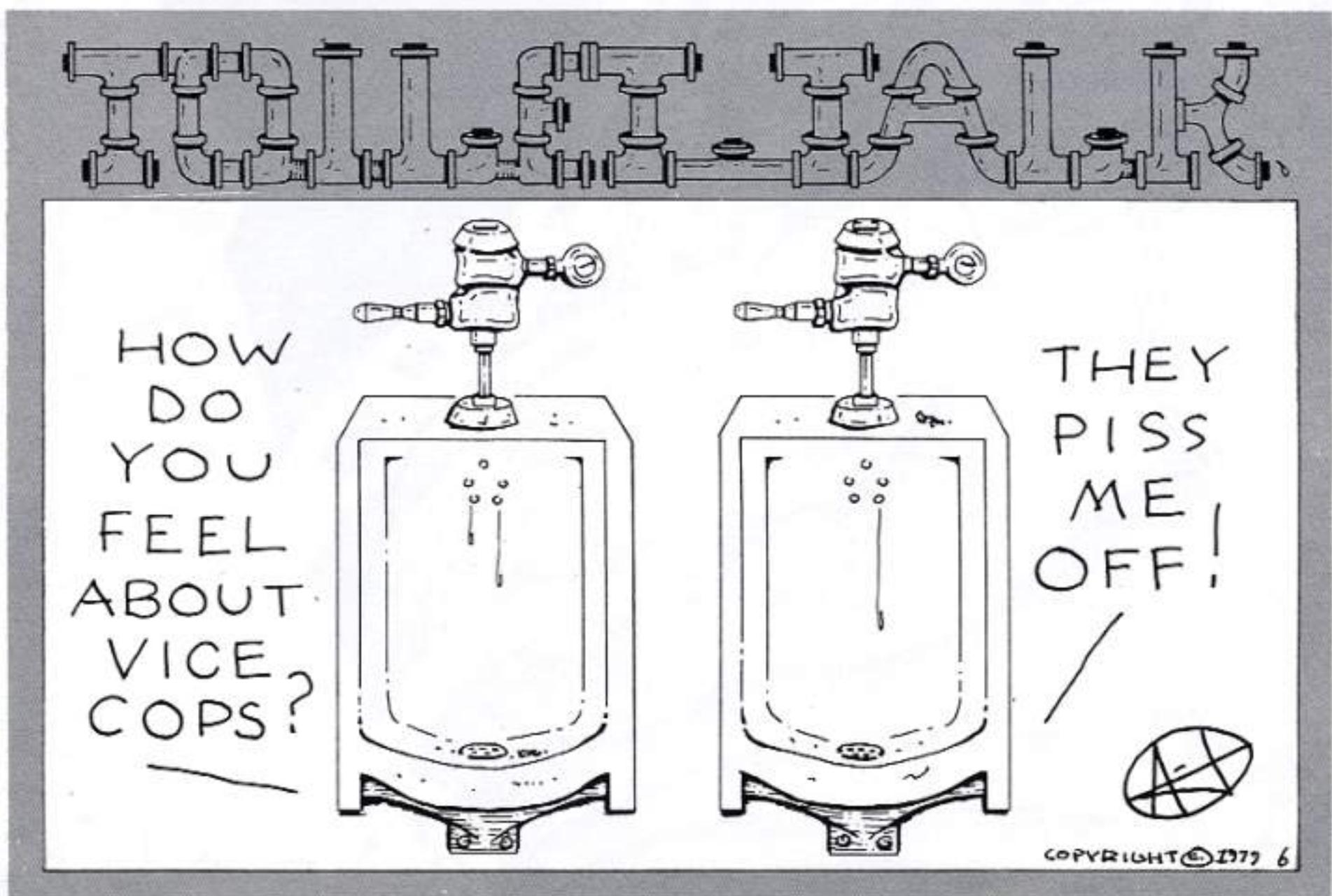
DRUMSTICKS



"He's not much of a slave . . . But he makes
one hell-of-a dart-board!"



"We gotta stop meeting like this . . ."



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Wanted by S, 6'2", blond, blue eyes, hairy, masculine, muscular, 43, with 6½" and huge bull balls. Slave/son/lover should be 18-32, physically and psychologically capable of daily training and sex in all disciplines with complete submission. All financial needs met for right M. No fats, fems, family ties, hustlers or heavy drugs. Revealing photo w/descriptive background. Be honest and save us both time. Must be willing to move to Phoenix. No photo, no reply. Hurry and become my property. Box 131.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., 8½" uncut; if you are white, masculine, not overweight. Interested in shaving your crotch, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand, fist-fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are available. Box 308B.

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, w/m, 6', smooth, shy, hung; has consuming need to be dominated and loved by hairy, small-fisted, bearded, mature master/daddy. Serious only. Need help with submissive training, exploration of personal limits. Photo/letter for yours. Into motorcycles, outdoors. Box 323.

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STRONG BLACK LEATHERMAN wanted by experienced, white-hot partner, 40, who needs bondage, discipline and forced workouts; sensual contact and a full-time take charge attitude, including gear. (213) 662-4277.

W/m, 39, 5'11", 165 lbs., hot, sexy, hairy, bearded, masculine animal with hot slave mouth and ass awaits orders, Sir. No Florida calls; will be in California end of '79. Robert, 2815 S. Miami Ave., Miami, FL 33129. (305) 858-4965.

SAN FRANCISCO, 35, 6', 170 lbs., white, hairy. Favorite scenes: As S: whip guy tied to whipping horse, get sucked, fuck him. As M: be tied down on table, whipped by leather or uniform man, suck him. Box 338.

MONTEREY AREA, 46, w/m, seeks hairy, macho w/m, 30-60, who is clean and sane for man-to-man relations. Box 60.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130 lbs., white, bearded bottom for rim/scat. Beard or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions. Horst (415) 821-7762; 10pm to midnight. Answering machine other times. Write: Box 101SF.

REAL SLAVE WANTED

San Francisco area. Big, hairy, individualistic outdoor type, 6'2", 175 lbs., 40, attractive, successful, fun-loving Master, who is into piercing, shaving and total domination; seeks puppy-type slave, 18-25, novice ok, who wants to be a permanent, fully-owned, totally serving, well-trained, healthy and growing boot dog slave. Send photos. Box 324.

SIT ON MY FACE

Slim w/m, 23, goodlooking, loves to eat ass. Also into other scenes. If a hot tongue turns you on, write: George, Box 4297, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Masculine slave, 26, 5'6", 140 lbs., goodlooking; looking for master, 30 and up, with hairy beer gut and long fat cock. I love to be fucked in my mouth and ass long and hard. No fats or fems. I want to serve a masculine man. I'm on my knees. Photorequested. Box 313.

Muscular, well built bodies wanted for hot times in oil, B&D, S&M by white, well hung jock, 6'1", 170 lbs., 25, in top condition. Tight, hard stomach and pecs especially. Name your scene. Photo appreciated. Box 69684, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

SHAVED CROTCHES IN L.A. Cute guy, 22, 11½", seeks other guys into shaved pubes. Your picture gets mine. Box 328.

NEW TO THE BONDAGE GAME? Never tried it? Jerry, Box 15631, Los Angeles, CA 90015.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, Eurasian, 41, 5'8", 150 lbs., 5", muscular, into heavy tit and ass action, FF, WS, etc. Versatile, imaginative; seeks muscular studs, 30-45, who dig getting as much as giving. No permanent damage. Box 312.

L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, slimy asshole and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, jocks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Digs spitting, shitting, pukeing, sweating and farting. Gets off with chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 294V8.

W/m, 38, short, chubby, seeks masculine, husky, clean w/m, 25-45, under 5'9" with hairy chest for Fr. and j/o sessions. Discreet. Larry, Box 6303, Oxnard, CA 93030.

MUD FANTASIES?

Two guys into briefs, bikinis, or levis sinking to crotch, chest, armpits. Struggle to get out. Box 2813, Culver City, CA 90230.

MEAN BIKER

S, 48, wants crazy M into heavy S&M for beatings. Box 36433, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

HOLLYWOOD BLOND

32, 5'10", 148 lbs., considered hot looking. Seeking lean, butch, imaginative tops up to 45 to torture, pierce and humiliate my "little boy" dick. No fats, amateurs or curiosity seekers. Photo exchanged and/or returned. Box 340.

BLACK MASTER WANTED

White guy, 22 and slender, wants dominant Black man to humiliate me, make me drink his piss, take his shit, make me serve him. Any age. Tim, 256 S. Robertson Blvd., No. 6136, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

L.A. / VALLEY

MS, 25, 5'8", 150 lbs., hairy, good-looking, seeks same into leather, fulfilling fantasies, to expand and learn together. Cigars, spanking, bondage, fucking are turn-ons. No heavy S&M or scat. Box 334.

SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs., semi-muscular, 6½" cut, looking for masculine, aggressive men, 25-45, 5'8" or taller, under 200 lbs. Looking for men into trying new things. Box 256.

FRAZIER PARK, M, Taurus, 40, 5'11", 155 lbs., white, 7½", novice, hot, handsome, masculine bottom seeks sensitive, masculine, hunky old hand heavy into ass play. Should have expertise with respect to limits. No fems, fats, pain for its own sake. Box 865.

Mature, masculine w/m, 47, 6'3", 225, virile, healthy, experienced, wants contact with men near my size, 30+ only. CB's, bikers, cowboys reply to: R.K., Box 905, Oakview, CA 93022.

LOS ANGELES, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 155 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, attractive, imaginative stud is good top man for obedient, uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, fems, fats. Love sex. Box 133.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/L.A. White slave, 25, 6', 165 lbs., good-looking Scandinavian, 7" cut, needs master who is willing to train me properly. Already into light S&M, bondage, leather, jock-straps, wrestling, w/s, outdoor scenes, uniforms. Whatever else you desire, but no heavy pain or scat. Prefer master with hard body and beard or mustache; but not necessarily. Box 127.

OROVILLE, M, Cancer, 33, 6', 180, white, 6½", knowledgeable. Needs leather Master for life. I love leather and need kinky scenes, mild S&M, B&D, am into w/s, scat fantasies, humiliation. I must serve my Master in leather and boots. I am considered goodlooking, masculine, and need training. I am open and loose for the right man-Master. Fantasies mixed with a little reality is where I am. Please, Master, I need you bad. Box 81E.

WHITE MASTER

23, 5'10", 150 lbs., 7" cut, seeks goodlooking, young, serious slave with desire to serve, learn and obey. I am a clever, energetic Master who knows how to use you effectively. Box 130Y.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 41, 7", 5'10". Previous experience as an S, but leaning toward M role. Prefer a dominant who respects limits. Seek under 40, 5'10" and taller, hung over 6", dressed in full leather. Box 136H.

LOS ANGELES, SM, 40, 6', 190 lbs., 8" uncut, experienced Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoor scenes. Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits. Not into excessive pain or force. Prefer the experienced. Box 318V2.

SAN DIEGO, SM, 39, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, has well-equipped game room for scenes with Masters or slaves, from novice to well-experienced. Have toys and know how to use them. Should be over 25, clean, in leather or levis. Box 667F.

OAKLAND, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable, experienced, discreet, masculine, goodlooking dude, well-equipped with toys, seeks slim, submissive partner to 26. Should be clean-shaven, clean-cut. Box 52G.

MY SCENE OR YOURS

S&M fantasies realized with attractive, masculine dude into levis, boots, leather, S&M, bondage, w/s. When a body needs a body to learn the how and why. Photo please. Box 115.

LONG BEACH AREA uncuts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 51, 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m. Dig hot, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 ok. Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510. Rick (213) 434-6554.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11", 130 lbs., white, 8" cut, black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full-time biker/leatherman who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leather topman (under 45) to fulfill my desires to learn, serve, respect and love a man who is secure with his position; a real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fats, or fems. Photo please, Sir. Box 117.

LONG BEACH AREA uncuts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 150 lbs., 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m. Dig hot, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510. Rick (213) 434-6554.

OAKLAND, M, novice, 54, 5'7", 125 lbs., semi-muscular build, hairy, 6" uncut, looking for hairy man under 50, white, with good build, into training a willing novice. Mutual respect important. Looking for varied experiences. Box 16.

**IF IT'S WORTH FINDING
YOU'LL FIND IT FASTER
IN DRUMMER'S DRUMBEATS**

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 36, 5'11", 175 lbs., European actor, Mediter- ranean, into kindness and intelligence. If you can handle that, I'm your type of man and you are mine. The rest will come by itself. Sex could be heavy or mild, but you must have the same desires to enjoy the good thing in life: giving ourselves to each other. No fems, or under 30. Box 167.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 29, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, handsome, masculine, completely uninhibited, raunchy dude can wield a whip as well as take it. Exhibitionist enjoys bizarre without hangups, expects same. Not into FF, clean freaks, dishonest types. Digs w/s, B&D, S&M. Box 162.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut. Novice with intelligence, adaptability, perception, into a variety of scenes looking for partners, white, to 40, taller than myself, who are equipped with enough fantasy toys to make role playing enjoyable and exciting. No drugs, heavy drinking, heavy pain, scat, or inexperience. Box 163.

WHIPMASTER
Heavy whip fetishist will buy/sell/trade or correspond/meet others with same interest. Have leather, uniforms, boots, blackroom, and over 80 whips. Pete Fiske, 941 Church, S.F., CA 94114.

SLAVE
Am obedient, respectful, semi-muscular, hairless body, 6" cut; into serving my master and his desires with my complete attention. Will learn new things, will strive to please. Box 35.

LOS ANGELES, M, 53, 5'8", 173 lbs., Gemini, 6" cut, well used ass, into the smell and taste of leather, desires to be controlled by a dominant Master, I am a novice with a lot to learn. Box 67.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11", 130 lbs., white, 8", black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking, non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full time biker/leather man who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leather topman, under 45, to fulfill my desires to learn, serve, respect and love a man who is secure with his position. A real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fats, or fems. Photo please, Sir. Cal. Box 85113, L.A., CA 90028.

VENICE, M, 22, 6', 130 lbs., 6" cut, seeks Master, 21-35, to train me to do his bidding. Am novice but willing, need master with patience. Box 74.

SANTA MONICA, W/m, 50, seeking someone into recycled beer, give and take. Box 286.

AVALON, SM, Leo/Virgo cusp, 39, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" uncut. An evil and imaginative mind dedicated to exploring my personal limits for mind-blowing orgasms, which I wish to share in either role (prefer dominant). Must have boat (live on island). Seek MC riders for summer runs. No body odor, bad teeth or soft bellies. Box 318V.

KINKY FILTHY HOT
31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously. Into S&M, B/D, W/S, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy Levis and jock straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162.

GLENDALE, SM, 5'11", 152 lbs., 8" uncut, Chinese/Polish, medium/muscular build; into total anal sensuality. Looking for men in shape, 8" or bigger, with small hands. No pain, body odor, stupidity. Box 65.

L.A. TOILET
Slave pig you have been seeking, Sir. Beat me, exhibit me, make me suffer your rage. (213) 664-7830.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 6'1", 175 lbs., 6", handsome, hot, intelligent, built, athletic; seeks same in an S, 25-40. Into most scenes. Wants partner rough, strong, dominant in bed, kind and intelligent elsewhere. No fems, fats, fools, heavy drugs, brutality. Call (415) 647-6778. West Coast time is best, 8-10 pm. Ask for Joe. And keep trying, I'm worth it.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 41, 5'8", 150 lbs., muscular, hairless, cut; seeks physical similar; turn on to muscles, rounded ass, solid pecs, FF, WS, titwork, whipping, into either role, can give and take. No fats, scat, heavy drugs, filth or permanent damage. Box 312.

WANTED: MASTER OVER 50
San Francisco, 42, 9", wants firm bare-ass spanking. Looking for lasting relationship. No phone freaks. (415) 776-2438.

APO/SF, SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs., semi-muscular, short hair, return to the States in April '80. Looking for aggressive, masculine, 25-45, with willingness to try new things. No fems, fats. Box 256.

PERMANENT SLAVERY
Tough, no-nonsense Master, 6'4", 210 lbs., 40, seeks mature slave ready for permanent, final enslavement. Must be totally unattached, financially independent, and in severe need of surrendering both mind and body. Must relocate to Southern California. Box 265.

S.F. ASS EATER
Hot male eats ripe assholes. Sit on my face, you fucker. Box 316

WOODLAND HILLS, M, Pisces, 40, 5'10", white, 165 lbs., 8", enjoys cock and ball action, catheters, enemas, serious sex by controlling Master; 3-ways. Box 132M.

VENTURA, SM, 45, 6'3", 225 lbs., German, 7", seeks well-built men over 35, over 6' tall, in levis or leather, dominant or passive. Am versatile and willing to learn. Box 170.

LOS ANGELES, M, Virgo, 49, 5'10", 145 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

LOS ANGELES, S, 45, 5'6", 135 lbs., solid, muscular, masculine stud, 7" cut; looking for masculine, slender or muscular man under 55, white. Not interested in fucking anything I wouldn't walk down the street with. Box 667C.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 42, 6'1", 165 lbs., white, 6", novice, willing and eager to learn complete submission, to suffer or cause suffering within limits with reliable partner to 45. No mutilation, physical handicapped. Box 208.

ORAL SLAVE
Fremont, 38, 6'3", black, 190 lbs., 7" uncut, gives total oral service; appreciates WS, dirty talk, name-calling, humiliation, verbal abuse, asshole licking. Looking for white, Latin or Asian into having a tall slave. Should be 18-45, masculine, leather/levi. Box 491F.

REPORT TO COMMANDANT
US*ALL STOCKADE
Aryan, 49, uncut, 6'2", 170 lbs. For submissions re: w/s, S&M, B&D, VA, humiliation, beating (caucasians only) under Military/SS/USMC disciplinary principles and total arrogance. This is serious and as real as fantasy allows. Applications requested for assistance as Guard/Drill Instructor. Stockade is a non-domestically associated punishment facility. Workouts only in prison uniforms or work garb. US*ALL, Dept. D, Box 972, Mountain View, CA 94042.

To apply in **THE TOILET**, a private phone club, send an SASE with \$1 to: John, 433 Douglass St., S.F., CA 94114.

COLORADO
LEATHER TRAINING
By older, experienced leatherman to young novice; beginner or advanced, on temporary or lifetime-live in basis. Master will support efforts to achieve physical, career, educational and leathersex goals! (303) 322-2713. Instructor c/o Mountain Men, Box 8887, Denver, CO 80218.

Will write to all goodlooking, well-built guys wearing leather pants, jackets, high-top boots. Ed Moyer, Box 66, Silverton, CO 81433. Include photo.

CONNECTICUT
MYSTIC, S, Aries, 50's, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 8", old hand. Experienced top man will train uninhibited, honest partner to 50. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, fems. Box 329.

GREENWICH, S, 5'11", 160 lbs., Cancer, Leather master seeks masculine slaves who need B&D, S&M, WS, and tit work. Heavy leather scene, but respect limits. Macho sex partners must know how to serve in Gr and Fr action. Box 51E.

HARTFORD AREA
White, 40, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeks imaginative partner to give and take S&M, raunch, WS, tit and ass work. Box 337.

S, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs., husky, hairy, 6" cut, masculine, firm; seeks clean-cut slave, 18-35, white, slim or muscular, into bondage and discipline, toys, willing to serve and obey. Box 257.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, SM, Sag., 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., white, 10". knowledgeable, very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partners, 45-50. No fems, fats, long hair or body odor. Box 84D.

WASHINGTON, slave, Sag., 54, 5'6", 168 lbs., white, 6". Relishes being subservient to decent, good-looking Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefer cut, under 36, no beards, red heads, or hairy bodies. Box 227S.

LEATHER STUDS WANTED
Clean boy needs raunch, WS, bondage, head trips. Please, Sir, send description with photos and a list of interests. Box 330.

Hot, 32, 6'2", 155 lbs., tattooed, hairy chest and ass into WS, scat, verbal abuse and body worship with 21-40 year old stud. Prefer being bottom or mutual. Replies with photo answered first. Box 333.

FLORIDA

HIALEAH, SM, Pisces, 32, 5'8", 165 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fems, fats, long hairs. Box 9.

LAKE WORTH, SM, Pisces, 36, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8", old hand, can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fems, amateurs. Box 1251.

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, S, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., crewcut, construction worker, into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Likes kinky scenes. Am masculine and hung. Need service from masculine, cock hungry, piss thirsty dudes. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

M, 5'10", 155 lbs., 50, 8" cut, tight but well-used ass, seeks 25-50 hairy, macho, funky, rugged man under 200 lbs., into levis, leather, uniforms, funky sex, w/s, sweat, being pleased by a man who can please. No skinnies or pretty boys. Box 59.

FT. LAUDERDALE AREA. This 41, 6'2", 180 lb., 8", handsome, versatile stud with muscular build seeks other hunky, masculine dudes for top and/or bottom action including Gr., Fr., FF, WS, dildoes, and other adventures. Sling room. Box 288.

FT. LAUDERDALE, S, 43, 5'7", 160 lbs., 7" cut, big balls and big hands looking for FF wide-receivers for three-ways with would-be slave. No scat or heavy pain trips. Demanding but considerate. Box 258.

HAIRY MACHO MEN

If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough masters; write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right. Box 59.

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS

SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Only butch studs with boot or uniform fetish need apply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assured. Uniformed photo with phone number. Box 201FLW.

COCOA BEACH, S. Capricorn, 59, 5'6", 155 lbs., white; knowledgeable, open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

WANT THIRSTY HUNK MEN

For heavy WS, sweaty muscle licking, enemas, exhibitionism, mirrors, j/o; with this goodlooking narcissist, 40, 5'10", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Studs can sweat me down and use me at both ends. Submissives will stay down, drink and worship. Miami. Box 47.

GEORGIA

Hot to learn sensual S&M. W/m, 29, 5'11", 155 lbs., wants clean, good-looking, experienced guy into light S&M, bondage, fucking, FF and wrestling. H. Robertson, 98 Peachtree Pl., Warner Robins, GA 31093.

HAWAII

HONOLULU, SM, 42, 6'4", slender, a hairy, 6" cut, big balls. Top willing to experience being bottom. Very masculine, expect same, 18-35, white, hung, clean. No fats, freaks, scat. Box 254.

IDAHO

BOISE, SM, 44, 6', 158 lbs., uncut 7", into spread eagle suspension, submission; seeks tops or bottoms with light or no body hair, slim, interested in B&D. No fats, scat, hairy. Box 52F8.

TRAVELING DOMINANT

S, 36, 5'11", 200 lbs., husky, 7" cut, looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trustworthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage; am always horny. No fats, fems, WS, drugs or heavy pain. Interested in possible vacation/ski buddies. Box 18.

ILLINOIS

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable; turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually-booted sessions. Respect limits. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Box 17R25.

**IF IT'S WORTH FINDING
YOU'LL FIND IT FASTER
IN DRUMMER'S DRUMBEATS**

CHICAGO, M, Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable, enthusiastic and willing to try almost anything with level-headed partner in good physical condition. No fats, Box 186Z.

CHICAGO, M, 23, 6'3", 180 lbs., 8" cut, athletic, lean, muscular, handsome, into B&D, S&M, levis, leather, heavy Gr and Fr action, needs rugged Master who wants me spread eagle so he can use me any way he wants. Expand my limits. Box 309B.

BODYBUILDER

S, versatile, hunky Capricorn into various scenes. Wants loving slave for admiration and sexual fulfillment. Rewards for good service. Am 6', 180 lbs., located in the St. Louis area (Alton, IL). Box 159M.

PERMANENT TOTAL SLAVE

WANTED

Chicago. Must be young, dedicated, trim, smooth body, masculine, disciplined. Will serve two hot, experienced masters, ages 26 and 20, into heavy S&M, B&D, WS, suspension, shaving, public display, flogging, training, etc. Will be issued daily work permit, but must return to cell after house duties. We have 1000 sq. feet of training quarters; complete with cell, tub, racks, restraints, toys, slings, suspension chambers, etc. No fats, fems, balds or novices. Serious inquiries only. David (312) 525-3342.

BORN TO SERVE

Need to worship big, muscular body; know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5'8", 155 lbs., slender but muscular build. Prefer someone in their 30's, tall, at least 6', well-endowed, muscular, ruggedly goodlooking, hairy-chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box 58.

Submissive w/m, 43, 5'11", 155 lbs., looking for master. I'm into sucking, fucking, water sports, scat, humiliation, discipline, light S&M. No one over 45, no fats. Chicago area. Box 326.

SLAVE WANTED

Master looking for slave who will take care of my home. Will be kept naked and shaved, must be into light S&M, B&D, WS. Must like to jog, swim and bike. Under 35 and under 6'. Will help relocate. Send photo with letter. Box 314.

CRYSTAL LAKE, Sagittarius, 30, 198 lbs., 5'10", 1/2 Oriental-1/2 Caucasian. Seeks companionship and friendship. I'm inexperienced, but willing to learn. A masculine stomach really turns me on. No fats or fems. Box 341.

CHICAGO, M, 6'3", 175 lbs., 23, 8" cut, semi-muscular, goodlooking, brown hair/eyes, seeks muscular, short haired, white Masters over 6', over 8" in leather, levis. Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority. Box 309B.

WANTED: SLAVE

No week-ends, or overnights. For life of obedience and servitude. Age unimportant. Into all scenes except scat. Call collect (312) 743-4505, giving operator your name as Slavey, or write Box 665F.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 181P.

CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5'10", 140 lbs., 7½" uncut, white, completely inexperienced. Willing to try anything with the right person. Has intense desire to orally serve beer drinker heavily into w/s who wants a man-to-man relationship with warm, affectionate partner. Should be well built with body hair. Box 160.

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 24, 6', 180 lbs., 6½" cut, into B&D, heavy S&M. Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is in bondage and pain. Turns on to blacks, hairy men, 21-40, no fats. Box 73.

INDIANAPOLIS, S, 48, 6'3", 195 lbs., 6½" uncut, seeks willing, obedient, submissive slave, masculine, slender, under 35, preferably uncut. Am understanding but forceful. Box 180Q.

KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE, white novice, 21, 6'2", 170 lbs., very discrete, masculine appearance and attitude; looking for young, masculine Top Man who is patient and understanding enough to train me properly to serve him. Turned on by discipline, light bondage, dirty talk, military, jocks, bodybuilders, leather, chains. Send photo and letter. Box 335.

BEST BET BI

46 year old w/m, topman, bi, has 18 year old mostly straight roommate, also topman, both very strict, streetwise. Have openings for slaves. No experience necessary. No fats or fems. Box 960.

LOUISIANA

HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs., white, 7", novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dislikes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fats, drunks. Box 130Z.

BATON ROUGE, M, clean-cut college guy, 5'7", 115 lbs., trim build; desires correspondence with well-built, masculine types into leather/levis, boots, uniforms. Hairy-chested fatherly types a plus. No drugs or fats. Box 454.

BATON ROUGE, S, Leo, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs., white, 8", knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying slave's real desires. Must send photo, must be at least 8" for reply. Box 47W.

MAINE

COASTAL DWELLER, 29, 5'11", 150 lbs., new to S&M, invites bearded/mustached visitors into all scenes except scat. Communicativeness and sensuality important. Box 317.

MARYLAND

HEAD TRIPS

Bottom like to talk to hot, butch Leatherman. Digs dirty talk, humiliation and raunch. Box 336.

WEEKEND SLAVE

Couple (S: 32, 160 lbs., 5'11" and M: 32, 150 lbs., 6') need services of a weekend slave into w/s, lite B&D, S&M. Applications accepted, photos a must. Box 147.

MASSACHUSETTS

CAPE COD, Jeep freak into armadillos, long necks and catipusses. Like mile runs on sandy beaches, hot sun, cool surf. Golden Eagle, RFD 1, Box 87, E. Wareham, MA 02538.

BOSTON, M, inexperienced, 5'10", 165 lbs., will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Can follow orders and would like to meet someone who has teaching ability, stays in firm control. No fats, especially no fats. Box 192.

MICHIGAN

TAYLOR, MS, Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165 lbs., white, 6½", novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

FARMINGTON, S, Virgo, 33, 5'6", 135 lbs., white, 8½", knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient, experimental slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 52D.

ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, 5'7", 165 lbs., 6" cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partner, under 45, who is sensual as well as horney; not afraid to give and take alike. Into Levi/leather. No pain, dirt, fats, or emotional problems. Box 204.

MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS, S, Leo, 31, 5'9", 210 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be to late 40s. Box 245.

Jock, 28, 8" cut, 6'2", 180 lbs., into heavy B&D, military discipline, seeks bondage buddy; trim, masculine (a must). Should be 160 lbs., and 5'10". Box 453.

ST. LOUIS, SM, 43, 6', 160 lbs., 7" uncut, beard, novice, into either role. Looking for masculine dudes, 21-45, prefer hairy chest and uncut. No fats, fems, or scat. Dig top role, into WS, cock worship. Box 64.

**LOOKING FOR A MASTER?
ADVERTISE IN DRUMBEATS**

KANSAS CITY, M, Virgo, 23, 5'4", 130 lbs., white, 6", honest, good-looking slave needs discipline/affection from dominant Master. Dig muscles, big hands, boots. Must be sincere, secure, experienced. Box 667D.

NEW YORK

MASCULINE GERONTOPHILE Libra, 6'3", 60, slender, will do anything for the masculine male who is turned on by my type. Box 290X.

HORNY NYC

Goodlooking, masculine, black-bearded, hot, 26, 5'4", 135 lbs., 6", green eyes; seeks bearded guys. Must have obedient asshole and ready to service. Call me at (212) 243-1786. Frank. Under 35 only.

Piss hungry, will-assed M, 32, 5'8", 140 lbs., takes FF, whip, cigarette burns, shave from 20-35 year old studs. USMC, cop, bodybuilder, public turn-ons. Raunchy letter/photo: Box 565, Downstairs, 166 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10011. Call (212) 989-8153.

BALLS

Massaged, pulled, caressed, sucked, twisted, slapped, licked, fondled, squeezed, tugged tied, shaved and more. Do it and let me do it to you. Send a photo to this hot, handsome stud who wants to grab you by the balls. Box 325.

Hot, white, 21, uncut 7", Manhattan male wishes to meet dark, hairy 21-year-old for group action. Must be uncut. Photo and phone preferred. Box 190, Downstairs, 166 West 21st, New York, NY 10011.

NEW YORK, M, Sag., needs training. Am 36, 155 lbs., white, 8" uncut. J. Campbell, Box 28, Shirley, NY 11967.

MANHATTAN, S, 41, 6'2", 180 lbs., solid, 7" uncut, masculine, experienced in B&D, WS, tit work, fantasy uniform trips, jocks; all raunchy sex. Box 327.

VERY STRICT

NYC Leather Master, 30, 6', 170 lbs., 7" cut, mustache, seeks real slave. You will live in full, firm discipline. My satisfaction is very difficult to earn. I'm willing to accept well-trained slaves or to train a novice. Attitude is all important. Write grovelling letter begging for interview. Be prepared for the total security of total surrender. Box 255.

NEW YORK, Aryan, 47, 5'8", Aries/Taurus cusp, into motorcycles, boots, police uniforms, tattoos and S&M; interested in corresponding with stocky cigar smoking macho man, 40 plus. Box 285—Downstairs, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

DOMINATING NYC PHOTOGRAPHER

wants young, clean-cut, good body, jock type to submit to imaginatively posed photo sessions. Pay for photos possible. Send age, photo to: Box 574-R, Downstairs, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

BROOKLYN, S, 6', 170 lbs., 30, muscular, 7" cut, Taurus looking for man, 18-40, with genuine attitude of servitude. Should be masculine, well built, mentally and emotionally flexible. Box 255.

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

NEW YORK, SM, 41, 6'3", 175 lbs., handsome muscular masculine Irish-English man, novice to S&M, can adapt to either role, 6" cut, seeks manly partners not hung up on acting out fantasy; changeable, adventurous. Should be over 30, taller than 5'10", and not fat. Box 452A.

MY CABIN IN THE WOODS or your pad, which ever you prefer. 37, 6'2", 160 lbs., 5½" cut, and new to the leather scene seeks hung, rugged studs who like to be worshiped in their leathers. Flicks, booze, poppers, jocks, dirty talk, and the aroma of leather turns me on. I want to learn about w/s, BD, enemas, fantasies and kinky scenes from big-cocked cocked masters. No fats or fems. Will try most anything once. My tender white ass awaits your pleasure. Will answer all. Box 95.

TRAINING NEEDED

W/m, 33, 5'8", 158 lbs., medium build, 6" cut, novice M seeks understanding Master to bring out ability to serve. Willing, obedient. Not into scat or public humiliation. Hope for tall, white man over 20. Box 80.

NEW YORK M, Sag., needing training. Am 36, 155 lbs., white, 8" uncut, J.M.C., Box 28, Shirley, NY 11967.

CIGAR SMOKER

NYC, 6'1", 190 lbs., 33, short beard, moustache. Interested in meeting other cigar smokers or guys into cigars. Club possible. Box 244.

W/m slave, 35, Capricorn, into heavy, prolonged leather bondage, harnesses, masks, strait-jackets, rubber, bandages, etc. Into enemas. Looking for together guy who is also affectionate. Into total bondage lifestyle. Am 5'10", 155 lbs. Box 107.

GEMINI, 41, 6'3", slender, good body, 6", tattoo; seeks versatile partners. Am novice in both stances. Box 452A.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, 28, 6'2", 155 lbs., blonde bodybuilder, 10½", thick and uncut. Fantastic pecs, super buns; seeks similar or anything hot and dirty from 18-45. Twist my tits, fist my ass, scat my mouth and then piss all over me. Leather, levis, groups, wet and willing. Insatiable and without any limits. Your photo gets mine, plus anything else you may want. Box 118.

WOODBURY, LONG ISLAND, SM, Taurus, 43, 5'9", 172 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. Trustworthy, responsible, intelligent, creative and fully aware of risks and dangers. Wishes to fulfill M fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish partner to 48. No fats, fats, freaks, fakes. Box 185R.

NEW YORK, M, Aquarius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking, clean-cut novice seeks macho, good-looking, dominant partners. Likes verbal abuse, humiliation, and WS from masculine, clean-cut top men, 25-50. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn-on. Box 220K.

NYC Uniform man, MS, 30, 6', 150 lbs., w/m, 8", hot, moustache, into L/L, uniforms, cycles, boots, seeks tough, well-hung, muscular men who are versatile and can keep it up. Also into fantasies and 3 or more groups with the right people. Reply with photo and phone. Box 687E.

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS

W/m, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs, cone shaped tits that never get enough, wants to meet/hear from heavy chested, big breasted guys into long tit workout sessions. Live your nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine. Heavy breasted torso friend available for threesomes. Box 451B.

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs., 6½", hot, goodlooking, masculine, bearded, muscular guy; warm and intelligent, wants to give himself to a together, well-hung stud. Fill my mouth and ass with your cock, hand and piss, clamp my tits. Into most scenes, but no heavy pain. Box 405E.

MS, 38, 5'10", 150 lbs., 6½" cut, into anal sex, FF on a reciprocal basis. Prefer Orientals, 30-45, trim. Am level headed and adventurous. Prefer slightly dominant partner. Box 63.

NEW YORK, S, Taurus, 44, 6', 170 lbs., white, 7", novice. Seeks dark, hairy slave with large, uncut cock. Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P.

QUEENS, NYC, mature M, Scorpio, bottom man, 5'7", 145 lbs., hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy titwork, FF, WS, scat. Jock straps, hairy bodies, black beards, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny blondes. Box 306.

MANHATTAN, 37, M, 5'11", Leo, married, seeks mature, compassionate top man to dominate a dominant personality. I've a decent build, hairy body, big cock; would like similar. Not into heavy B&D or scat. Would like interesting person to develop with. Box 305.

BUFFALO, W/m, 25, 5'9", 185 lbs., 7" uncut, into leather, inexperienced in S&M but interested in pain and giving it. Looking for Levi wearer; leather lover, 21-35. Into S&M and discretion. Box 404BNY.

BROOKLYN, M, Aquarius, 33, 6', 170 lbs., white/Cherokee Indian, 7" uncut, knowledgeable. Smooth bodybuilder, talented, tight ass slave needs domineering Master to 40, over 6", hairy, into B&D. No role-switching, scat, shaving. Box 122.

MANHATTAN, passive beginner, w/m, 28, tall, thin, handsome, seeks bodybuilder to worship; a man who will wrap his muscular arms and powerful legs around me. Box 295.

OHIO

CLEVELAND, SM, 35, 6', 186 lbs., muscular/husky build, inexperienced but tend towards S role, seeks 26-35, up to 6", white, under 200 lbs., at least 6" for further experimentation. Box 665H.

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155 lbs., white, 6½", novice. French active, Greek passive, wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No fats, heavy S&M, or B.O. Box 17V.

AKRON, MS, Gemini, 43, 6'1", 195 lbs., white, 6½", knowledgeable. Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers, drug users or hippies. Box 187L.

OKLAHOMA

STILLWATER, SM, 36, 5'9", 180 lbs., 8" uncut, ex-police officers looking for other officers, ex-officers, those into uniforms as a lifestyle. No fats, drugs, fems, scat. Discreet. Box 45.

OK CITY, S, 6'2", 195 lbs., 8" cut. I give orders and expect obedience or punishment prevails. Looking for over 25, under 6'2", with average endowment; perhaps in jock strap and chaps. Box 1010K.

OREGON

W/m, 30, 6½", wants to correspond with and meet raunchy studs. Into piss, spit, uniforms, dirty talk, smoke, amyl, jocks, oil, urinals and far out sex. Send photo with dirty letter. Box 309A.

PORTRLAND, S, 32, 5'5", 170 lbs., semi-muscular, hairy, 7½" cut, demanding. Like to hear slaves beg, but respect limits. Masculine dudes, tattooed, muscular, or at least not fat, that want discipline in leather or levis, write: Box 241.

PENNSYLVANIA

PITTSBURGH, S, 43, 6', 180 lbs., semi-muscular, 7" uncut, big balls; 8 years in USMC; into discipline. Looking for masculine man, under 40, white, in leather or levis, who understands submission and service. Into face and ass fucking. No fats, fems or heavy S&M. Box 83.

PHILADELPHIA, S, 41, 6'3", 165 lbs., 7" cut, sensitive to the limits and desires of a slave who is clean, unmarked, 20-45, in good physical shape, with low hanging balls. Box 294V25.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5'10½", 140. White, 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 052F.

KINGSTON, M, 30, 6'1", 180 lbs., medium build, hairy chest, big balls, 7" cut, novice is absolutely willing to learn to please. Looking for dominant Master who is into leather, is masculine. Box 119.

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER, 44, 5'8", 150 lbs., Libra, requires slaves under 6', 19-35. Have 90 acre farm/house with full equipment. All scenes hot and heavy. Young novices considered for permanent servitude. Only men interested in real thing need apply. No fats, fems. Send photo and application to: Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068.

PITTSBURGH, M, 43, 6', 180 lbs., semi-muscular, 7" uncut, big balls, 8 years in USMC, into discipline; looking for masculine man, under 40, white, in leather or levis, who understands submission and service. Into face and ass fucking. No fats, fems or heavy S&M. Box 83.

PHILADELPHIA, w/m, Scorpio, 47, 6', 185 lbs., novice, seeks obedient slave for B&D, S&M. Letter of submission with photo and phone to: Bill, Box 7363, Philadelphia, PA 19101.

SOUTHCENTRAL, S, ex-swimmer, 25, 6'3", seeks partners for hiking, camping, great times. Bondage a favorite. Discretion assured, limits respected. Will answer all and will train beginners. Anyone man enough to make me a bottom? Box 310.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable. Italian stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his boots, leather and chains. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, WS, chains, bike and western, leather, toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 52.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Cancer, 40, 6'2", 210 lbs., white, 7"; learning fast. Masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist, wants to expand experiences with clean, experienced, masculine S. Box 23.

WILKES BARRE, S, Cancer, 41, 6', 170 lbs., white, 12". Experienced military disciplinarian with rural stockade. 20 years military experience; seeks prisoners, from beginners to experienced, for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fems, fats. Box 55.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5'11", 140 lbs., white, 8". Completely inexperienced but willing to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 52F.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable. Masculine S seeks M under 35, into S&M, B&D, WS, oil, leather, levis. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209.

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN, All dudes interested in animal fantasy, leather, levis, rimming, spanking, WS; phone (809) 722-3631. Will be visiting Miami and NYC in August. Am 5'11", light brown, 148 lbs., all man.

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE, w/m, 30, submissive, novice, desires clean, white male to teach me to serve a loving master. Prefers a dominate who respects limits. No heavy stuff. Willing to learn. Box 164.

SOUTH CAROLINA

M, 24, 66 kg, 178 cm, white, into whippings with belts, welts, tit torture, verbal abuse, bondage, manacles, shackles, gags, piss, enemas, sucking, getting fucked, leather, levis, boots and uniforms. Seeks correspondence and/or meetings with dominant white Masters in USA, Canada, England, Germany, Sweden and Australia. Box 288.

Submissive w/m, 23, 147 lbs., 5'10", brown hair/eyes, wants to serve white MASTERS, 30-50, into S&M, B&D, w/s, leather, levis, uniforms and boots. Am Gr passive, Fr active. C.J. Bridwell, Box 1143, Taylors, SC 29687.

TENNESSEE

NASHVILLE, S, 39, 6', 150 lbs., 8" uncut, masculine stud looking for well-built, masculine dude who isn't into games, or limitations. Into man-to-man action. No bullshitters, drunks, drugs or fat. Box 61.

TEXAS

FT. WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 190 lbs., 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for either slave or Master. Either should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 059D.

RETIRED TEXAN

Free to travel USA. Interests include, but not limited to: leather and rubber clothing and footwear and related items. MG police uniform (breeches and boots). Also into mild S&M. Most anxious to correspond with and possibly meet other individuals with similar interests regardless of geographical location of current residence. Box 401.

ORIENTAL SLAVE

Wanted by white Master, 37, 140, 5'9". Write to: Master, Box 223-D, 3530 Timmons Lane, Houston, TX 77027.

DALLAS, Leo and Aquarius, both 8½", completely inexperienced, prefers someone to explore our unknown fantasies. Prefer hot, horny, masculine, outdoor type, no heavy action; new to this but willing to try anything once. Race no problem. No scat, dope. Want to hear from all you hot men. Photo appreciated. Box 266.

UTAH

Goodlooking man from Europe, slave type, would like to meet masculine, well-hung top man for light S&M, FF. Love to suck and get fucked. Tourists or locals welcome anytime. (801) 649-6921. Write Box 2593, Park City, UT 84010. Address good until Nov. 15th.

VIRGINIA

LYNCHBURG, MS, 31, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" cut, knowledgeable, looking for someone willing to take time in training, 20-35, white, masculine, no fats or dirt. Box 139.

SM (S preferred) 29, 5'6", 142 lbs., muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haired, clean-cut, muscular M who is masculine and knows how to follow orders. Am demanding, forceful — but know when to pull back, respect limits. While I am attracted to other tops, it takes quite a man to get me to bottom, and then not for very long. Box 294V50.

Prof. man, 40's, attractive, built, versatile, will provide home and living expenses for young man. Luxury home in VA suburbs. Must be mature, stable, full-time employed or student, he-man type who can be S or M, lover, good looks, good body, personality, no drugs. Send description (photo preferred). Great deal for right guy. Box 339.

RICHMOND, S, Leo, 45, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8" cut, brown hair, blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, leather/levis, truckers, horses, WS, j/o, light S&M, boot lover. Business necessitates travel entire U.S. Replies with photo and phone get mine. Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220.

WASHINGTON

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn, 37, 6'3", 190 lbs., white, 7", novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prevers bike owner. No fems, fats. Box 185G2.

TACOMA, SM, completely inexperienced, 7" uncut, 5'10", 240 lbs., Box 181X.

WISCONSIN

KENOSHA
Goodlooking, honest, discrete, young guy with good S/m experiences, wants sexual (and maybe social, and preferably lasting) relationships with men interested in S/m type sex. I prefer being the "m." I would really dig being spanked or talked dirty to, in an experienced leather man's sexy car, who made me swallow his beer piss, while he smoked a big cigar, with the windows closed, farting, and etc. I also can make a good "S" for the right guy. My "m" must be new to S/m type gay sex. He must be very eager to try S&M, appreciative and desirable. I will give tender, careful treatments, usually in leather, respecting limits, but B&D and light pain will be required from start. All nearby and sincere letters will be answered. No permanent marks, heavy pain, drugs, disco types, or guys who just want to write letters and not meet each other. Bill H., P.O. Box 383, Kenosha, WI 53141.

MILWAUKEE, MS, Capricorn, 42, 6'4", 210 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable. 15 years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner, 25-60. No fats. Box 294V85.

IF IT'S WORTH FINDING
YOU'LL FIND IT FASTER
IN DRUMMER'S DRUMBEATS

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius, 28, 5'7", 150 lbs., white, 7", novice. Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 62K.

WATERTOWN, S, Libra, 27, 6', 175 lbs., white, 7"; novice will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner. Into WS, B&D, humiliation, public exhibitionism. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W.

CONTACT

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Hot, hairy leather stud, into flexing and wrestling, is selling his bag of ripe, rancid jockstraps. All are well broken-in and are heavily stained with sweat, piss, cum, oil and amyl. Just right for those private posing sessions; or when you need a special mouth gag or amyl inhaler. \$6 each. Sent in heavy insulated envelope. P.O., Box 1107, S.F., CA 94101.

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Lace up to top, thick leather construction, Super Lug or Spike soles available. Any size or width, many styles available. Write to: Jim, Box 23764, San Jose, CA 95123. Include 25c for mailing list.

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18" Official German Police Boots, double sole and heel, comfortable, sizes 7-12, 50 sold - 30 left. 14" reconditioned at \$45. Flyer from: Peter Fiske, 941 Church, S.F., CA 94114.

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Hot guys pose nude, in leather, and shaved of all pubic hair. Catalogue and 4 sample photos: \$6. State over 21. PROSTAR STUDIOS, Box 6963, Burbank, CA 91510. (2140 Hwyd Way.)

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HOT ITALIAN STALLION
Set of 12 color prints, 4X6, for \$12. Send check or money order to: Westwood Studio, Suite 37, 364 Westwood Ave., Long Branch, NJ 07740. State over 21 years of age.

HOT NIPPLES
If you're a nipple man and tired of clamps and devices that don't give your nipples or your slaves' nipples the heat you need, then send \$2 plus 50c postage/handling for the best nipple clamps you've ever seen. Adjustable pressure points offer satisfaction for hours when properly used on those sore, raw nips. JRJ, 648 Ocean Park Blvd., No. D, Santa Monica, CA 90405. Allow two weeks for delivery.

MAIL ORDER NOTICE
The California laws now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers: this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers: the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

VERY GAY GREETINGS
A new and exciting line of very gay greeting cards - the hottest and most exciting variety available. Not at all for the very easily offended. 12 different all-occasion cards on heavy coated card stock with envelopes for \$4.95 postpaid. The Leather Emporium, 17 Harriet St., S.F., CA 94103.

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MODELS

MASTER OF LEATHER

Handsome, dominant top, 32, 6', 165 lbs., blonde, hairy chested, endowed, enjoys bottoms for bondage, humiliation, WS, enemas, C&B and titwork, FF, shaving, dildoes, toys and more in mirrored gameroom. Totally equipped. Novices considered, limits respected. Call Don (415) 863-6401. Master David, 28, 6', 175 lbs., hairy, hung thick (S.F.'s thickest) for 3 ways. Photo sets also for sale.

MONTREAL HANDSOME & HOT MODEL - Masc. & athletic, 130, 5'6", versatile & well endowed. Willing & available for hot sessions; mirrors & toys! Can travel. My 8 B&W pics only \$5. Super 8 color film \$20. Sample pic only \$1. 6 color slides \$5. (514) 522-9331. Write: Marcel F. Raymond, 666 Sherbrooke St. West, Suite 1205, Montreal, P. Que., Canada H3A 1E7.

OUTRAGEOUS NYC MODEL
24, available, can travel, moderate fees. Photoset: \$12.00. Books, films, magazines, novelties. Catalogue: \$1.00 plus SASE. Marc Sanders, 247 E. 81st, New York, NY 10028. (212) 288-4970.

Complete with FF slings, suspension, hoist, rack, leather gear and many other hand/mech/elec devices for S&M, B&D, FF, oil trips, body piercing and tit work at your pace and limits (explored). Safe, discreet, private! 6'2", 170 lbs., blond, 42" chest, 29" waist, well-endowed c&b. KURT BARON (415) 563-3886

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Goodlooking, 5'4", 130 lbs., trim black beard, short hair, 26 years old, into hair cutting, \$15. Paco (212) 243-1786. Write: 30 Perry St., 1-F, New York, NY 10014.

CANADA

STUDS SERVICED
Have pad.
(604) 921-7721

S, 45, 5'11", 150 lbs., slender, blonde, hairy, 8" cut, stern disciplinarian, but considerate and respects limits. Seeks 18-40, slender, under 5'10" prefer uncut, should be adventurous and willing to learn with the assistance of my personal slave. No fats, fems, scat. Applicants should be willing to experiment with mild S&M, B&D, WS, and toys. Box 238.

MONTREAL

S, 32, 6', dark hair, into heavy and long sessions of S&M, pain, humiliation, bondage, cropping, catheters, tit-cock-ball work; at home or in public. Will cross, stretch, and expand but respect limits of willing and respectful M's. Box 123.

DENMARK

HOT DANISH LEATHER
Masculine guy, hung and hairy, 34, 6'2", in full leather and tall boots, welcomes the visit of hot leather guys from all over the world. Am versatile and into many scenes, anxious to extend present limits and enter new scenes. Let's have a fucking good time and let the smell of leather and... arouse us to wild experiences. Send hot/detailed letter with photo to: Mogens S. Kruse, 2 Vestervang, DK-8000 Aarhus C, DENMARK.

ENGLAND

VISITING LONDON?
Visit THE FESTIVAL CLUB, London's oldest and friendliest gay club. Make it your London base. Open 11 am til 3 pm and 5:30 pm til midnight. The Festival Club, 2 Brydges Place, St. Martin's Lane, London WC2. Phone 01-836-1436. Write for information.

LONDON, Leather guy, 6'2", 170 lbs., white, 7", very active, strictly top. Wants to meet groovy, muscular slaves who know how to serve a real master. Am into most scenes. Enjoy man-to-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and I will send mine. If you are a real slave, I can guarantee you the real thing. Letters with photos answered first. Box 665B.

LONDON CAVALRYMAN
Handsome ex-Cavalryman, 40, 6', into leather, rubber, uniforms, w/s, B&D, will show you London. Write w/photo: Bernie Welch, c/o B.M. Cavalryman, London WC1V 6XX, ENGLAND.

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WEST GERMANY

My Master commands me to place this ad: Horny pig, German slavedog, 30, 6'10", 170 lbs., 7"; to lend to bearded (not a must) dog trainers who will force his festered possession to wear dog collar and chain for exceptional licking jobs. Further training needed: piss on his hide and fuck his dog hole; you will get a whimpering, will-less object. Try to expand his m limits. Anywhere in U.S. and Europe. D.W. Hecht, Erikstr. 145, D-2000 Hamburg 20, West Germany.

WEST GERMANY

Dutch guy, 30, blonde, 6'2", hairy, long legs, coming to the States in April and September, wants to meet and correspond with Black Master. Into licking, sucking, w/s, getting fucked, etc. Box 106.

GERMAN SLAVE VISITING USA
33, 6'2", 165 lbs., 7%". Will travel from coast to coast in October to please masters with all my body. If you dig face and ass fucking, pissing, titwork, footlicking, S&M, B&D, cells, cages, spread eagle, humiliation, public exhibition; I'll try my very best to be worth your treatment. Please give orders, Sir. No FF, amyl drugs. J. Roy, Engelbertstr 3, 5 Cologne 1, WEST GERMANY.

WEST GERMANY

German S, 42, 5'6", 140 lbs., masculine, bearded, hung and uncut, seeks active, masculine slaves, 18-50, into S&M, humiliation and far-out, kinky sex. Visit USA twice a year. Game room and equipment are awaiting visitors to Germany. Send photo. Box 206.

COLOGNE, SM, 45, 6', white, 7" uncut, into either role, experienced and convincing, masculine, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, masculine, wear leather naturally. Should be my age or younger, not fat, no fems. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 121.

BERLIN, SM, 33, 6'2", white, 7" uncut, experienced, tending toward S role, but can switch for right guy. Travels to the USA several times a year. Want to meet/correspond with interesting men into leather, levis, uniforms and toys. Also want to meet guys with game rooms in L.A., S.F. areas. Write detailed letter with photos. Age and endowment not important, but no fems, fats, please. Box 134.

MUNICH, SM, 37, 189 cm., 83 kg., 15 cm uncut, muscular; looking for men with beards or moustache, in leather or uniform, over 30, who are masculine, able to command or take commands. No fats, fems, unclean. Box 270.

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BODYBUILDERS

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MANITOWOC, WS, Leo, 34, 5'6"

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SAN DIEGO, SM, 47, 5'8", 150 lbs., dig whipping scenes; enjoy giving it to guys who are really into it. Beginners ok, if really interested, safe, controlled, will trade-off with right guy. Box 344.

ATLANTIC CITY, bearded Taurus, Italian man, 29, 5'9", 140 lbs., 8" cut, seeks sincere men, my height or taller, with aggressive needs, who enjoy spending time with hot-minded human being that has no hangups about pleasing you. Don't smoke or drink. Likes honest conversation and real times. Reply with photo and phone, will do the same. No fats or fags. Tom, No. 3E, 3 S. Iowa Ave., Atlantic City, NJ 08401.

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SAN JOSE AREA, 32, 6', 190 lbs., 8", strong, masculine, moustache, clean-cut, wants contact with heavy-chested men over 6', over 200 lbs., over 30 years old, into domination, humiliation, nipple action, verbal abuse, j/o, fantasy, body worship, masculine affection. Write: Box 2057, Sunnyvale, CA 94087.

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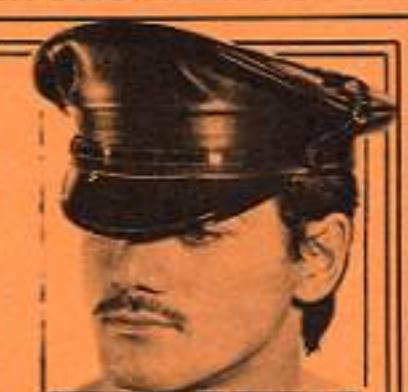
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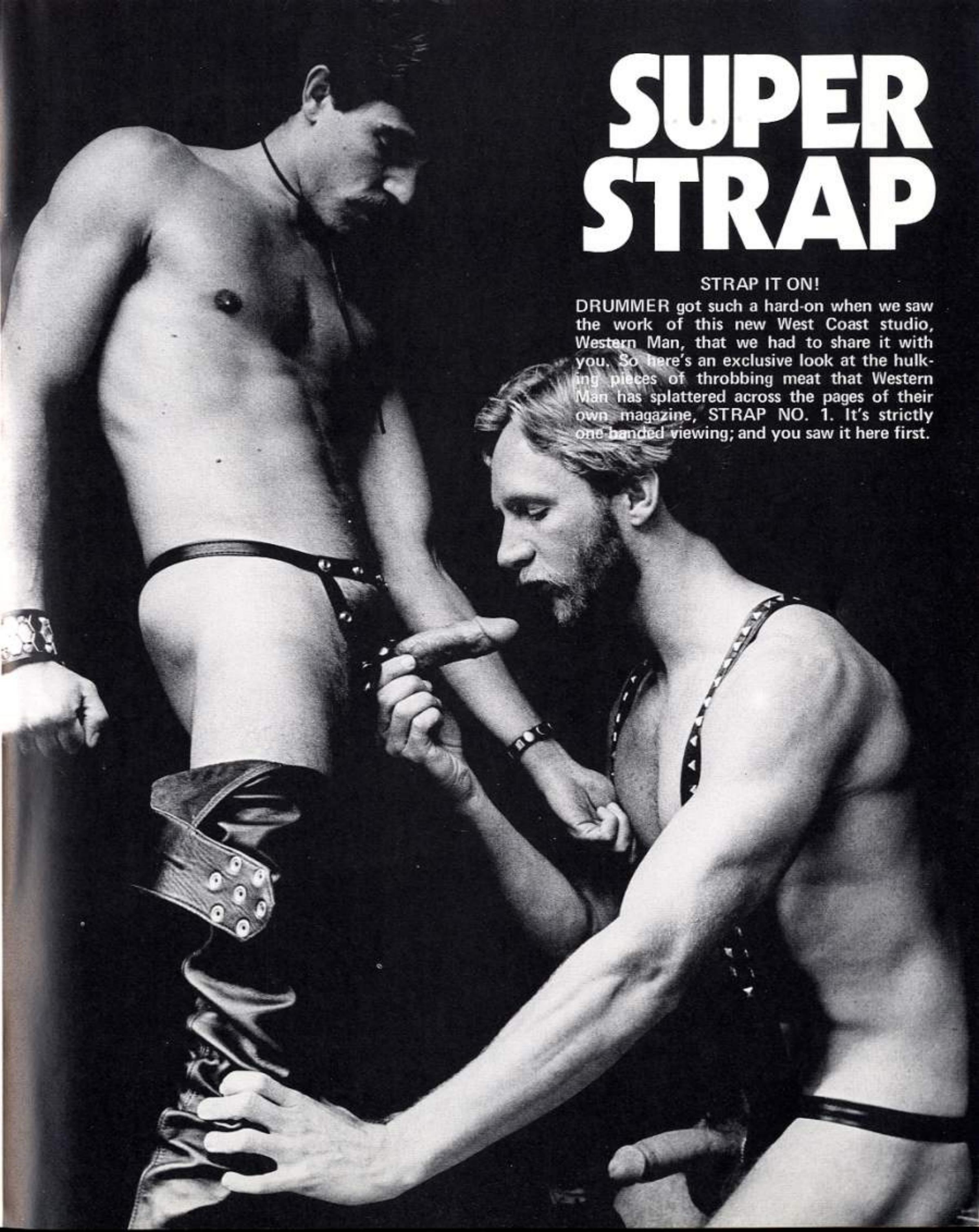
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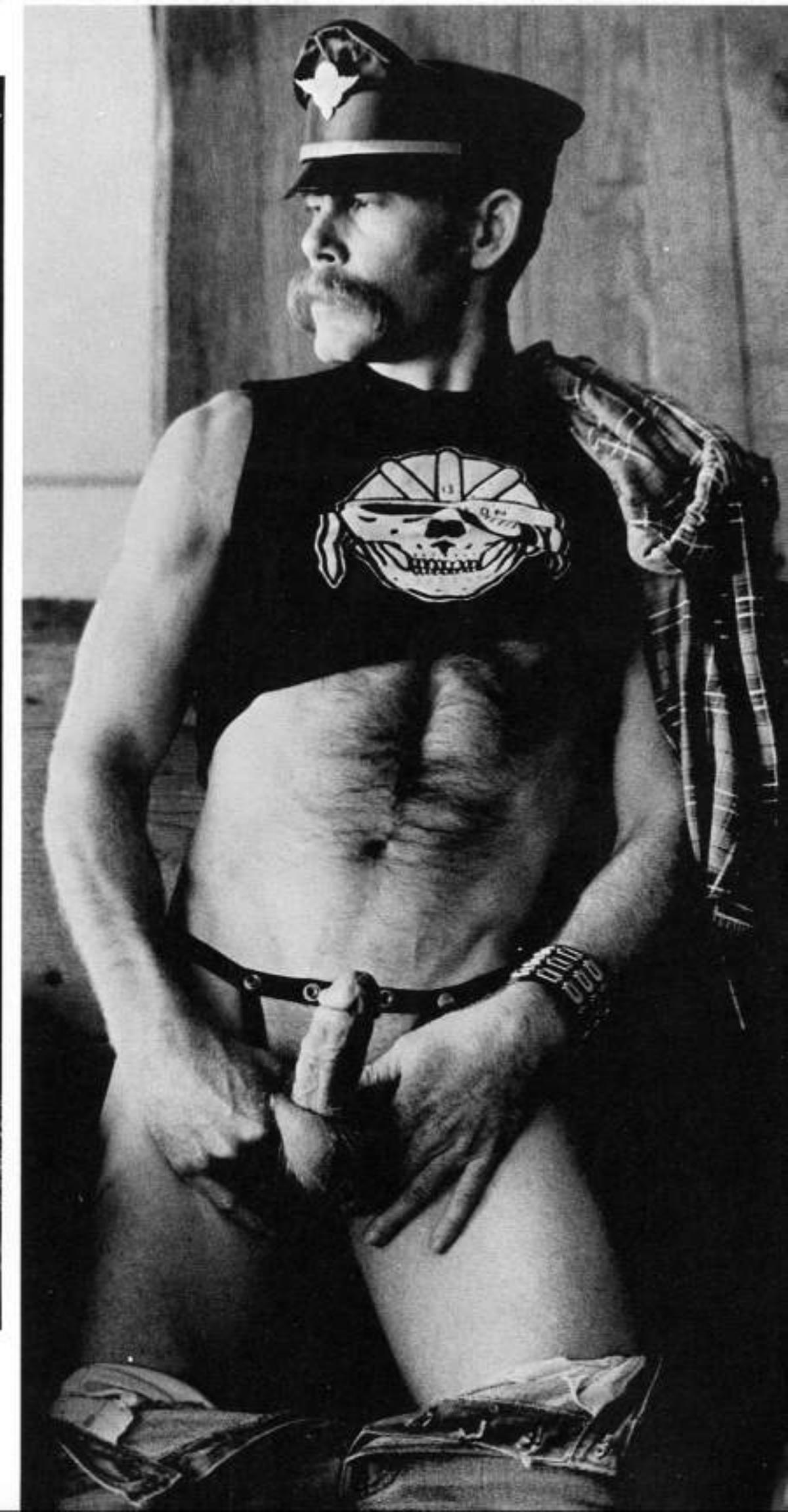




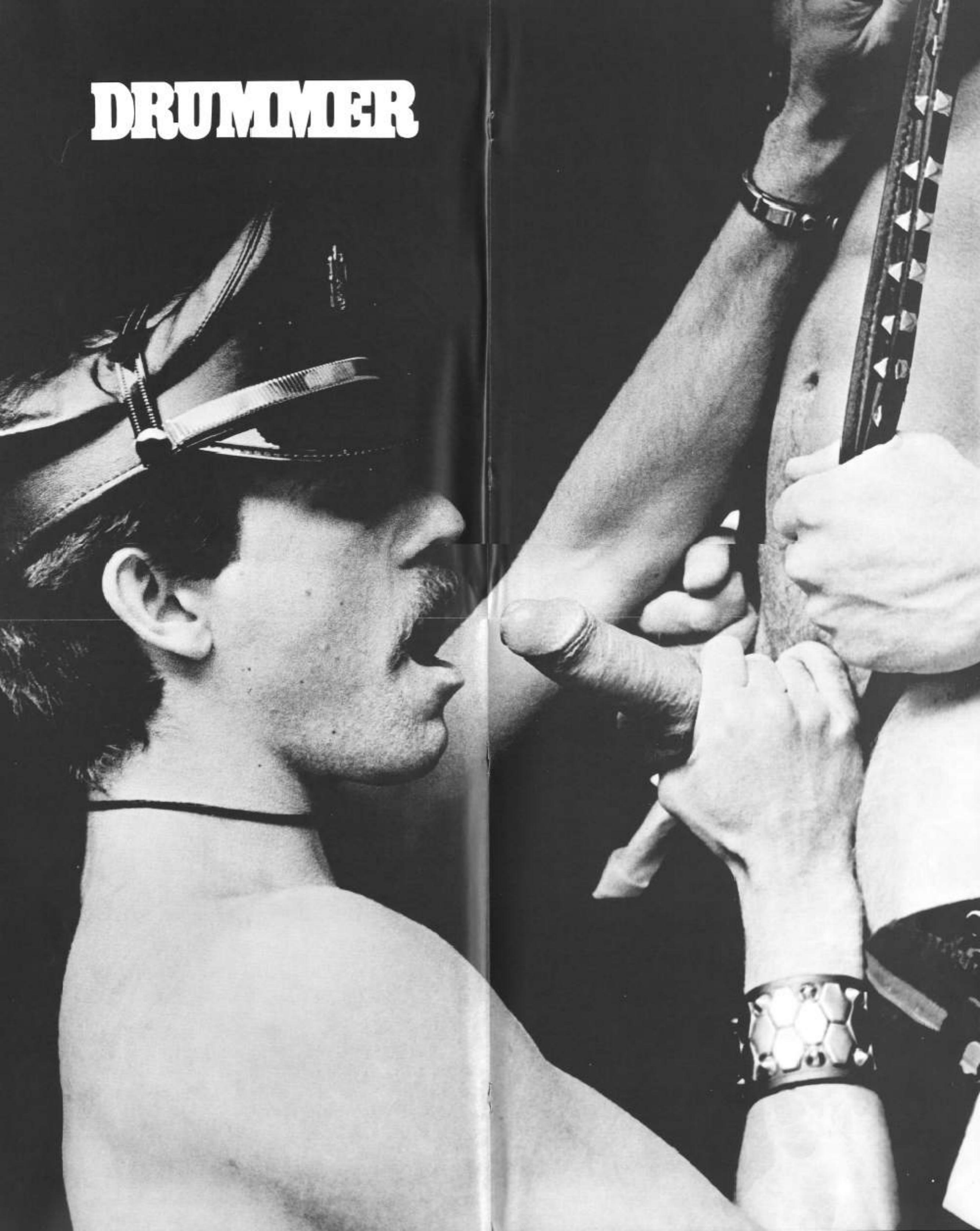
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BOOK
SECTION



Part SIX

PRISON PUNK

By Frank O'Rourke

Freedom is a commodity which most people take for granted until they have lost it. Imprisonment for a gay person is a particularly hard life and may often be more hellish than for others, because both prisoners and guards do everything to ostracize and make that person's life more difficult. There is in the human quantity a need to denigrate and demean someone else in order to raise one's own self esteem and gays become the butt of unnecessary cruelties. In that respect you might say my life was somewhat easier because of my two masters.

© 00f 1978

I arrived in San Francisco from Folsom late in the afternoon with one hundred dollars in my pocket. It was too late to go to the bank, so I checked into the "Y." I was assigned to a room that was almost as narrow as the cell I left that morning. The furnishings were sparse. After a light meal, I took a bus up Market Street to Castro since I knew it was too early to make the Folsom Street bars. The street between Market and 18th was crowded by young men arm in arm. There was no embarrassment or sense of defiance in their affection. They were natural and relaxed in their attitudes. This was their strength. Jerry had told me that the gays of San Francisco were a cohesive and strong political force in the city and I was able to grasp the elusive meaning of this.

I never felt such a keen sense of belonging. Various guys said, hello, and I could tell that the greetings were friendly while I sensed in most cases there was an underlying sexuality. It was great for my battered ego, but I was saving myself for Folsom Street — and, yes, Jerry.

As Jerry's image popped into my mind, I wondered if things could ever be the same again. Thinking of him got my cock hard, but I couldn't see myself as his slave, not after all my aggressive experiences since he left Folsom on parole.

There was no doubt in my mind that I was committed to the sado-masochistic ethos. As I looked at those euphemistically called "Castro clones" I knew that they weren't where my head was, but I still loved them all.

It grew darker, so I grabbed a cab and headed for Folsom Street. I grew nervous as the cab halted before an unobtrusive bar between Ninth and Eighth Streets. There were only a few bikes parked in a side alley which told me that I must be a little early.

I pushed the leather curtain aside and entered the bar. Just inside of the doorway, to the left, the bar ran along the alley-side of the building.

"Let me have a light," I directed the bartender.

"Yes, sir," he responded. Was that subservience or just politeness, I wondered. My eyes had not become fully acclimated to the dim interior, so I couldn't be sure.

The tension eased from my stomach as I noted the half-filled room. The length of the bar was lined with men in full leather. A few wore biker's jackets and jeans, and a few just wore jeans and levi jackets. Some looked like Castro clones but the majority had an undeniable masculine aura which was far more attuned to my mood. Some of them eyed me speculatively, because there were no clues in my attire which would indicate whether I was a top or a bottom. This sort of went along with my mood, because tonight I was an observer, or, at the very most, a negotiable. I could swing one way or the other, depending on the dude.

I found a place against the wall and sipped at my bottle of beer while I took in the scene. Men prowled through the packed room, some of them merely showing off their leathers like a bunch of drag queens; others were obviously looking for that one individual with whom they would share the night and a world of fantasy.

Across the room, I spotted a dude in conversation with another and I knew it was Jerry. Pushing my way through the crowd, one guy growled at me as I shoved against him, but I glared and he fell sheepishly silent. Just as I neared Jerry, he turned and I saw that I had made a mistake. The man had a softer countenance that did not detract from his good looks. He saw the expectancy on my face and grinned. It was only then that I noted the keys hanging from his right side.

I moved upstairs to the upperlevel bar where I got another bottle of beer. I leaned against a post and watched the pool game in progress. Extracting a cigarette from the pack in my shirt pocket, I hunted for a light when a lighter flashed and moved under my cigarette. As I exhaled a lungfull of smoke, I looked and found the Jerry-look-a-like standing by my side.

"Hi," he said in a deep voice.

"Thanks for the light," I responded, cautiously.

"I saw the look of interest and the flash of disappointment when I turned around downstairs. I didn't know what to make of it, so I figured I'd follow you up here."

"From the back I thought you were a friend of mine."

There was a look of relief in the man's face. "Ah," he sighed. "At least I didn't turn you off."

I couldn't help but like this openness in what I considered a phoney milieu. "On the contrary, you turn me on," I said as I overtly appraised his skin-tight levis which held a good deal

of promise.

"Well, a good many guys have been eyeing you up and down. I think you might say the tops have written you off, because everyone is of the firm opinion that you're a master even though you don't show it."

I couldn't help laughing. If only he knew how I had spent the past years — a slave to two men. I guess I had been a good student and now the student was ready to become the teacher. I felt my cock growing inside of my tight levis. "Get me another beer," I directed. I started to pull out some bills to pay for the beers.

"Let me buy them, sir."

As he walked away, I surveyed his small, tight ass. Well, I guess I won't sleep alone tonight. It's worth exploring. I felt my cock hardening down the side of my left leg. I couldn't help grinning to myself as I thought I might have to go back to the "Y" and cruise the shower room for some action, or jack off.

I watched him return with a couple of beers. He passed under a ceiling light which gave me a good view of his form. The body was lean and he stood about five feet nine inches. His neatly trimmed blond hair gleamed. There was a certain aura of pristine masculinity and, yes, beauty about him. His blue eyes held a bit of uncertainty which I liked. He wasn't some asshole who thought he knew everything.

"What's your name?" I accepted the drink.

"Mark, sir."

I had learned to appreciate from Chuck and Jerry the need for a subservient attitude to lay the groundwork for a mutually satisfying affair. Yes, I knew things were going to work out. I only hoped that he didn't have a lover or roommate, or we would end up at the "Y."

"Where do you live? Do you have a roommate?"

"In Sacramento, sir. I live with my folks."

Christ, I thought. Well, I'm not going to give this up. He's got my nuts aching. It'll just have to be the "Y." Fortunately, he had a car. I told him where we were headed when we got into the car.

When we got up to my room, I told him to strip. He quickly got his duds off and stood in front of me with his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed in the classical slave stance. His uncircumcised cock grew between his legs as I looked him over. The hair on his body could only be called peach fuzz. The nipples showed a prominence which hinted considerable use and abuse. In the narrow space between the bed and the wall I turned him around. His back was flawless and the waist tapered to what was the height of genetic excellence — the cheeks of his ass were two moulded melons; where the two halves met the dark chasm was fraught with promise. There was a faint sheen of perspiration glistening from the globular mounds and I knew that I could come from the mere sight.

The reader may well wonder how anybody can wax ecstatically about two masses of flesh, well you would understand me if you witnessed that ass which would have driven Sandro Botticelli out of his mind.

My breath had become labored, but I took a grip on my lust by stripping my own clothing off. The preoccupation of undressing made me think more clearly. I decided not to just jump him right then and there. I grabbed a skimpy towel from the bed and wrapped it around my loins. Reaching around him, I grabbed him by the cock and balls and pulled him after me out into the hallway. When he understood what I was doing, I felt a hesitation which I quickly corrected by putting a bit of pressure on his nuts. He groaned and forgot everything.

The hallway was empty which I had hoped would be the case. I led Mark into the shower room. I hung my towel on a hook outside of the shower and stepped into the large tiled area with its multiple heads. So we wouldn't call too much attention to ourselves, I pulled him into a corner and turned the shower on. I figured the casual dude who came in to take a leak wouldn't see us, but the curious ones might be into a little action themselves. After I had gotten good and wet, I handed Mark the soap and told him to wash me.

Soap and water, added to a caressing hand, are simple ingredients for a heightened sensuousness. Whether Mark had experience, or merely a dedication to his chore, he managed to linger over those nerve endings which only made me more aware of my own deep sexuality. Firm control on my part

not to reveal that he was reaching my inner most being drove him to greater efforts to at least evoke a groan from me. My cock was slippery from both the pre-come and his soapy hand. I directed him away from my cock because I had no intention of letting him bring me off by hand. My cock craved to explore the hot chamber of his wet naked ass.

Unable to stand it any longer, I turned him away from me. "Grab a piece of that wall, asshole," I growled, my voice was hoarse to my ears. Mark bent over, his ass quivering in anticipation. I took a deep breath and knew that I would have to exercise a maximum of control to not dump my load before I got into his butt.

I found his hole with my thumb and eased it into his ass, testing it for tightness. I knew that he'd be able to take my cock without any trouble. Moving forward, I grabbed my rod, careful not to stroke the throbbing shaft. Centering the big cockhead, I pressed against the taut sphincter. I knew the tension was due to a combination of tension and anticipation. Once I had the head inside, I drove the long, broad shaft all the way to my crotch. Mark took a wheezing breath and started to wiggle his ass as I paused with the entire tool up his ass.

Knowing that it was going to be a short ride, I planned to make it a wild and furious one. With one hand, I reached around and grasped Mark's cock and balls and began pulling and twisting the rock hard cock and his nut sack. With the other hand I slapped the cheek of his beautiful keester, every slap causing the muscles of his ass to grip harder on my cock. Switching hands, I started to jack him off while I pummeled his other cheek.

"Work those muscles, motherfucker. Make your man know that you want all that hot come. Yeah! Yeah!" I felt my legs tense and the cheeks of my own ass starting pumping in expectation. The come was ready to find its way up through the shaft, but I held off, my toes clutching at the wet tile shower stall floor. I pulled my cock out to the ring and then I dropped Mark's cock and balls, grabbed his hips in a steel vise, my fingers eating into the flesh as I started the short course to glory. As my cock shot up his shit chute, the head ran into the furious eruption of the head. "A-r-r-rgh," I cried like an animal at its first mating. Mark had grabbed his own cock during this time and he followed quickly after me. His ass squeezed repeatedly at my fast depleting store of come. I leaned against the wall after I had pulled out of him.

Mark was still hot to trot. He knelt and started to suck the last drops of come from my shit-stained cock. After he had cleaned it off, I pushed his head away and told him to shower and come back to the room. Since I hadn't left him the towel, I lay back on the narrow bed with the door of the room ajar. A middle-aged, pot bellied guy walked by slowly and looked me over. I was just too relaxed to cover myself, but I must not have looked interested because he shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

A still wet Mark came into the room and closed the door behind him. He was hesitant about whether I would now send him away, or just what I had in mind. Spreading my legs, I directed, "Get between my legs and make me feel good. Use your mouth and help me unwind from that great fuck."

Without any hesitation Mark knelt between my legs and started to run his tongue through my pubic hair. As his tongue grasped my cockhead to suck it into his mouth, I jumped off of the bed.

"Go home," I said harshly.

He looked amazed at my curtessy. "Get your fucking clothes on asshole and get the fuck out of my sight."

Tears sprung to his eyes. "What's wrong? Didn't I do what you wanted?"

I didn't even answer, but I grabbed my levis and pulled them on. How could I tell him that I knew it would be very easy to become too involved with him. It was better to break it off right now after a great fuck. My mind was centered in finding Jerry. Maybe things wouldn't work out there, but I had to find out.

I heard him dress behind me. His hand was on the door when he asked, "Sir, could I give you my address and telephone number in case you want to use me again?"

From someone else I would have taken the last part as a sarcastic remark, but I knew that he meant it as a respectful offer. "Yeah," I responded, reaching over to the desk for a ballpoint pen and a piece of "Y" stationery. Quickly, he scribbled the information and handed it to me. I grabbed his

hand and gave him a deep kiss and pushed him away. "Take off, asshole."

Three nights later, I met Jerry just as I was getting ready to leave a Folsom Street bar. He spotted me before I saw him. I found this bearded dude in full leathers blocking my exit through the front door.

"Hey, Jim, when did you get out of Foley?"

"Jerry, you son-of-a-bitch, I've been looking for you since they sprung me from the joint. How're you doing, buddy?"

"Let me get you a drink and we can cut it up."

Pushing his way to the bar, Jerry got two bottles of brew. "Let's go over here in the corner where we can talk some shit."

Jerry followed me to a waist high shelf where we parked and took a long draw of the beer. Turning to me, Jerry asked, "You got a tail?"

Grinning, because I was so damn glad to see Jerry, I said, "No, they didn't hang a tail on me. Instead of a parole, I got a discharge, so I don't have anyone I have to respond to."

"Man, you fall in a pile of shit and come up smelling like a rose." His face sobered as he asked, "I notice you carry your keys on the left, is that straight shit. Given up being a slave."

I had been sweating this question. I knew that my slave days were behind me. Even though I knew I loved Jerry, it wasn't the slave-master love, but the love of one top for another.

Taking a deep breath which the casual observer could not distinguish as brought on my tension, I blurted out, "I'm sorry, Jerry, but that's all behind me. I figure I've done my apprenticeship. Shit, I'm not saying I won't play bottom again, but it'll be on my terms and with another top."

"You son-of-a-bitch." Jerry's face broke out with a pleased grin. "That's a real relief, buddy." He continued in a more serious tone, "You know, man, I loved you and I still do, but I couldn't let you know how I really felt."

"Well, I can't deny that I haven't jacked off many times since you left Folsom, dreaming about getting into that fine keester of yours."

"Oh, you have," he whooped. More quietly, he added, "You will, lover, you will."

"Where do you live," I asked.

"I've got me a house here on Folsom. I rent it and I've put a lot of money and work into it. I built a blackroom and I'm still equipping it. Where are you staying?"

"I'm at the "Y" but I plan to move."

"You fucking right. You're moving in with me tomorrow."

"Hold it, man, you're trying to take me over."

"Shit, no. Do what the fuck you want."

I could see that I was pissing my true love off and I decided I must give this one time. "OK, OK, I'll move my stuff in tomorrow. You sure you got enough room?"

"I've got what you might call a double-sized king-sized bed. Man, it's like a fucking arena." Laughing, he added, "Yeah, I guess that's what it is, a fucking arena."

"That's great."

"You got a job?"

"Not yet, but I'm looking. It's hard for an ex-con to get a job. I told interviewers that I got out of Folsom and, man, you should hear all the stories they try to give me."

"Your best bet is not to tell them. First, if they like your work, when they do find out, they made decide to keep a good man, rather than have to look for someone new. Second, if they fire you, well, fuck'em you don't need their shit."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. I'm going to try it. How about you, you working?"

"I'm working for a contractor and make pretty good money. There's other ex-cons in the crew and I suspect the boss did a little bit of time too."

"Well, I guess I'd better hit it and get back to the "Y."

"Forget it, man, you're staying with me tonight. You can move your stuff tomorrow."

When we left the bar, Jerry stopped in front of a low-slung sports car. "Boy, you sure as shit are doing well for yourself."

Grinning as he got into the driver's seat, "The car is in the name of my slave, but although he bought it, it's mine. He privately signed the pink slip over to me, leaving the date open."

"Won't he be a bit upset about me moving in?"

By the lighted street, I saw Jerry's face harden and he snarled, "The slave hasn't been born yet who tells me what I can and can't do." Smiling at a fleeting thought, he added,

"You'll get a chance to try him out tonight. He's got to go to work tomorrow, but he's going to be one come-filled mother-fucker tonight."

We stopped before a wooden, unattached two-story house. The building was dark. I could see all of the windows were heavily draped.

"You sure he's home?"

Locking the car doors, Jerry broke out in a guffaw, "You can bet he's home. In fact, old buddy, he's someone you know."

"No shit. Who is it?"

Letting me into the entry hall ahead of him, Jerry closed and locked the door behind us. "I'm not going to tell you. When you see him, we'll see if you remember him. Let's get a beer and get these duds off. He's down in the black room."

Being in close proximity to Jerry, caused my cock to start growing in my levis, but instead of being embarrassed, I felt kind of proud of my reaction. When Jerry stripped, I couldn't help looking at that great cock of his which had given me a good deal of both pleasure and torment. I wasn't sure that he was getting hard over me, or the prospect of seeing his slave, but he straightened me out quick. "You sure got my cock going, brother."

We kissed and swapped tongue while we clutched at each other's cock. "We've got plenty of time to work out these pieces of meat together."

I followed him into a deep basement and along a narrow passageway, passing through a heavy door, lined with cork, into a small entryway and into a brightly lit room which must have covered the whole width of the back of the house. Again, the walls were covered with heavy cork while the floor had a barely perceptible tilt with a drain along the wall, making it easier to wash down and for piss to drain into the concrete channel which ended at a wide-mouthed drain.

The center of the room immediately caught my eye. There was a crotch-high leather-covered table. I found my eyes captured by a naked form, lying spreadeagle on the table, his arms and legs held securely by leather cuffs to the four corners of the table. Besides a steel cockring around his cock and balls, he had on a full hood, the mouthpiece removed to insure proper breathing while Jerry was out. The base of the hood was covered by a wide, studded slave's collar. Obviously, the man had heard the door open and his cock had begun to harden. The body was lean and muscular, the skin was welted, indicating frequent and intense whippings. My cock was standing at full attention as I surveyed the slave. The entire body had been shaved and it was obvious to me that Jerry made him keep cleanly shaved.

Motioning to me to not say anything, Jerry and I moved next to the slave in our bare feet.

"Well, I'm back piss-face. It's too bad nobody burned the motherfucking building down before I got here, because you are one worthless piece of shit. You know that don't you?"

"Yes, sir," a muffled voice responded.

I still had no inkling who the dude was, but he sure was a sexy bastard. Knowing what I had in mind, Jerry lowered the headpiece which allowed a guy to have ready access to his mouth. Indicating that I was to come around the head of the table, he directed, or better offered, that hot cavity to me.

Not a bit shy, I shoved my raging hard-on into the dark orifice. An eager tongue hesitated for a fraction of a second as it swirled around my demanding cock. Yep, I thought, he knows it's not Jerry's meat. That sure as hell didn't deter me so I drove more and more into his mouth until I felt the head of my cock enter the throat. I started a slow, deep-thrusting drive. I glanced at the slave's cock and I could tell that he was turned on because he was dripping a steady stream of precum into his navel. Jerry and I started kissing, we were both getting pretty hot. Jerry played with my teats, kneading them more furiously which just made me all the hotter. Shoving a bottle of amyl under my nose, I knew it wouldn't be long before this slave got my urgent load. Running my thumb over Jerry's cockhead, I found that he was himself about ready to bust his own load. I started jerking on his cock, because I wanted him to come with me.

My face fucking and jerking quickened in tempo as I felt myself ready to bust my load. I came in a long furious burst and Jerry came at the same time. He managed to growl, "Come, motherfucker!" Incredibly, the slave's cock started erupting like a volcano, the first burst splattering my pubic

hair, while succeeding ropes of come saturated his chest and belly. I left my now shrinking cock in his mouth while he milked every drop.

After I pulled free, Jerry shoved his own cock into the slave's mouth in order to get the rest of the spunk that still lingered in Jerry's testicles. When Jerry shoved his half-hard cock into the hooded mouth, the slave's body twisted in a new burst of ecstasy and I could hear him moaning in bliss and his spent cock started to get hard again on its drying bed of come. Jerry knew that he was turning his slave on, so he jerked his cock free.

"Well, are you ready for the unveiling? I figure you don't know the asshole, but you'll remember him as soon as you see him."

Reaching under the man's head, Jerry began loosening the leather lacing which kept the hood molded to the slave's head. When he removed the hood, I saw that the guy was still blindfolded. "It's an old hood and I discovered that the sneaky shit could see me through the nose piece, so I had to start using the blindfold. He didn't tell me about it, so I really put him through a well-deserved punishment session."

I peered closely at the masked countenance and was I surprised. It was Long, the Folsom prison guard who'd been bringing stuff into the joint for Jerry and the same bastard Jerry had made me service when I was Jerry's slave. "It's your mule," I exclaimed.

"The one and only. He's a sergeant at San Quentin now. Boy, if the prison officials knew what an ass-wiping, dick-licking, piss-drinking punk he is now, they'd probably put him behind bars."

Removing the cuffs from his feet and wrists, he directed Long to sit on the edge of the table. It was only then that Jerry removed the mask and the slave quickly glanced at me before he lowered his eyes. I caught a glimmer of a grin on his lips.

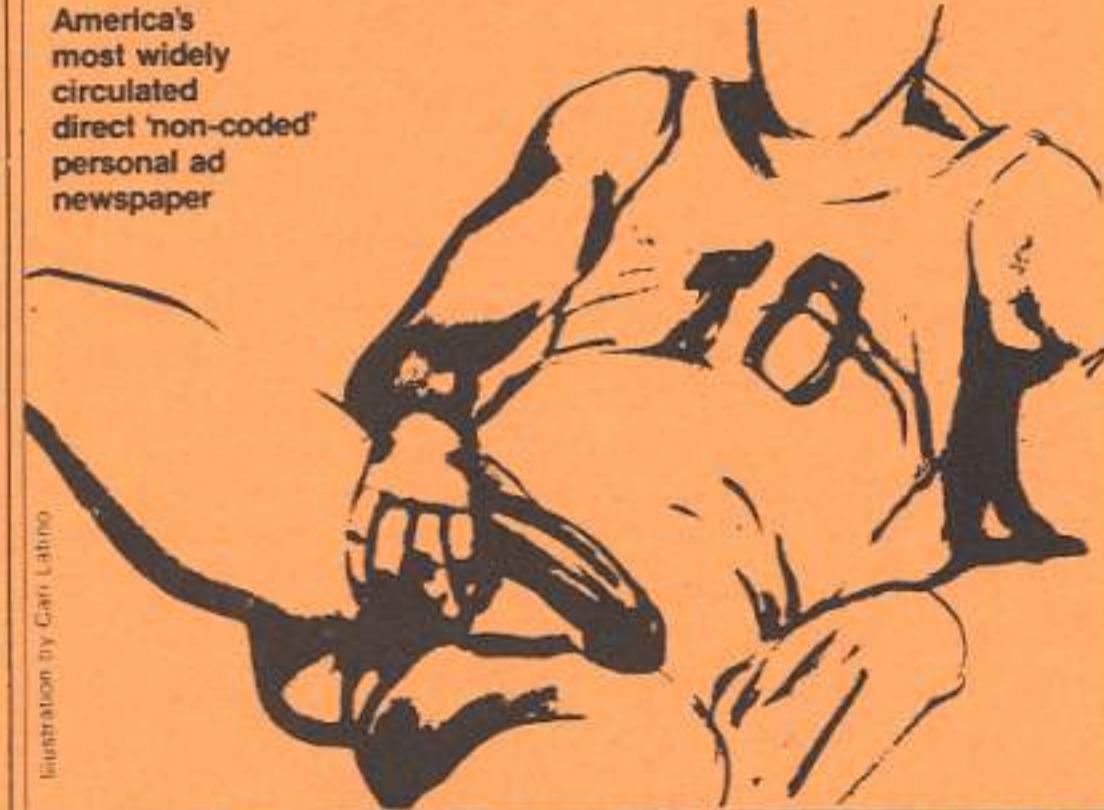
"Well, sport," Jerry said, "you've got yourself two masters now. You belong to both of us and we can do what we want to with you. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. You're good to me, sir."

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Now I started to pay serious attention to his asshole. My heavily coated fingers started one by one into this promising grotto. I could see that his entire being was captivated in my slow movements.
"Please, sir. I've never been fisted."

"I didn't ask for all that shit. I don't want your comments unless I ask for it." Very quickly, Jerry slapped the slave-cum-prison guard in the face.

"Thank you, sir."

I fell into my role very quickly, because I knew Jerry wouldn't have said what he did unless he meant it. "On your knees, turd." My fucking bladder had started to give me hell. "Just hold my cock in your mouth." Very quickly, a stream of beer-laden piss poured into his fleshy receptacle and he gulped furiously, anxious not to lose a drop. As the last drop oozed out of my cockhead, Taylor; I later found out his first name was Don, began trying to suck it. I pushed him so hard that he fell head over heels on the cold concrete floor.

"The punk needs more training," I commented casually.

"Between us we'll whip this bastard into shape, you can believe it," Jerry agreed. Turning to the hunkered slave, "Get your ass over here, you need some more to drink."

While Jerry took his leak, I examined the room more closely. Heavy beams crisscrossed the ceiling which were supported by beams down the side of the walls. Chains and manacles were bolted into the wall, allowing more facilities for other slaves. Riding crops, cat-o'-nine-tails, bull whips and cock whips of various sizes and textures were neatly arrayed along the walls. A giant X-beam commanded attention at the farther end of the room with straps for wrists and ankles to hold a guy spread eagle, making his entire body available for discipline. A table held various types of tit clamps and weights. Opening a drawer under the table I found a broad assortment of dildos, butt plugs, gags, spiked ball separators (spiked on the inside), ball stretchers and other interesting paraphernalia.

After Jerry finished pissing, he told the slave to stand. "Might as well get him into his pajamas." I could see the punk had a roaring hard-on, as Jerry got a pair of leather cuffs and attached them to his wrists, using a clip to hold them behind his back. "This'll keep his hands away from his cock during the night." He also reached for the spiked ball separators, "Do

you want to put them on him?"

"I sure do." Crouching in front of the slave, I tried an old medical trick for making a man lose his hard-on, I flicked very hard against the cockhead, but it had the reverse effect by making the cock harder, if that was possible. Twisting his cock and balls, I managed to put on the separators; not too gently, I must admit.

"Sometimes I strap a butt plug in him, but I figure that you might want to use him during the night, so we'll leave it out."

"What time do we get up?"

"Well, he's got to report for duty at Q at eight o'clock. I drop him off and go on to my job in Marin, so we usually get up about six or six-thirty."

"Good. I'll get up early and move over. Don't do any shopping, I'll make it to the grocery store. Who does the cooking?"

"Who do you think? I sure as hell don't."

"Great."

Before we left the black room, Jerry took Taylor over to the drain and held his cock while he took a piss.

Single-file, first Jerry, then I and finally Don left the basement and went to the second story to the large bedroom. Don slept between us that night and I was so fucking horny, I mounted Don's ass a couple of times during the night. I don't think he even woke up, he just automatically spread his legs to let me in. I know Jerry screwed him once, because as I turned over in my sleep I felt the bed moving and opened one eye and saw Jerry in the saddle. I thought he was half-asleep as he screwed him because his eyes were closed. A master had an obligation to his slave, as well as a slave's obligations to his master; and one of the obligations was to keep him plugged with hot cock.

There is nothing in the world like awakening in the morning, feeling a wet, warm mouth laying your armpits and working down your chest to your crotch. Who the hell likes to have to get out of a warm bed in order to relieve the pressure on your bladder. Don took my piss like a trouper and I topped it off with a load of cream. Jerry was already shitting, shaving and showering. Don hopped out of the sack to start our breakfast.

Later in the day I moved my things from the "Y." I was able to make it in one trip by cab. I went to a shop further down Folsom Street and bought a leather harness to wear during sessions. The straps accentuated my well-defined muscles and the cockring lent emphasis to my big cock and large pendulous balls. I looked at myself in the dressing room mirror and I could see the clerk was salivating, but I ignored him.

It was noontime when I got back from getting the groceries. I was feeling horny and wished that Don was at home so I could take him downstairs to the blackroom. This trend of thinking brought Mark to mind. I pulled out my wallet, just on the spur of the moment, and found his telephone number in Sacramento. I dialed the number and a hostile female voice barked into the phone, "Yeah. What do you want?"

"This is Intercontinental Air Freight Service in San Francisco." Quickly, I glanced at the slip in my hand. "Is Mark Pelham there?"

The animosity died quickly in this woman's voice. "Er, what can Mark do for you, sir?"

The "sir" didn't do anything for me and I could see why Mark spent a lot of time in San Francisco. What had started as a shuck became reality to me. "Well, Madame, he applied for a job on our overseas freight transports and we find we can use him, immediately. When can he call me?"

"Oh, my, I'm sure he'll be home in the next hour. I'll have him call you right away."

I gave her Jerry's phone number and emphasized that it was just another interview and that he might have to come to San Francisco that afternoon. I figured that if things worked out, we could get the phone disconnected and a new number issued in my name.

Going upstairs, I stripped naked and lay back on the bed, placing the extension next to the bed. I dozed off and was quickly startled from a dozing sleep by the shrill bell. "Yeah," I growled into the phone.

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"Is this Intercontinental Air Freight Service," the voice asked. Just hearing the punk caused my cock to start hardening.

"Can you talk. This is your master from the "Y."

"Not very well, sir."

"O.K. You just listen to me. I want you to get into your car and come into San Francisco right away." I gave him the address and repeated it a couple of times so he would remember it. "When you get here you'll find the front door unlocked. Lock it behind you, strip naked, leave your clothes on the floor inside of the outside door. Head upstairs to the bedroom and I leave the rest to you for now." My voice hardened as I asked, "Can you make it?"

"I'm on my way, sir. Thank you for the opportunity, sir." I knew that he meant every word of it.

After I hung up, I got off of the bed and went to the closet to get my new body harness. I laid the harness over my shoulders, then fitted the steel cockring over my balls and shoved my cock through the ring. Adjusting the straps across my chest and waist, I removed the strap which connected to the bottom of the cock ring and would have run up the crack of my ass. I was into getting my asshole eaten and I didn't want to inhibit Mark. Before I lay down on the cool sheets, I took the wide belt out of the loops of my levis and lay it by my side on the bed. I knew it would take Mark a couple of hours to get here.

I never heard him enter the house or the room. My first awareness of his presence was when I felt a hot mouth laving each one of my toes. I knew that my hardening cock would tell Mark that I was awake, but I chose to just lay there and enjoy his efforts to satisfy me.

He was in no big hurry, spending a good deal of time to get in between my toes. Slowly he worked up between my legs, licking with wet slurps until he neared his ultimate goal. Gently, he started flicking his wet tongue over my nut sack. Tenderly, he sucked one of my big nuts into his mouth, running his tongue around the heavy cod. He switched from one to the other before he began his main meal on my juicy cock.

As he took the head of my cock into his mouth, sucking the seeping juice as if it was a fruit with delicious nectar, I said, "Hi, asshole."

Reluctantly releasing my cock, he responded, "Hello, sir."

"Come up here and lay beside me, I want to talk to you."

He moved up next to me and caressed my harnessed body as I wrapped an arm around him. I am very tactilely oriented and I enjoyed his hands roaming all over my body. To me, it heightened the talking. Later he would learn to do only what I told him to.

"Did you want to come down?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I was afraid you'd never call me."

"When do you have to go back?"

"Whenever you say, sir."

"O.K. I want you to stay the weekend. I'm staying here with an old buddy and his slave. We share the slave, but," I paused, "I'll have to get my own slave."

Mark didn't respond. If he had, I would have had to doubt anything he said, because I would have felt that he was thinking with his crotch rather than his head.

"Let's go downstairs."

I could see that Mark expected to have sex and wondered what we were going to do, but he followed me. I took him rapidly to the black room in the basement.

When Mark surveyed the work room with all of its equipment and paraphernalia, his cock jutted out in front of him. I realized that he probably had a lot of inhibitions and limits, but I would destroy those inhibitions unmercifully and raise those limits until they were completely meaningless.

"Get on the table on your back." With sweating palms and nervous fingers I quickly cuffed his hands to the edge of the table. Attaching his ankles to cuffs, I attached them to ceiling chains and I raised his legs until I had ready access to his pink hole. I lowered the table section below his hips so I could get to his ass. I then walked around to the head and lowered the top section. His head dropped back and I rubbed my dripping cock all over his face. I slapped the sides of his face with my fleshy bludgeon. He moaned, licking his lips for my cock. I taunted his lips with the head, his tongue tried to get a grip on the head, but I wouldn't get close enough. Without any warning, I shoved my entire cock down his throat, causing him to

gag and retch. He got control of his reflexes quickly and started to suck my cock as if it was the last piece of meat he would ever have.

Pulling out, I brought a full length portable mirror next to the table and I raised his head piece so he could look down the length of his body. From one of the drawers I extracted a can of Crisco, tossing the cover on the table top. I took a metal inhaler from the small fridge in the corner and hung it by a leather thong around my neck.

Now I started to pay serious attention to his asshole. My heavily coated fingers started one by one into this promising grotto. I could see that his entire being was captivated in my slow movements.

"Please, sir. I've never been fisted."

"Just shut your fucking mouth, asshole. I'm not going to hurt you." Taking the inhaler out of its case, I shoved it into one nostril, pinching shut the other one. "Breathe deeply." He inhaled deeply a number of times. I left the inhaler lodged in the nostril while I returned to concentrate on his juicy hole. Twisting my fingers, I could feel the muscles loosen. I knew this was a combination of effort on Mark's part and the assistance of the amyl. I got all four fingers inside with my thumb crossed inside. It took a half an hour before I was able to force the thumb's base joint through the hole and I quickly made a fist inside.

"Oh, God," Mark sighed.

"You've got it all, babe." I twisted the fist in the hot, delicious ass. Every movement brought more moans from his lips. The tenor of the noise changed from resignation to growing bliss. Slowly, I began to fuck his ass with my fist and I felt his sphincter grip harder on my wrist until I thought he would snap my hand off.

I'd made a point with him and now I was anxious to replace my hand with my cock. Inch by inch I eased the hand out, wiping the greasy hand over my swollen cock and wiping the residue on his chest and stomach. With one savage thrust I impaled him on my cock and began to drive hard and furiously into the still tight hole. Before long I shot my load. I didn't give Mark a chance to come himself. I could see that he wanted some relief, but I had no intention of letting him get his gun.

I lowered the head of the table flat and raised the foot until it was level. Releasing the legs from the chains, I reattached them to the edge of the table until his body was stretched out in a spread eagle position.

"You ever worn a hood?"

"No, sir."

I took a fur-padded leather eye mask and fitted it over his head. Then I went over and got a pair of light tit clamps and attached them to his chest. He groaned as I placed them on him, but he didn't ask me to remove them. Jerry and Don would be home in a half hour or so. Boy, would Jerry be surprised. I could pay him back for letting me use Don.

As soon as Jerry and Don got home, I took Jerry downstairs and he merely whistled when he saw Mark. Ignoring the slave, he turned to me, he asked, "Is he yours?"

"For now. You want to try him out?"

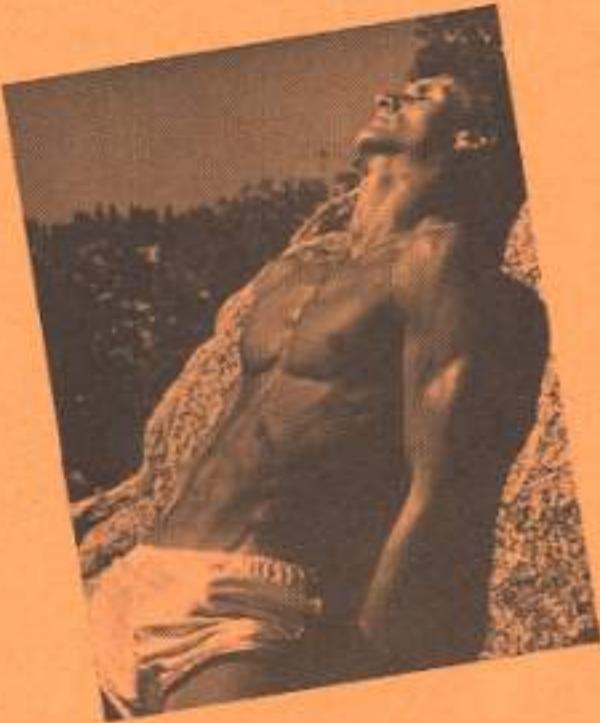
Jerry approached the table. He ran his hand along the inside of each thigh. He grabbed the cock and balls and gave them a vicious twist which only evoked a sharp gasp from Mark and Jerry looked and nodded at me approvingly. Next, he felt the firm stomach. Removing the tit clamps brought two sharp intakes. I knew that taking the clamps off was more painful than placing them on. He squeezed the man's jaw and forced the mouth open. Looking into Mark's mouth for depth and size, he again looked at me and grinned. Shoving three fingers into Mark's mouth, he twisted them around and thrust them into his throat, causing him to gag.

Dropping the head, he unzipped his work pants and pulled out his hard hose and started to systematically fuck Mark's face while he twisted and pulled at his nipples. He didn't allow Mark a breather, he was like a fucking machine which would only run down after it had given up its energy. That didn't take long.

"Let's go eat," was Jerry's only comment as he stuffed his sated cock back into his pants. We released Mark's bonds and removed the mask. He grinned at both of us in a questioning manner, probably wondering if it had been a test and hoping that he had passed it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

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Prison Punk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

In the dining room two places were set. "Help Don," was all I said as Jerry and I lolled back in our chairs. Jerry got up and removed his clothing and sat naked as I was. "No sense you sitting there comfortably, while I sweat in these dirty clothes."

I told Jerry about Mark and the plans I had. I was hoping that he might become my permanent slave. I asked him what he thought about it.

"Well, two slaves are damn sure better than one. It gives us a bit of variety and will fill our coffers."

"How's that?"

"Well, Don, gives me every cent he earns on his job and your guy can do the same thing."

The two naked slaves came in with steaks and vegetables. A bottle of good red wine was placed between us.

Jerry didn't even stop his conversation; as if they hadn't entered the room. "A few nights a week, I have Don go out and hustle his ass for money, or else I make arrangements with guys who have a lot of bread. Your slave should bring us a lot of money. We can get him a job and I know dudes who'll pay a bundle to use him."

"Yeah, I like that idea."

"Great. They're fairly inexpensive because the only time they get to wear their clothes is when they're out of the house. The nights they hustle for us, they wear their holiest and oldest levis and T-shirts. No shoes or socks or underwear."

Each slave returned with a bowl, placing the bowls on the floor and on all fours they slurped and licked the blended concoction from the bowl while their round bottoms winked at us.

After Jerry and I had enjoyed our steaks, we relaxed while Don in his slave collar and cockring brought us cigars and lighted them for us. Then both men crawled under the table, each man squatting between our legs and having their dessert. I was pretty sure that Don was swinging on my joint, but I wasn't about to lift the table cloth to see who it was. I sipped wine, puffed my cigar, chatted with Jerry desultorily, and enjoyed a great blow job.

When both men had brought us off and sucked every drop out, they came out from under the table and stood by the side of the table with their hands grasped behind their back and their heads bowed.

"Take that piece of shit with you," Jerry directed Don, "and clean him out good and come upstairs after you've taken care of yourself."

Jerry and I went up to the bedroom and started making frantic love. Boy, was I hot. I went down on Jerry's monstrous cock and he switched around on the bed and started sucking mine. The two slaves walked in as we were nearing a climax and stood watching their masters. After we lay back side by side on the bed, I ordered Mark to suck Don off. "For now, asshole, you're a slave's slave. You do what he tells you to, but Jerry and I are your masters."

That was a long weekend. By Sunday night Mark and Don's bodies were a mass of welts, come seeped from their bruised and used assholes. They had received enough pure protein to maintain them for a week. Jerry and I had spent cocks. We had brought Mark down as low, psychologically and physically, as we could. The two slaves had come many, many times, yet their cocks still managed to stay hard.

"Well, it's time for you to head home to Sacramento," I told Mark after our Sunday dinner.

"Please, sir, can't I stay and be yours and Jerry's slave, sir?"

"Are you sure?"

And that's how it turned out. Don is now a lieutenant at Q and Mark has a good position. We've bought the house on Folsom Street from their day time and night time earnings — needless to say, the property is in mine and Jerry's names. Jerry and I treat both of them equally. Mark is no longer Don's slave because the punk lieutenant was getting ideas that he was as good as we were. It took a trip to the mountains during the first summer to rid him of that idea. He's happy to be back in the role as the piece of shit he really is.

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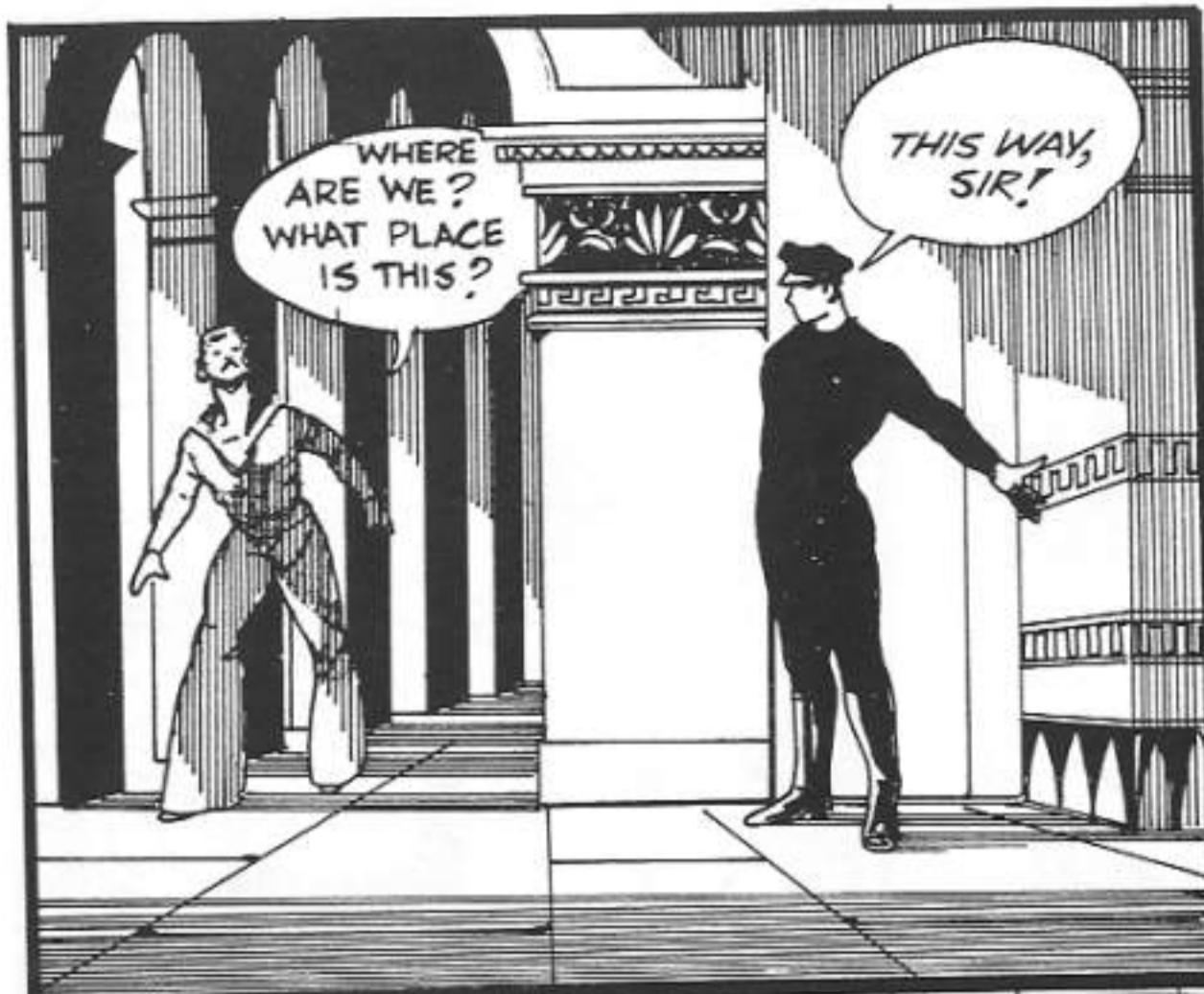
TOPLESS

BY BILL WARD





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CARL TO TAKE HIM DOWN.
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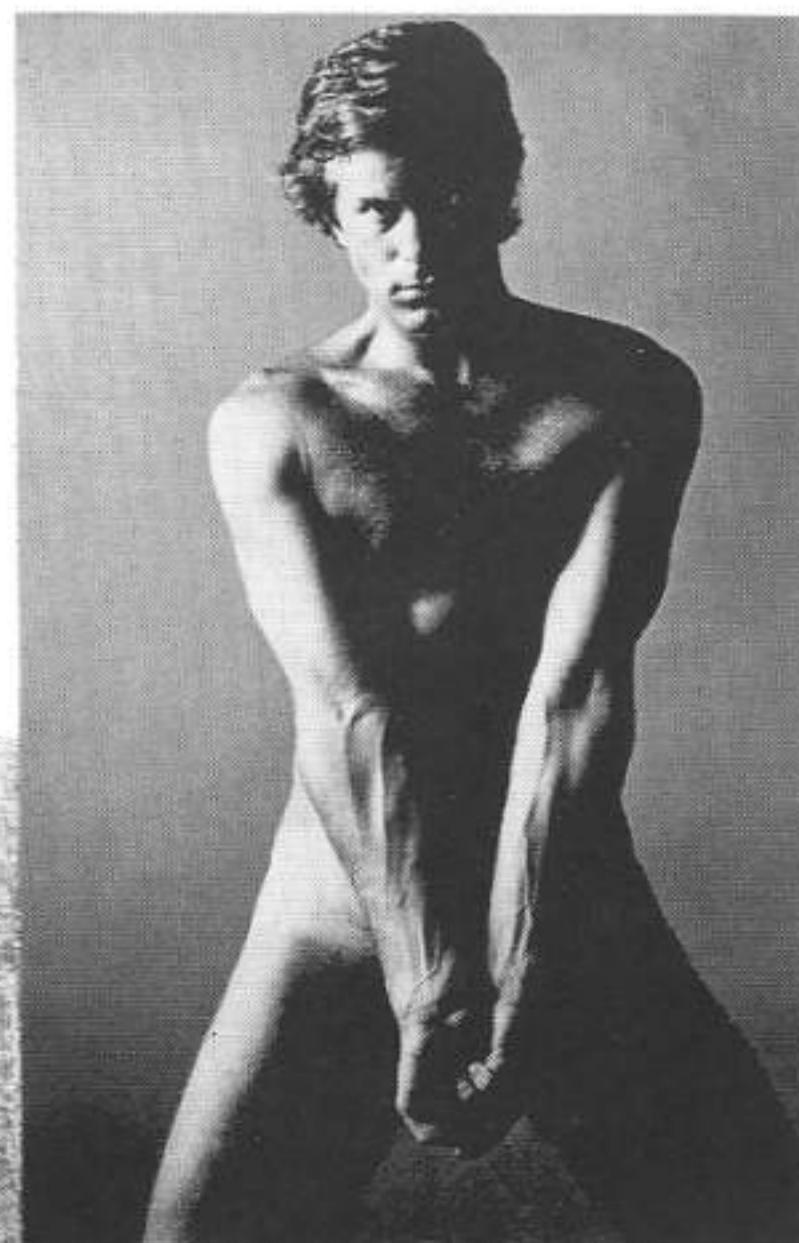
MALE MODELS. Whores Behind the Lens?

There comes to mind two ways the subject of male models could have been handled. Another flashy coffeetable book with enough artsy frontal nudes to snare the horny housewife buyers; or a series of interviews and observations about the business by the people in the business.

Charles Hix (the author of *Looking Good*) and Michael Taylor (a well-known fashion model) chose the latter.

Two things emerge. Bodies are allowed to flesh themselves out into real human beings. That part is good, and if the whole book could have been one-sided it would have served a greater purpose.

15



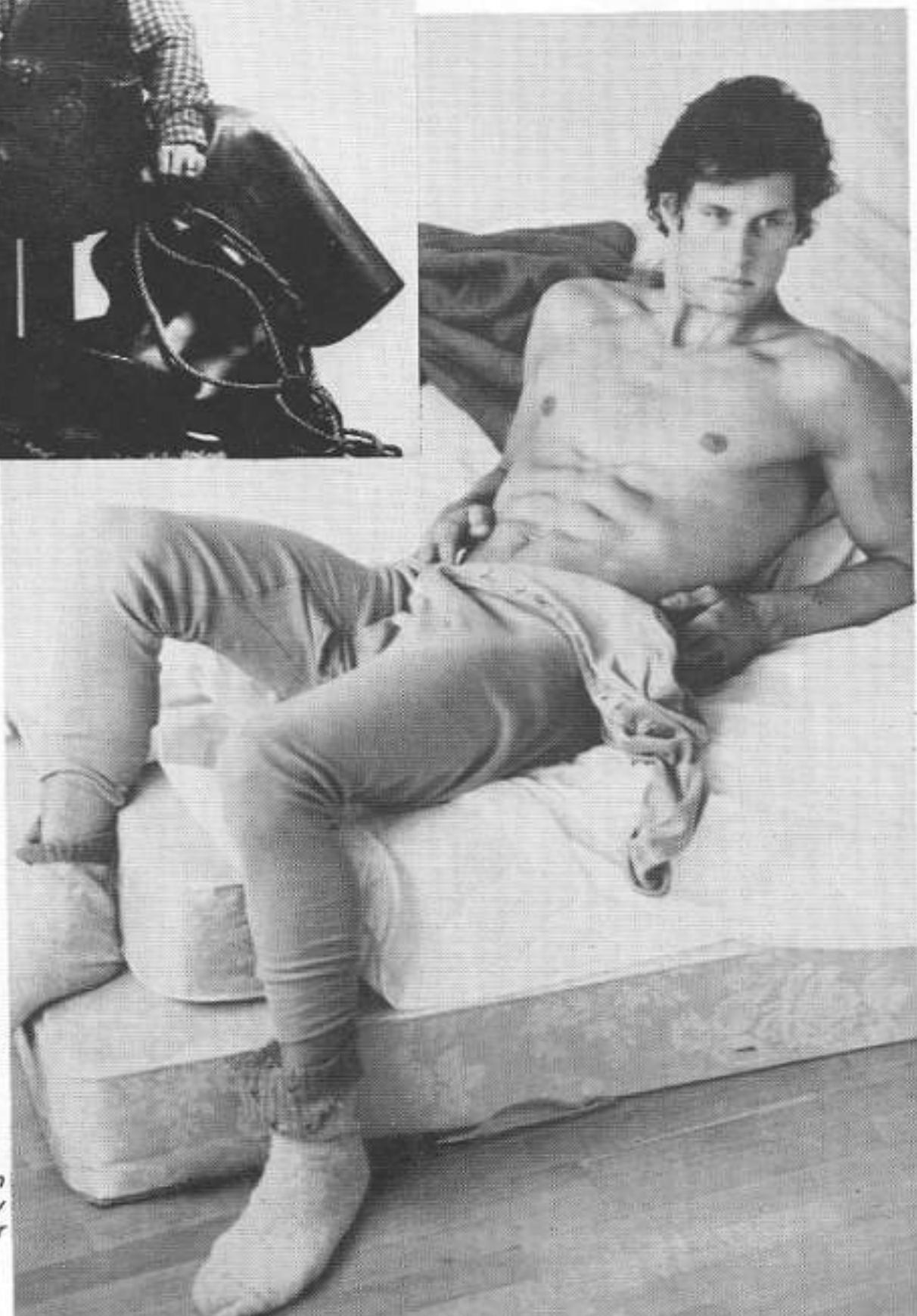
Craig
Vandenburgh
photo by
Ken Haak



Michael Taylor
photo by Albert Watson



Jeff Aquilon
photo by
Bruce Weber



But Hix and Taylor allowed, perhaps out of some sense of fair play, a lot of mythology to be reiterated and validated. The problem doesn't come from the models; who are sometimes painfully honest about themselves and their view of their world; but from the agency heads that call the shots.

The New York modeling scene is locked up, for the most part, by a handful of powerful agencies that dictate policy. Do's and Don'ts range from: "If you appear in a gay magazine you don't have a future as a fashion model" to "If you appear in the nude you don't have a future in the business," to "If you aren't 6'1" and wear a regular 40 jacket you don't have much of a future." "If you don't look straighter than straight you don't have a future" runs on a par with there not being any more room for Black, Asian or Latin men.

Erasing, or even amending those rules is a lot more difficult than one might imagine. Men who want to be fashion models and found themselves too short, too old, too fey or even too muscular have to look elsewhere for steady work. And that's a disappointment because, among the pros, the fashion ad is the class act. Like being a concert pianist instead of a whore house piano player. Truth is, commercials pay more. Movie contracts (themselves almost a thing of the past) spring from a large number of sources other than the pages of *Esquire*, *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, and the like.

Models carry around a stigma of being whores. In a way, they are. But whoredom itself needs some redefinition; as much as social convention needs an overhaul.

It is difficult to find much difference in the man who gets looked at because he is wearing briefs or swim trunks in a full color magazine ad or on a billboard and the woman who gets eyed in panties in a Sears catalogue. And from that to the man or woman who is looked at more than the costume in an *Ah Men* or *Fredericks of Hollywood* brochure is a lot smaller step than the industry would like to admit. Carried about their persons like an albatross is the fact that they are looked at, if at all, on a sensual/sexual level. Sex sells; even on the finest coated stock captured by the trendiest of photographers — and advertising is, at its base, a sexual stimulation.

Part of the problem with the fashion market as a whole is its failure or refusal to realize such a basic premise, and to be honest about the nature of the finished product. *Male Model: The World Behind the Camera*, when it is the model talking, realizes itself. The movers and shakers think, wish, or desire it otherwise. The reader decides what constitutes prostitution.

— J.W.R.

The Male Model: The World Behind the Camera by Charles Hix with Michael Taylor; St. Martin's Press; 1979; oversized, 192 pages, 100 photographs; \$12.95

DRUMMER views the Flicks

NORTH DALLAS FORTY

BRAVING THE DALLAS BULLS

Once upon a time, in a vacant sandlot in the slums and heartlands of a decaying inner-city; rapidly growing young studs, street-wise and strong, would throw someone's football to each other and dream about the glory of the quarterback. The dream would pulse with the blood-engorged biceps that slammed the imitation pigskin through adolescent afternoons. The dream would trickle down taut washboard stomachs into the absorbing patch of hair tucked neatly between tense and strained thighs.

The dream would curve along the ache and bend of young men's backs as the afternoon sun curved the sandlot into evening.

During perpetual late night showers, the dream would stroke the washcloth across muscles still virgin to their ultimate capabilities; would burn into soap-filled eyes unaccustomed to disillusion; would mingle with aroused groins made conscious by the attention of warm water and careless hands.

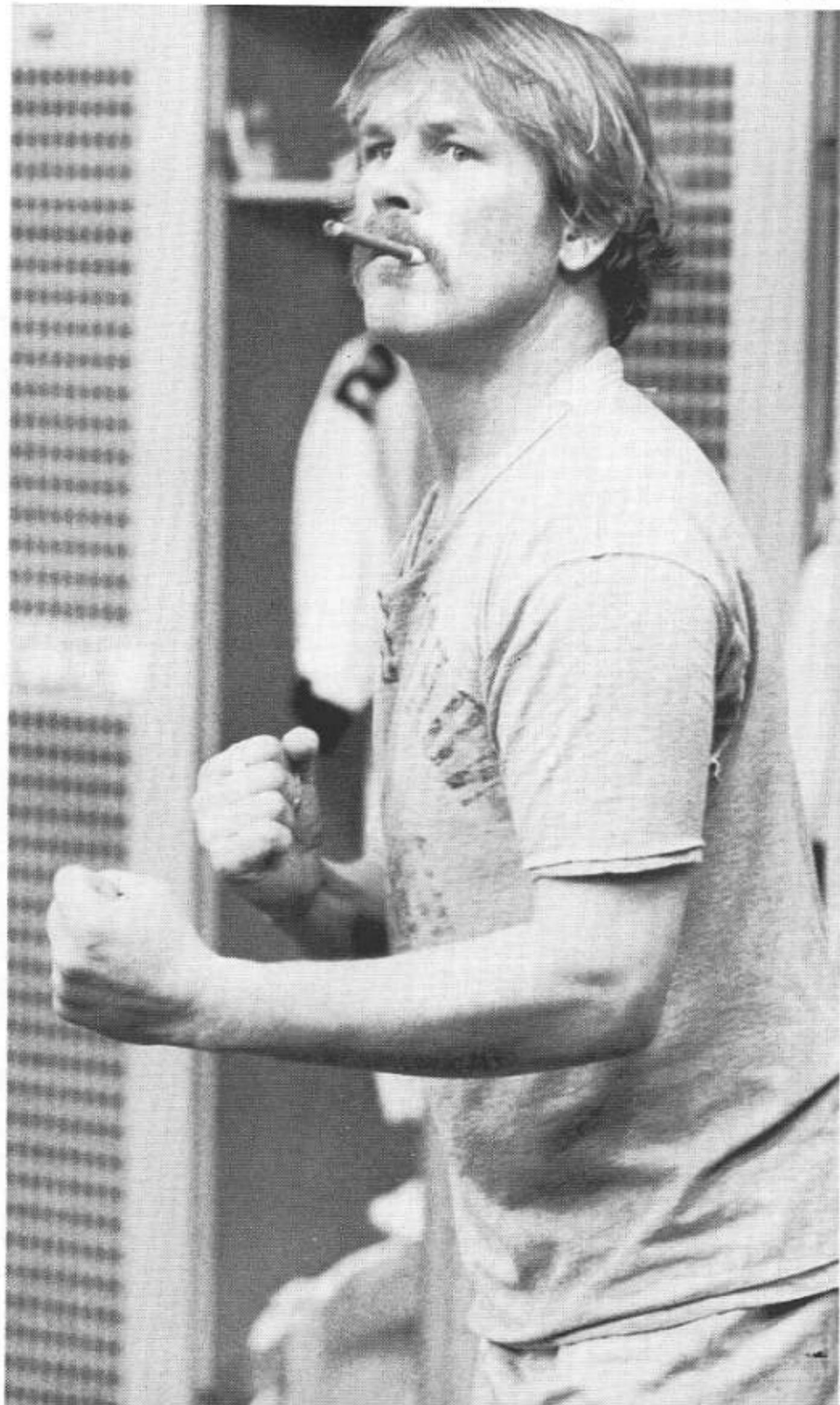
But that was once upon a time, the contemporary reality of football in America is as far removed from its sandlot origins as could be imagined. The sweet masculine smell of sweat that once filled worn and frayed jockstraps has been replaced with the results of better bodies through chemistry; the odor of massive B-12 injections, the stinging-sweet smell of pain killers, tranquilizers, codine, and morphine. This metamorphosis is the undercurrent for the treatment of what happened to football in the Frank Yablans production of *North Dallas Forty*.

Based on the book of the same name by Peter Gent, *North Dallas Forty* follows its predecessors (*The Longest Yard*, *Semi-Tough*) like the climax of a play that had seriously needed a climax. In fact, so far superior is *Dallas*, that the first two are about to quickly fade into absolute obscurity.

Part of the reason for this is the willingness of the scriptwriter and director to slam home almost all the nefarious aspects of corporate football. Yes, it's no longer a game; the players are, to quote coach Strothers (G.D. Spradling), "like levers in a smooth-running machine." And if one of those levers pops up; the machine rejects it.

As a corporation, or so the film would have you believe, football teams don't bring in the profits of, say, a canning company. But canning companies seldom make the cover of *Time*; and you can't have a canning company over to make your kid's birthday party the social talk of Dallas. In short, when the corporation owns a football team, it owns part of the American dream.

Football is no longer two teams of highly competitive, extremely muscular men alternately aggressing and defending a few feet of turf between downs. Instead, under the exacting controls of the corporate structure, skill has been replaced with computer readouts indicating variables in the opposing team's strength. Intelligence has been replaced with the ability of the computer to foresee, based



Nolte offers to take on the crusher (Bo Svenson) of the Dallas Bulls to relieve the build-up of pre-game hostility.

on all available data, possible tactics the opposition would put into play the next Sunday. Brute force is mechanized; brains are replaced with luck.

So, for the semi-hero of *North Dallas Forty*, Phillip Elliott (Nick Nolte), it's a no-win game, regardless how he plays. That he comes from the sandlot school of football dreamers only provides the conflict.

Semi-hero instead of anti-hero; Nolte could have reminded the viewer of James Cann's *Rollerball* disaster; so similar is the issue of the individual being cloned into a corporate lever. Unlike Cann, Nolte brought some understanding to his characterization of the football player with "the greatest hands in the game." In fact, Nolte cleanly snatches the film out from under the debut of co-star Mac Davis. While Davis dissipates the rumor that singers can't necessarily act, has a better body than Nolte and a visibly bigger dick — Nolte is still unquestionably one of the finest and most underrated actors working. In crowded locker-room scenes with more bare beef-on-the-hoof than a Chicago slaughter house, Nolte steals away the viewer's attention with only the slightest twist of his neck.

Semi-hero instead of hero because you would expect his character to have seen through the bullshit of the corporate "team-spirit" — long before he does. He never really does, and because he doesn't, he gets shafted in the end. Nolte plays the football jock as pure American idealist. Post Viet-Nam, at terms with his lack of aggression, compromised to going along with the program in order to get off the bench and on the field; you think he might buck the system and prove the computer wrong. What you don't know, and what Nolte's Phillip Elliott doesn't comprehend, is the absolute autonomy of the corporate evil. Semi-hero because he's doomed, the team is doomed, football is doomed to the whim of the computer programmer.

Everything you've ever imagined was corrupt about the corporations that own football teams is true, according to *Dallas*. But, on a purely visceral level, everything you've ever wanted to see in a lockerroom is what makes *Dallas* hot.

From the ridiculous to the self-righteous, the Dallas Bulls are stereotypes of American heterosexual masculinity. They grab ass, scratch their nuts, strut around with their pro-jock dicks bobbing between beefcake thighs, pop pills, smoke grass, engage in constant verbal humiliation of each other; occasionally letting a bruised hand caress another's body with a masked homosexuality thinly veiled. And, for the first time, the players talk about the motivations for their occupations. Far removed from the typical "fame, money, women" syndrome; these ball players are into pain as a primary source of pleasure. Regardless of the consequences, characters boast how their favorite moments are their most physically unendurable. Even Nolte, who could have provided a devil's advocate for the sado-masochistic concept, glorifies his scarred and battered body parts as his contribution to football. And when a player acknowledges the damage that the constant stream of chemicals has done to

him; it is shrugged off with the justification that the condition equals the reward.

They want to physically maim other men on the field and be physically destroyed themselves, like machine parts that finally wear out through constant, unprotected use. They push themselves until they are rejected levers. It becomes desirable, admirable, their goal.

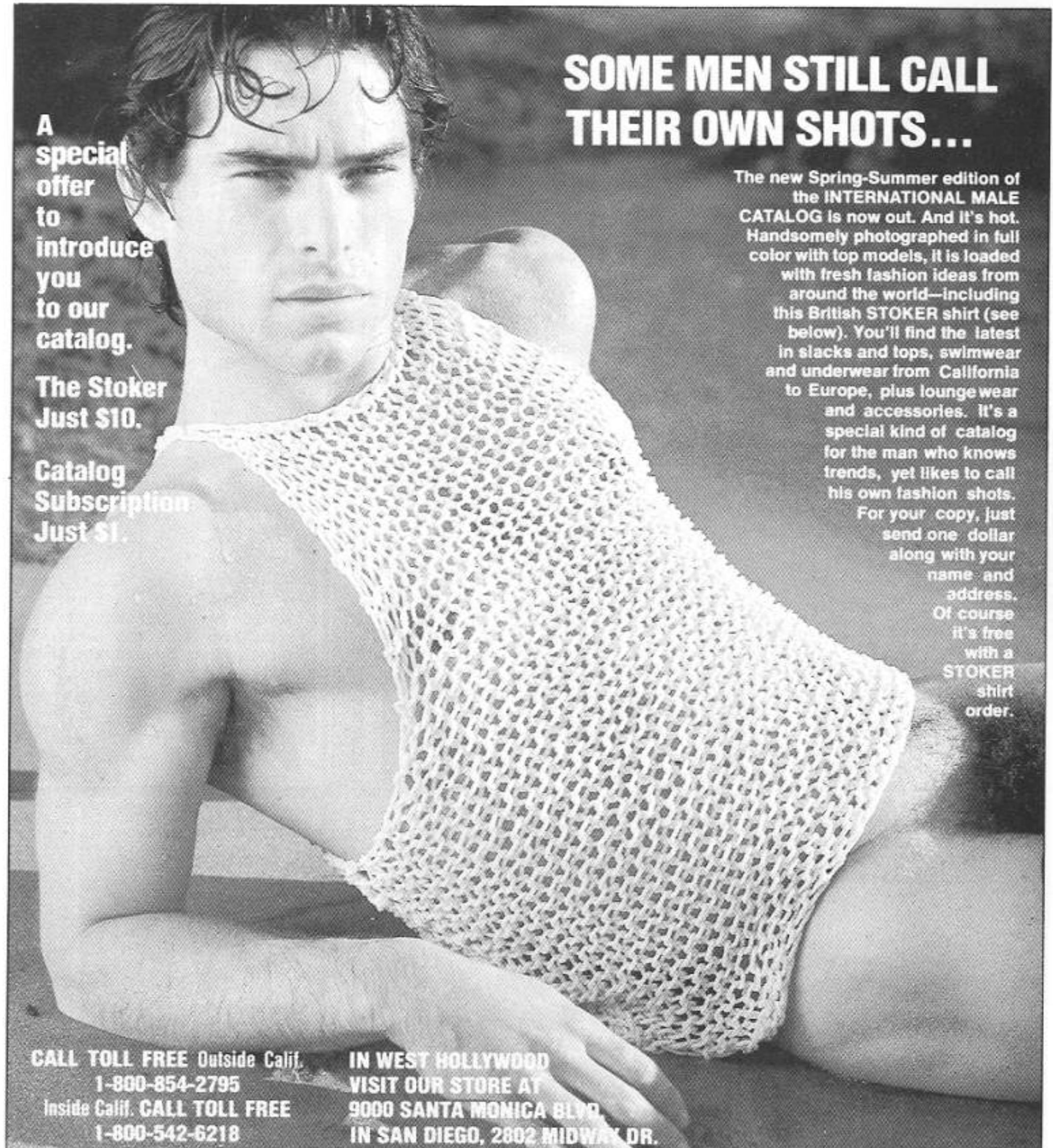
The Marquis De Sade would have found their attitude completely consistent with human nature. In *Justine*, he postulated that the inherent human drive was man's propensity for destruction. That all other desires (food, sleep, sex) were derivatives. He would have found the compliance of the Dallas Bulls to the corporate scheme the perfect metaphor.

— John W. Rowberry



(Above) Much to the chagrin of the lockerroom attendant, Nolte pisses in the whirlpool while Davis describes a three-way he had the night before with another player and his wife. (Below) Bo Svenson gets an ass full of B-12 while Nolte massages the pain killer into his injured knee in *North Dallas Forty*.





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The new Spring-Summer edition of the INTERNATIONAL MALE CATALOG is now out. And it's hot. Handsomely photographed in full color with top models, it is loaded with fresh fashion ideas from around the world—including this British STOKER shirt (see below). You'll find the latest in slacks and tops, swimwear and underwear from California to Europe, plus loungewear and accessories. It's a special kind of catalog for the man who knows trends, yet likes to call his own fashion shots.

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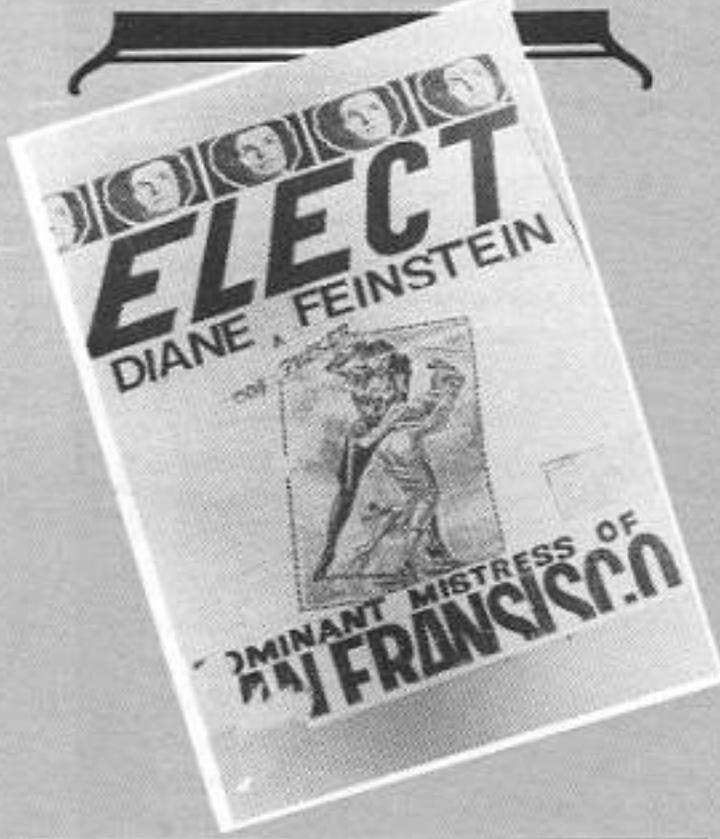
2532

NAME _____

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Tough Shit!



BUT WAS IT KOSHER?

FALSE PRETENSES: The nursing staff at Mills Hosp. in San Mateo is still convulsed. Last Saturday, in came an emergency patient who had sprained his ankle while disco dancing at a B'lingame nightspot. He was wearing gold lame pants that were so tight they had to be cut up the sides, revealing, among other things, a large salami Scotch-taped to his thigh.

HEAD SET

"Thank God It's Friday" had a hollow ring in certain parts of town last Friday, for THAT bakery in the Mission went out of business. THAT bakery made only one product — marijuana brownies, individually wrapped "to insure freshness and quality control" — which brought happiness to hundreds of office workers each Friday for the past two years. The routine was unvarying: at 1 p.m., the Brownie Ladies would fan out to hip biz establishments and take orders — \$1.75 each, \$1.50 each for a dozen. They'd return around 4 p.m. with the goodies which, in the words of a satisfied customer, "were absolutely dynamite brownies. Half of one was like smoking a joint of top grade Colombian" . . . In this city of wagging tongues, the secret of the Brownie Ladies and the Mission bakery never got to the law, but the owners decided not to push their pot luck. Fridays will never be the same.

Herb Caen
S.F. Chronicle

HAIR

News and Photo Tip:
When: Tuesday, June 26 —
10:30 a.m.

Where: The Plaza Hotel (59th and Fifth Ave.) Barber Shop, Mezzanine.

Why: Actor John Schuck (of TV's "McMillan and Wife"), who has a head of hair many men would die for, will have it all shaved off to play the shiny-domed Daddy Warbucks in the SRO Broadway hit "Annie" for three weeks (starting July 3) while the role's originator, Reid Shelton, enjoys a well-deserved vacation. Garren of the Plaza will do the shaving, and Shelton himself will be there to offer Schuck, who will be making his Broadway stage debut, advice on the care of the Warbucks dome.

PEEL ME A BANANA, CHICITA

LONDON — Customs officers peeled a banana at London's Heathrow Airport yesterday and found it stuffed with marijuana.

They peeled the rest of the bunch carried by an arriving passenger and ended up with 25 pounds of marijuana, all neatly stitched in where the fruit should have been.

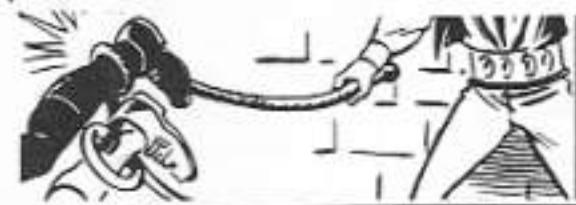
A woman from Nigeria will appear in a London court today on drug-smuggling charges.

Reuters

JOGGING LINKED TO S&M BY WORLD'S TOP HEART DOC

Pioneer heart transplanter Dr. Christian Barnard says that when it comes to recreational health risks, jogging is far and away more physically dangerous than out-and-out sexual masochism. Writing in the Rand Daily Mail, Dr. Barnard relates the basic motives for jogging to those leading to submission to sexual torture. Prolonged running gradually eases a person into a sort of ecstasy of pain, he says, drawing joggers "far away into some pain-filled garden of the mind," where they're undoubtedly "punishing themselves for their imagined lapses."

Casually referring to the notorious S&M brothels of Johannesburg and Kimberly, where the ultraautocratic Boer elite likes to relax by being whipped silly by fetishistically decked-out dominators, Dr. Barnard pointed out that they are conspicuously safer and cleaner places to hang out than roadsides or city streets. "I see no difference between this form of recreation," says Dr. Barnard of jogging, "and that bought for a simple fee from the ladies who specialize in chain-mail bras, leather panties and a brace of whips."



"ARE YOU SURE CHER GOT STARTED THIS WAY?"



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15 Harriett Street - S.F., CA 94103

- Here's a buck. Send me complete information, your brochure
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(Indicates that you are 21 yrs. of age)

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

KeeRIST! If youse guys are gonna send us your hot picture for publication, at least include your FACE. Who wants to look at a disconnected cock? DRUMMER is a mgazine, not a glory hole.

Also include some pert pertinent info: what you like to do, prefer to have done, or otherwise play with after the lights go down low.

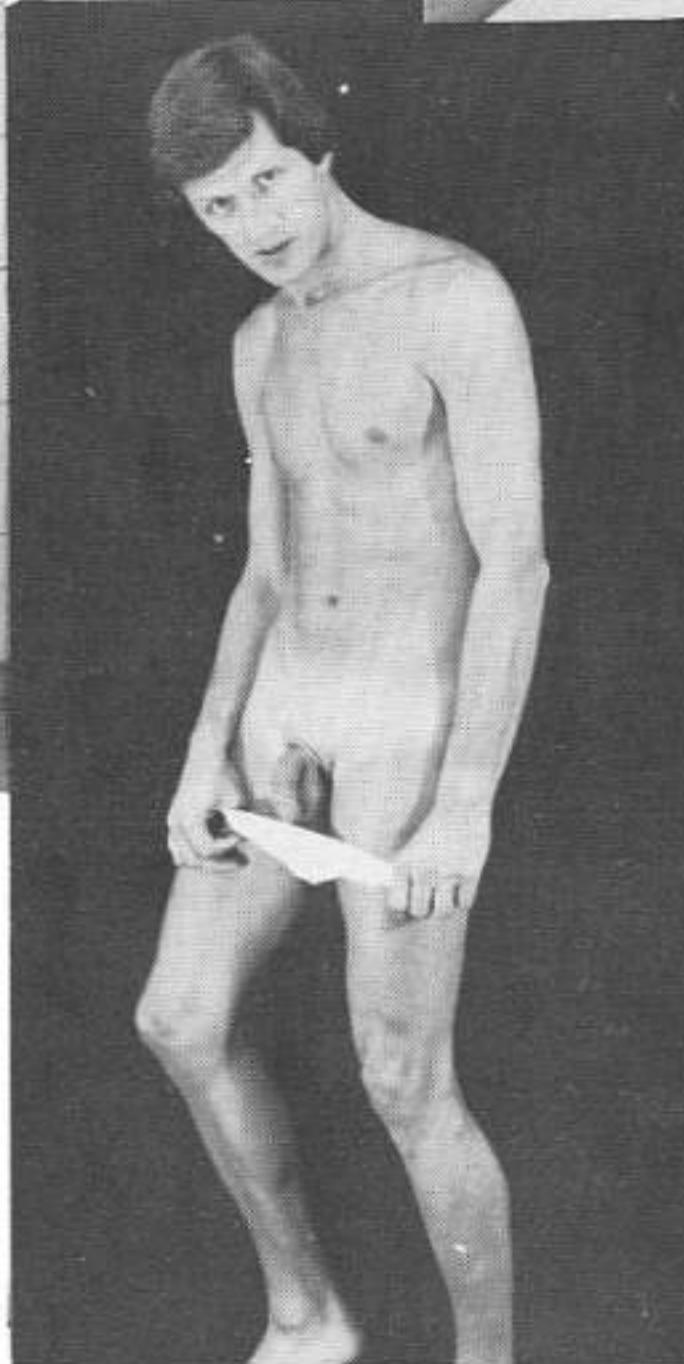
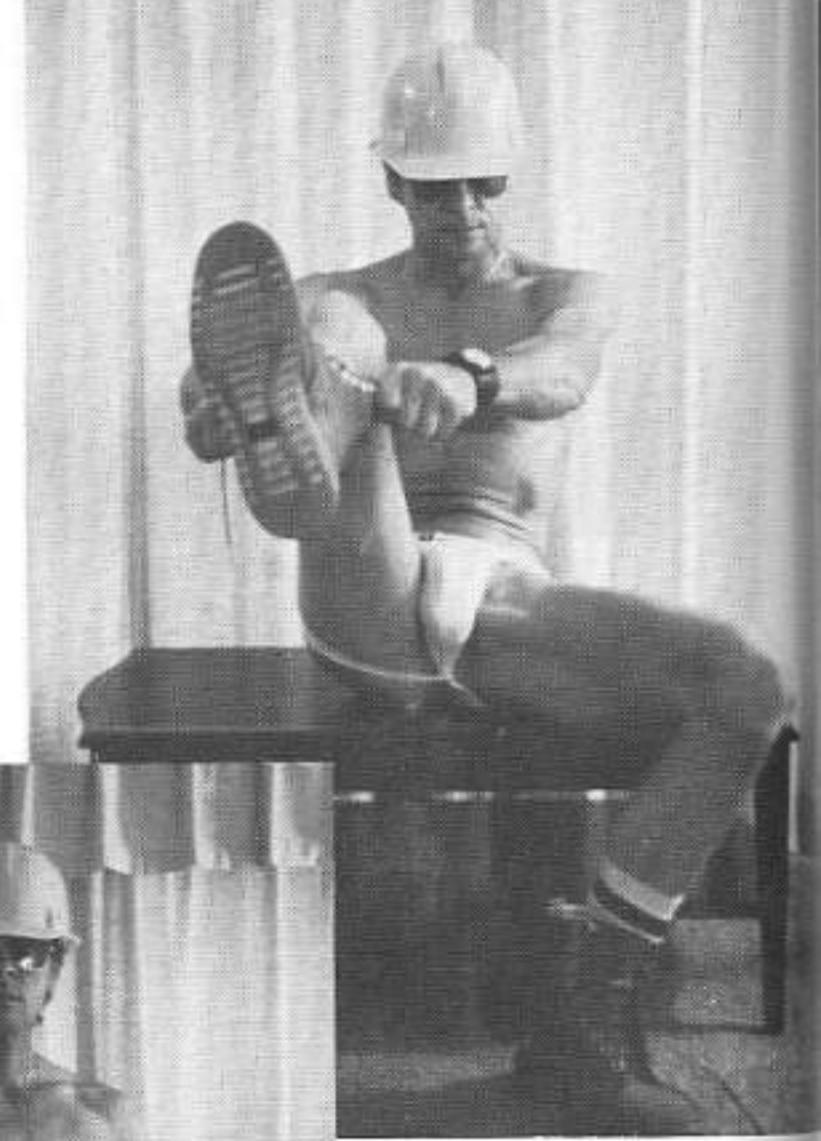
If anything in DRUMMER is out of the closet, certainly it's our TOUGH CUSTOMERS section. IF YA DO IT, BE PROUD OF IT! This is almost the Eighties, doncha know!

So dump your pics or greasy Polaroids and letters into an evenilope 'n' send the fuckers to: Tough Customers, c/o Drummer, 15 Harriett Street · San Francisco, California 94103

If youse guys wanna get some hot replies from our horny, raunchy readers include your full mailing address. If you're not into raunchy mail 'n' males, indicate that youse DON'T wanna have your address printed.

Editor

JACK HOFFER of St. Louis with his pal in one of their daily workouts together. ▶



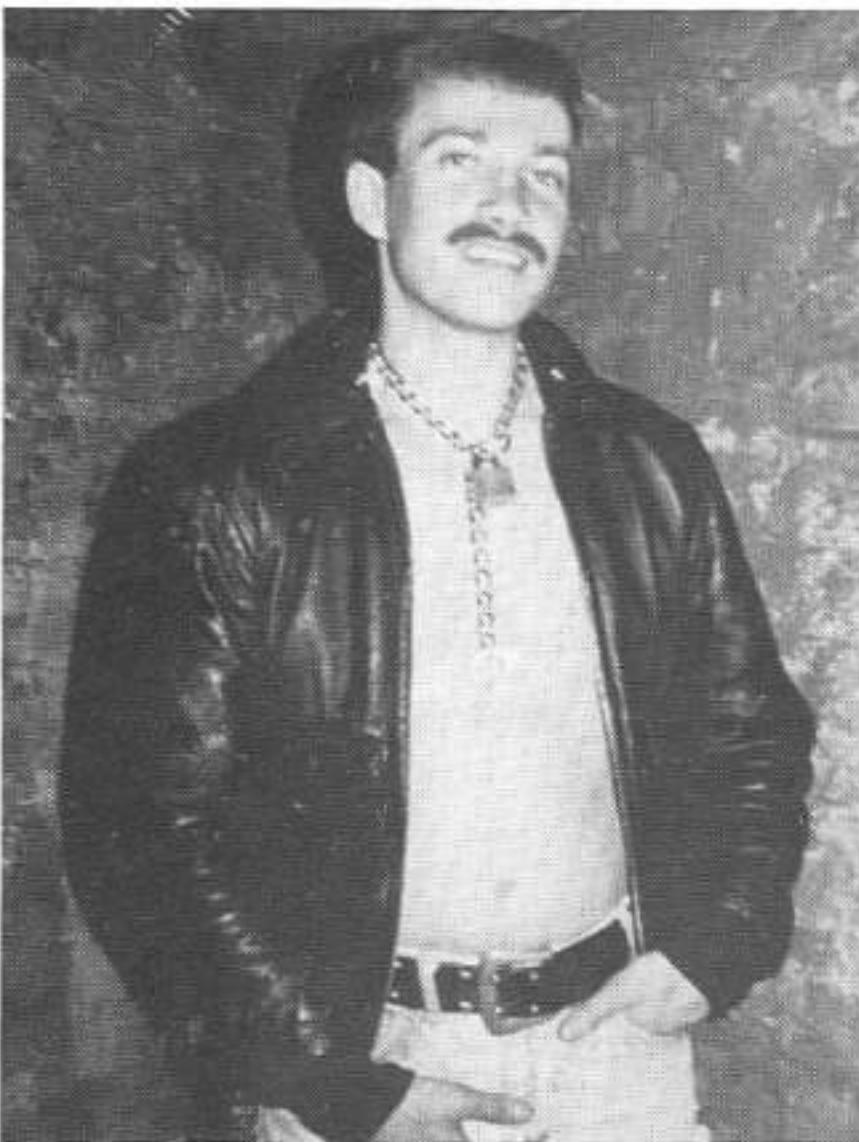
▲
PROSTAR MEN Larry (left) and Steve (right). Write to them at Prostar Studios, P.O. Box 6963, Burbank, CA 91590. ▶



◀ **MIKE OF MICHIGAN** again wants to top a hunky hardhat. Mike's into straddling a stud's chest, having his hole fingered and blasting off on a lucky face.



REGINALD, an active 'S' is the manager of Munich's only gay sexshop. He's into FF, bondage, Amyl. No quickies need apply.



DAVE
Kansas City Slave
(See Drumbeats ad — Box 667D, Missouri)

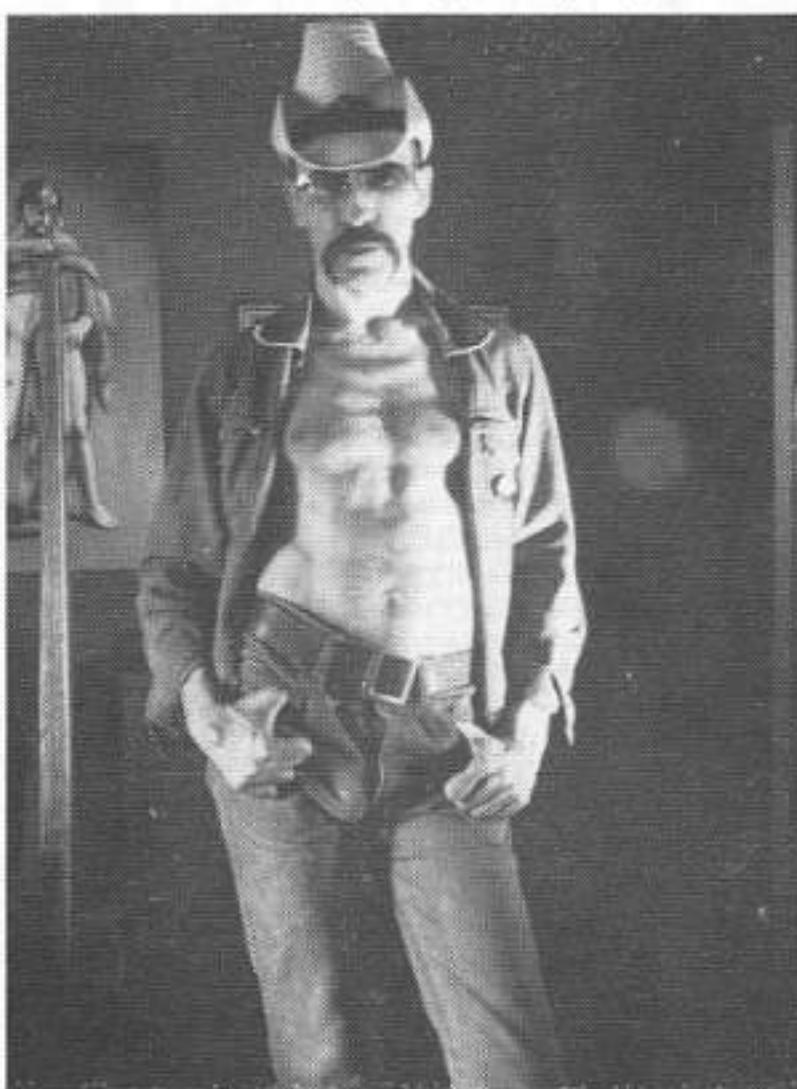
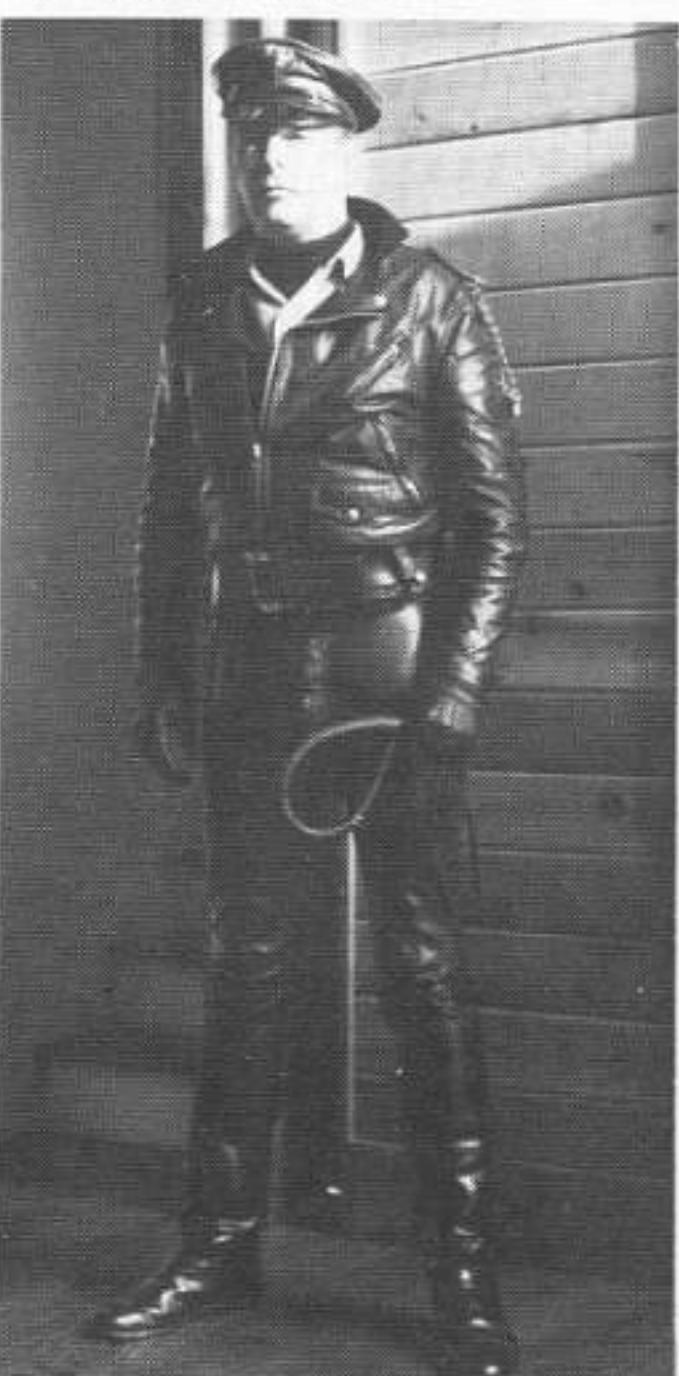


Meanass Boot Master digs slamming ass with any and all kinds of boots. Ready to worship my boots and leather? RAY, 154 Second St., Apt. 108, Framingham, Mass. 01701.

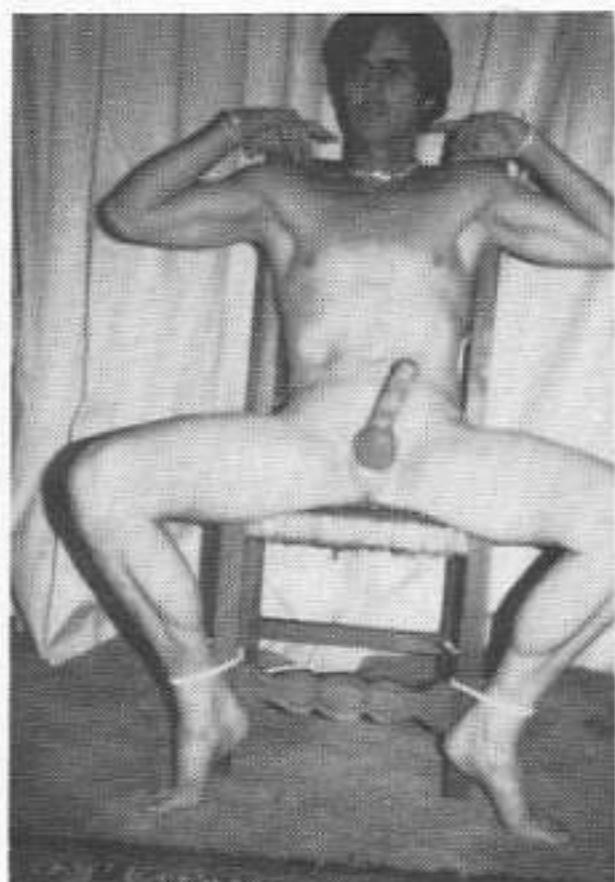
BILL, a New York topman, leather/whip master also digs hot leather sex on a man-to-man basis. (212) 564-9274.

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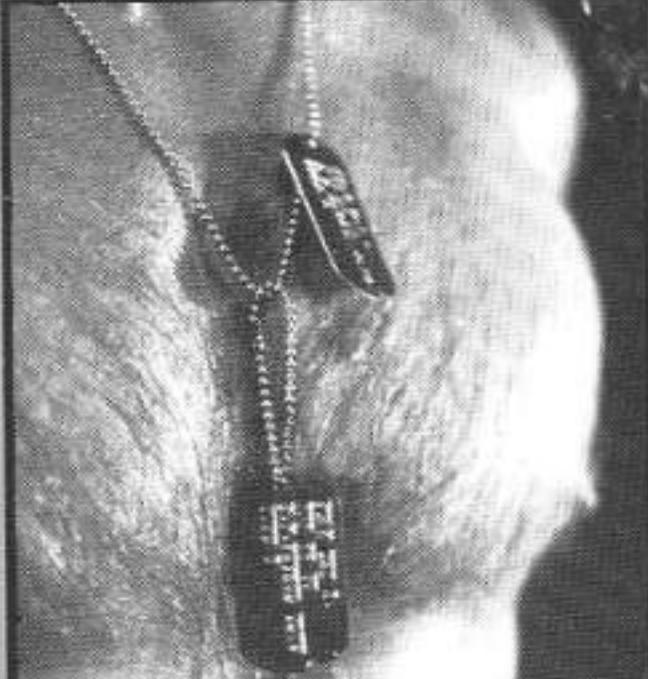
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CONRAP

The fact that today we confine large masses of criminals for long periods is so obvious that we are apt to overlook its significance. Society has created communities containing hundreds or thousands of individuals working, eating, sleeping, or living together for years on end. Custody is no longer represented by a galley slave chained to his oar. Rather, custody is many individuals bound together for long intervals. Such aggregates enduring through time must inevitably give rise to a social system — not simply the social order decreed by the custodians, but also the social order which grows up more informally as men interact in meeting the problems posed by their particular environment. In attempting to understand the meaning of imprisonment, we must see prison life as something more than a matter of walls and bars, of cells and locks. We must see the prison as a society. And we must view society as a prison.

Gresham M. Sykes
The Society of Captives

A lot of people who are interested in writing to gay inmates are turned off by the stories they hear about prisoners using that kindness to rip off their correspondents. Sad, but true; in a small number of cases. Basically, the gay man behind bars is no less honest or sincere than any man in civilian population. Gay men, used to being victimized in a lot of situations, really feel ripped off when it comes from a supposedly gay brother in prison. But rather than chalking off the entire gay prison community over the bad apples, exercise some caution and you can probably weed out the con artists.

If you get a letter from a prison inmate running something like, "I sure like to write to you, stud, but the prison requires a \$200 postage/stationary deposit and I just ain't got the bread," believe that you are being set up for a ride. Prisons, for the most part, operate on fairly simple rules and regulations regarding correspondence and/or visits with inmates. When you write to a prison inmate for the first time, you can ask him to have the regulations sent to you. Chances are, in a lot of cases, you will automatically get them along with his first letter. But in any case, ask. It will possibly save you a lot of anxiety over about the inmates honesty and sincerity. And the rules are usually hard and fast.

Drummer will run, in this column, requests from prison inmates for correspondence with the outside world. We assume they are all gay; but we also

realize that in some situations a prisoner might not include that information in an outgoing letter. Gays inside prison are very much like gays outside; some are in the closet and some are not.

We encourage gay men to correspond with gay prisoners. Never forget that in some cases the gay prisoner is a prisoner because he is gay. If your involvement goes no further than a picture postcard, or a card at Christmas; it's worthwhile.

GAY CON CONTEST

The *GayCon Newsletter*, which is distributed free to gay prisoners, is sponsoring a Mr. Gay Con contest. The *Newsletter* also arranges for free world gays to find gay prisoners to correspond with on a regular basis. You can find out more about the contest, or their services, by writing: *GayCon Newsletter*, 216 Eddy St., No. 203, San Francisco, CA 94102.

COALITION AGAINST PRISONS

The Washington State Coalition Against Prisons (WACAP) has, as their main goal, the reducing of severe overcrowding in Washington State prisons through convincing state officials and the general public to release prisoners convicted of non-violent, victimless crimes. The Washington State Legislature has recently decided to start building more state prisons. WACAP also provides support services to political prisoners. For more information about the Coalitions programs, write to: WACAP, Box 22272, Seattle, WA 98122.

PRISONERS

I am 6'1", 180 lbs., long black hair, and would like to correspond with anyone, any race. I am serving 3-10 years for drug sale related charge. Howard L. Jennings, Box 5500-146-713, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

I am white, 30, 5'8", 140 lbs., and will send a photo on request. Like the outdoors and jazz. Will be released at the end of the year. Billy McCollum, Box 5500-138-580, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

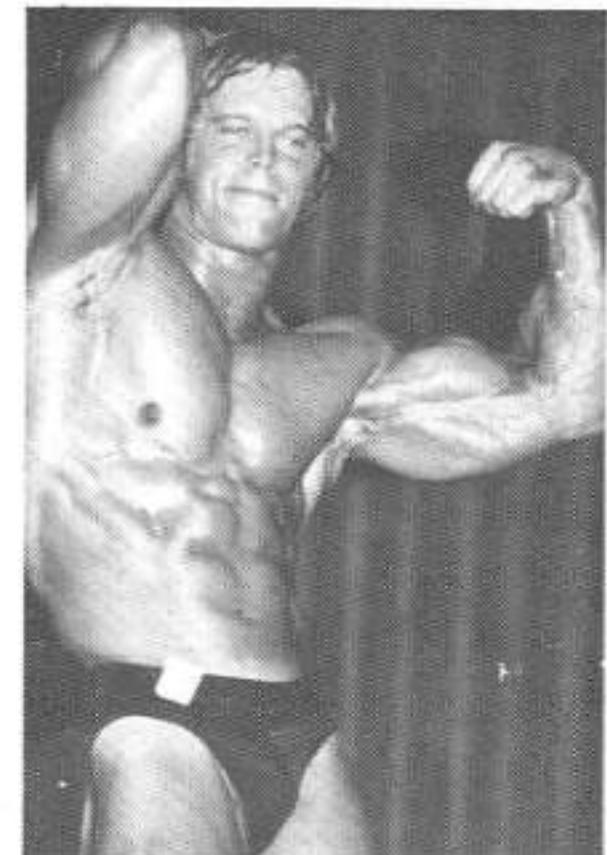
Richard Taylor, Box 5500-152-980, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

I am 24, 6', 150 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, interested in camping, horses, painting and reading. Billy Crawford, No. 139-924, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

PENOLOGY LAMPOON

The Writers Workshop at Washington State prison has published a collection of prison writings titled *Penology Lamoon*. The price is a donation of 30c per copy. It is available from: Box 5020, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

CALIFORNIA SUPERMEN



Terry offers color 35 mm physique contest photos. All clean-cut, hot hunks. 8 different contestants per set. Set D now available. \$10 plus \$1 for postage and handling. All photo sets sent insured mail. Send M.O.'s or check — no cash or C.O.D.'s. (Calif. residents include 6% sales tax.) TERRY PHOTOS, BOX 31241, DEPT. D, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94131.

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TOUGH TALES

Hazing

I read with interest the letter on college athletic club hazing on pp. 76-77 in Drummer 30. I ran an ad in the same issue, continuing my effort of the last several years to exchange data with guys who found their passage through the netherworld of hazing/initiation to be a prick-stiffening experience. No doubt some guys go through it and more or less shrug it off in the years that follow, but for many it remains a lifelong jerk-off fantasy, the memory of which remains a potent and reliable aphrodisiac. Although in most cases, the hazed become the hazers and enjoy putting new initiates through their paces, the memories that mesmerize and excite them are primarily those of their own experiences at the receiving end of the lewdly cruel fun and games that constitute genuine hazing, which may tell us something about which comes first in the chicken-egg relationship that intertwines sado-masochism.

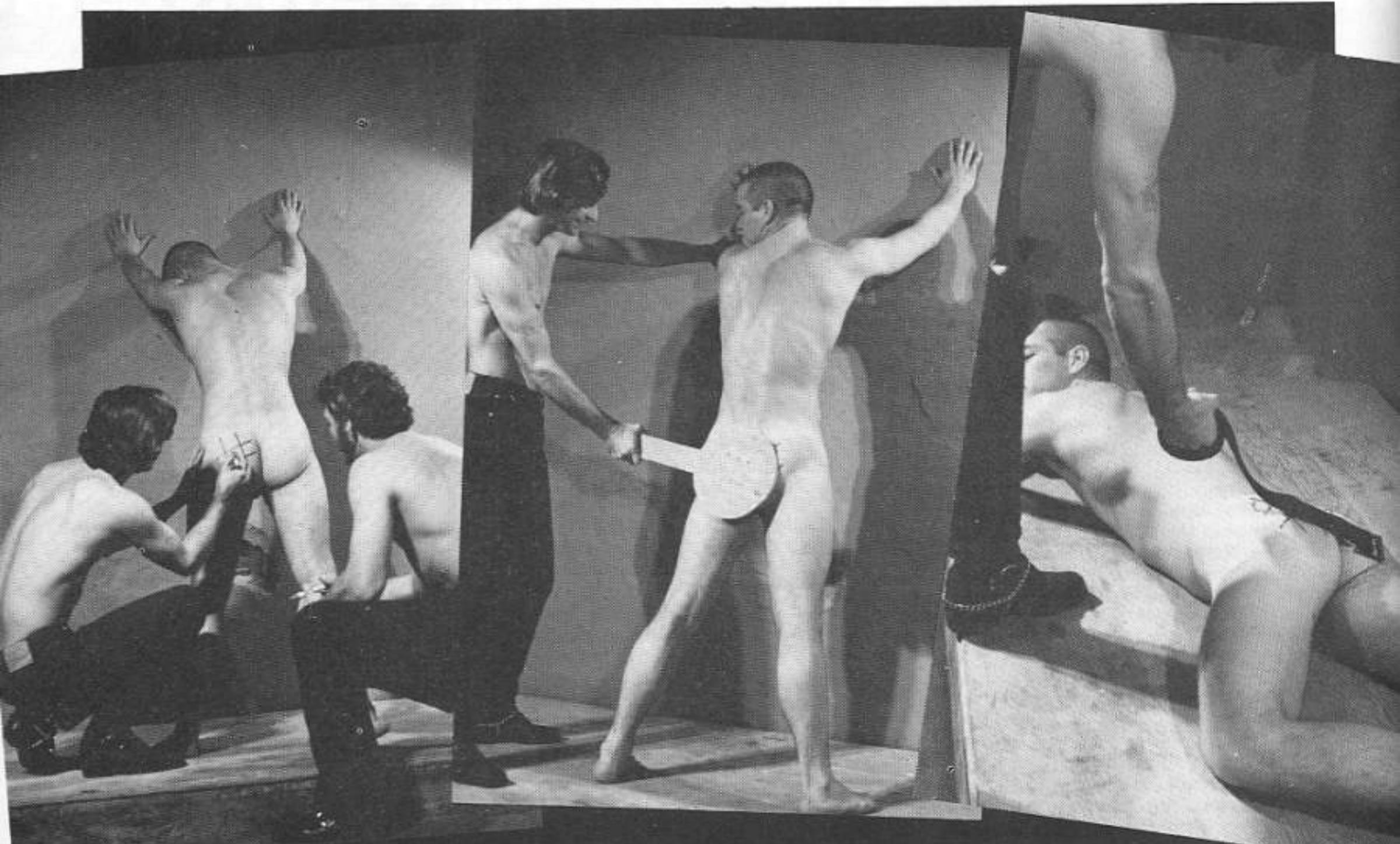
I can confirm that hazing — the real thing, not just its watered-down imita-

tions — is alive and well and thriving in young male America. It seems to have its ups and downs. In the down periods it is eliminated or diluted in some places, though I suspect that in many cases it simply goes underground. But it never dies out because it provides so attractively and conveniently for the assorted needs of the young male psyche. Hazers love to lord it over their cringing victims; hazees are anxious to prove, not only to their buddies but to themselves, their manhood as manifested in their ability to "take it." And of course they yearn to earn the right to do some hazing themselves, and submission is the price of admission. Since the motivations of both hazers and hazees are rooted in the male sex urge, I would predict that hazing will be around a long time, with the same power and permanence as basic male lust. In any case, it is clearly on the upswing in America today.

Real hazing is basically a sexual event,

a test and a celebration of pure maleness, and an analysis of the genuine article provides a syndrome of elements that can be constructed into a pure model. Most groups that haze their new members never employ all the elements of the pure model, but there are many, many groups that practice enough of them to qualify as real hazers. Raw maleness seems to be the common denominator — drunkenness, lewd and abusive language, a focus on sex and excrement. Nudity for the initiates is almost universal. It humiliates and threatens them with worse to come, and immediately establishes a sexual atmosphere for the proceedings. Many guys jack up involuntarily under the stimulus of the stripping and the verbal abuse that accompanies it, which routinely includes ridiculing of their sex organs, lewd speculation as to their sexual prowess, questions about their sexual activities and preferences, etc.

Groin shaving is a fairly popular hazing sport, and often the object of this at-



tention will suffer the further embarrassment of an erection which will attract more verbal exploration of his sexual equipment and its uses.

Paddling is of course almost universal, and sometimes stimulates involuntary erections by the victims.

Most groups that practice real hazing — I would guess more than 80% — do not leave hard-on production entirely to accident. One fairly common event is a cock-measuring contest for the initiates. Even more common are masturbation events, which may follow cock-measuring where it occurs. Some fraternities call in the pledges one at a time to demonstrate their jack-off artistry before a grinning, jeering, generally beer-soused membership. In other frats all the pledges may be assembled together for the event. Sometimes they take turns in the spotlight, jerking off on command of the pledgemaster. Sometimes they are lined up shoulder to shoulder and jerk off together to see who can shoot furthest, fastest, etc. Sometimes the event is a circle-jerk, with each guy beating his own meat to see who can shoot fastest or keep from shooting longest. Sometimes it is a classic circle-jerk, with each guy fisting the cock of the guy next to him. In athletic team or letterman club hazing, which generally takes place in part in the locker room, it seems to be popular to have the initiates jerk off while standing under cold showers. Some groups add to the naked initiates' embarrassment by making them catch their cum as they shoot off and eat it, or smear it in their

hair. Others make them lick it up after they have shot off on the floor. The inventive little devils in one high school social club in Texas shoved frankfurters up the assholes of their nude pledges and stood them in a circle, each equipped with a hot dog bun. They were then ordered to jerk off on their buns, then to catch the hot dog of the boy in front of them as he shit it out. When this was accomplished, they had to hand the completed hot dog to the boy in front of them to be eaten, so that each was eating a frankfurter flavored with his own shit and another boy's cum.

Another masturbation game is called Milking the Bull in Texas and perhaps other places. As staged at one frat at the U. of Texas, it follows the cock-measuring contest before a rowdy, jeering, beer-swilling assemblage of the entire membership. One by one the naked pledges are put up on a small table on all fours, straddling a pan to catch the cum. Then the pledgemaster or one of his assistants proceeds to jerk the pledge off. The pledges are timed to see who takes the longest, and since the loser is punished by having all the cum smeared over him for the night, each is encouraged to get his rocks off as fast as possible by shouting advice to his masturbator on how to improve the stimulation he is getting. When he finally does cum, the pledge is required to report the event by shouting "Coming, sir!" at the top of his voice and bellowing like a bull.

Of course hazing is not all sex, although it is never far away and is used to

spice up many events even where it is not the main oint.

Exercising to the point of muscle-screaming torture is as standard as paddling. One popular exercise is jumping-jacks, which causes the naked initiates' cocks and balls to flap up and down quite ludicrously for the amusement of the hazers. The genitals may also be a focus for the application of pain — one popular stunt is to smear the balls with a hot liniment compound like Ben Gay. Or to torment the hapless pledge's cock or asshole in the same way. I have no evidence that the electric cattle prods popular in hazing in Texas and some other states are applied to the initiates' genitals or assholes, but considering the attraction, it seems likely. Perhaps some of your Texas readers can provide further enlightenment on the subject — or other phases of Texas hazing.

On the whole, I think Texas takes the prize for enthusiastically horny, hard-cock hazing, although California and a number of other places are not far behind.

Remember that most of the participants in these hard-cock games are straight guys who don't look on what they're doing as homosex, just sex-sex which any guy with a working cock and balls can't help but enjoy. Thus they tend to shy away from the more advanced forms of interpersonal sex between males, and go for substitutes like frankfurters up the ass or smearing crotches with whipped cream or choc-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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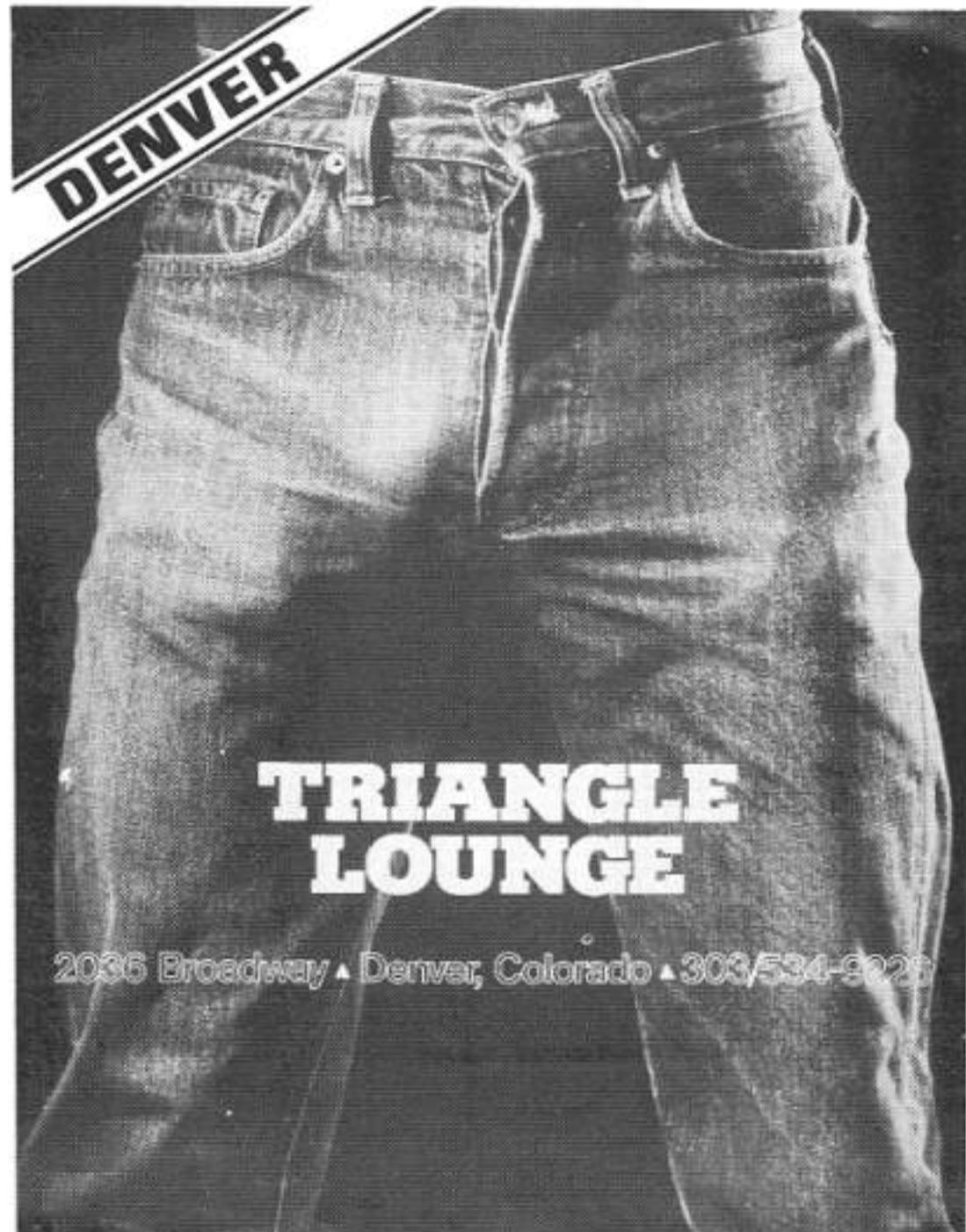
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MEN'S BAR SCENE



The real bitch about a travelling job is the nights spent in hick towns. Mine has taken me to such exotic places as Sioux Falls, Des Moines and Boise. It's hard enough to find *any* kind of trick in those places, let alone the kind of *man* I'm always looking for.

I figured the week-long stay in Denver was going to be the same kind of dead-end for me sexually as those other burghs in the Mid-West. I left New York that Thursday with a sense of dread; it was as though I was leaving my cock in the city while I took a vacation from it. The worst part of this trip was that I was going to have to spend the weekend in Colorado — not just a few work days. What the hell was I going to do in Denver for a weekend?

I thought about just packing it in and spending Saturday and Sunday sightseeing in the mountains. But it turned out that I didn't leave my cock at home after all and by the time Friday night came it had a very insistent mind of its own. It wanted to go out, and no rational argument from me was going to stop it. I had been smart enough to pack a copy of *Drummer* in my suitcase — in the middle of some now dirty underwear, just where it belonged. I took it out and was pleasantly surprised to find a place called the

Triangle in the bar guide on the last pages. A leather bar in Denver?!

It took some figuring and fooling with a map of the city to discover that the Triangle was only a few blocks from my hotel. Fate was with me — and my cock was already grateful.

I walked over to Broadway, the address was 2036, and found the building I was looking for. It was no great shakes, but then what gay bar has invested money in architecture? I entered the discreetly marked door and found myself plunged into a sea of maleflesh. It was as if the Dock Strip had been unloaded right here at the base of the Rocky Mountains. The college kids in skimpy t-shirts; the pseudo-construction workers in levi jackets; the leather men sprinkled through the crowd. Now I was *very* sure I hadn't left my cock at home, it was jutting straight up against my pants. It had found itself a home.

I pushed my way through the crowds, taking in the fine, welcome odors of men. Looking around so quickly at so many men that you'd have thought I had just come out or something. I was like a kid in a candy store.

I got hold of the cold can of Coors and stood against the bar trying to calm myself down a little and survey just how

lucky I had been to look this place up.

Look, it wasn't the Mineshaft, I don't mean that, but it was a fine gay man's bar, decent music, okay looking men, the promise of a hot trick. I was very pleased with myself.

It took me about fifteen minutes to realize just what a gold mine I had found though. The bar was dark as most gay bars are. It took a while to figure out the room and the doorways leading from it. There was a set of stairs going downstairs that I had assumed led to a men's room. But, then I saw that the pisser was on this floor. I had so completely indoctrinated myself about what a boring place Denver was going to be that it took that long for me to realize that something was happening downstairs. That when some of those hot men I was staring at stared back and then disappeared down the stairwell, they weren't just being abrupt, they were inviting me to follow.

I cleared out my head and pushed my way to the entrance to the lower level.

The tapes of music started to overlap halfway down. Then a harder beat from the new bar started to pound in my ears. My cock was still jutting up with anticipation. I entered what looked like a tunnel. It was even darker than the upstairs. There were men silently lining the walls. The whole place was drenched in a aura of sexuality.

I carefully, slowly walked through the lined men into the back room of the place, there was the other bar, a tall, muscular guy was tending it, clad only in chaps and jeans with a tee-shirt that said loud and clear where he was coming from: "YES SIR!" When I got closer I could see the collar looped around his neck. "In Denver?" I thought.

In Denver, is right. I grabbed a new beer, giving the humpy bottom behind the bar a good, long, lean cruise and walked back through the packed room. Once again I was looking around, trying to feel my way. Then as I adjusted more to the darkness, I started to hear the familiar sounds of sucking and fucking coming from the figures lining the walls. A back room! A real, honest to god back room.

My cock and I were both standing at attention now. Hot damn. My glances at the crowd of men were more intense. "Right here," I thought I mearly said it out loud, "Come and get it right here."

The men in this town were a little different than the ones I was used to in New York. Of course there were the omnipresent leathermen, but there were lots of men in Cowboy costumes. It occurred to me that here on the Plains those clothes weren't necessarily costumes. They could be the real thing.

One tall, slim guy in front of me caught my eye just as I was working on the fantasy. He had on a Stetson hat and rugged, worn jeans. I could barely make out the cowboy boots on his feet. There was a tan colored vest covering his plaid shirt. My mind was playing on the range with his body. Thinking about the ass that for sure rode on saddles during the week. I was nearly drooling over him, waiting for him to turn and catch my eye when I felt a hand rest on my butt.

I stifled an inclination to move away. 'Wait,' I thought, 'let's see what it is.' The hand got more familiar with me while I stood there. It began to knead my ass now, one finger pressing insistently into my asshole through the cloth of my pants. I could feel the well-known presence of leather on the arms and legs of the figure as it moved in closer behind me. A hard cock pushed through his crotch against my mounds, his hands went to my waist and pulled me in further.

Just then, the Cowboy began to notice me. Jesus! If it rains it pours. His eyes locked into mine and that special acknowledgement of interest flowed between us. 'Which one?'

The cowboy didn't waste any time. He moved backwards and got into position to place a hand right on my crotch. The throbbing pole was all the encouragement he needed to start playing with the whole length.

My own hand moved behind me and found the huge member of the leather man that was poking my body. I put my beer on the shelf and reached out in front of me to grasp hold of the Cowboy's long lean dick, amazed at the size of its pulsing knob.

My mind was racing. 'Which one? What do I do?' Only an hour before I was bemoaning my fate to be stranded in Denver, and now I was standing here in a back room bar, each of my paws filled with ripe, manmeat.

The answer came almost spontaneously. 'Why not both of them?' Right here? They hadn't noticed each other's actions yet. I could tell neither was aware that another man had been working on me. I almost laughed at that part of their cruising — being so cool and making believe that there was nothing special going on that they couldn't really see one another.

I used all my manual dexterity, and used both hands to open each of the button-fly jeans at once. Their hot flesh popped out of their openings at the same time, and I stood there stroking on two of the most beautiful poles I had ever felt. Carefully, and slowly, so they wouldn't get suspicious, I pulled each one by his cock until I had them in position and then I dove down and swallowed the two pricks at once, pushing the limits of my mouth's expansion to accommodate both of them. The sweat taste of two men inside my mouth sent me into orbits of sexual pleasure. I barely noticed the two of them stiffened their bodies as they realized what was going on. I lifted my eyes just in time to see them staring at one another: the cowboy and the leatherman, each of their cocks in the same mouth. They hesitated for a moment while I stared up. And then a small smile came across the leatherman's face as he reached over and dragged the cowboy into a tight, clutching embrace. I went back to work on their big tools, wondering when I could get another business trip to Denver.

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TOUGH TALES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

late syrup and forcing the initiates to lick them clean.

Fucking and cocksucking do occur, but less frequently than jerking off, and often in the context of penalty or punishment, or of a demonstration of obedience or the true earnestness of their desire to belong to the group.

One relatively frequent form taken by the latter pretext is a "slave" situation. Initiates may be chosen for temporary slave duty by auction, or by lottery, or by some system of rotation, or for accumulating demerits during the week. Sexual servicing is not always part of the slave's duties, but it seems to be fairly often. One feature of some varsity team hazing is that one varsity team member is put in charge of each initiate and "owns his ass" for the hazing period, which may be 4 or 5 weeks. His job is to keep the pressure on with daily hazing sessions, sometimes with the help of his buddies on the team, and cornholing their aspiring teammate or making him suck cock is an enjoyable and entertaining way of reminding him that he is lower than whale-shit until they pronounce him acceptable for admission to the varsity.

Incidentally, it is my observation that athletes go in for raunchier, more crudely physical hazing, including humiliating sex, than the average group, both in team hazing or fraternity hazing where the frat's membership is composed mostly of jocks. At a casual glance, it is just the

opposite sort of behavior from what you would expect from supermacho straight studs, but on closer examination, it figures. Jocks are very much oriented to their bodies, testing them, stretching them to greater and greater limits, glorying in their maleness not only in terms of strength and skill but also the vigorous and prolonged exercise of their sexual powers. The athlete with his pre-occupation with his own male body and its functioning and hazing as an immersion in raw maleness were made for each other.

One jock frat I was told of starts its Hell Week with a strip-fight. The pledges are paired off, each dressed identically, and must tear each other's clothes off; the loser in each pair must then kneel and suck the winner's cock. To the victor . . . !

Your Montana correspondent's report that there was relatively little hazing at the U. of Reno was a little puzzling. Of course I could have been misinformed, or things could have changed, but I had an input reporting on the early '70s that indicated that hazing was common and accepted on the campus there, also visible, since the first order of business after the stripping of the pledges on day one of Hell Week was to shave them from head to toe. The hazing described was gross and brutal, and pledges who balked were pissed on and paddled till they got with the program, which included sexual servicing for borthers who got charged up by the sadistic games. I was a little skeptical of this report at the time, but in time as I got more similar material it seemed

to fit the pattern that emerged.

Also, another chapter of the same frat recently made the news at the U. of Texas when a pledge lodged criminal charges against 3 brothers for sexual assault. This is a rare instance where a pledge did NOT get with the program — relatively few quit no matter how savage and gross the hazing, and even fewer complain publicly — but it seems to bear out that that frat's hazing customs include making the pledges serve as sex slaves during Hell Week.

I would like to endorse the suggestion of your Montana correspondent that Drummer's readers send in reports on hazing events that are staged openly on campus. Of even greater interest, however, is what goes on in the closed sessions where there are no outsiders to inhibit the grossness and cruelty with which members of all-male groups put their initiates through their paces, mocking their naked helplessness as they humiliate and torment them in 1,001 fiendish and obscene ways.

J.B.
Washington, DC

(*Drummer readers are encouraged to submit their own tough tales of actual sexual experiences, that provide a common denominator, with the rest of our readers. Submissions should be sent to: Tough Tales, Alternate Publishing, 15 Harriett Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. We have a strange and wonderful gift for writers whose prose is published in Drummer.*)

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We have gone to many sources in preparing this comprehensive DRUMMER guide, but most of our info came from you, our faithful readers. So we'd greatly appreciate hearing from you about any openings, closings, changes or moves in your area. Remember, an up-to-date listing only benefits you. Our big goal for 1980 is a DRUMMER WORLD GUIDE ... so send those letters.

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INTERCHANGE 1501 Holden
Stephen's Saloon 17436 Woodward Ave.

Men's Bar/Bath Scene '79

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MINNESOTA MINNEAPOLIS

Big Daddy's (baths) 3 N. 7th
Happy Hour 408 Hennepin
Locker Room Health Club . . . 315 1st Ave. N.

MISSOURI KANSAS CITY

Bunkhouse (baths) 3109 Main St.
Round Up 701 W. 12th
Sundance 3726 Broadway
Windjammer 1822 Main St.

ST. LOUIS

Gateway Saloon (in Bob Martin's Bar complex) 201 S. 20th
Club St. Louis Baths 600 W. Kingshighway
Stadium Baths 201 S. 20th

NEBRASKA OMAHA

Diamond Bar 516 S. 16th

NEVADA LAS VEGAS

Las Vegas Spa (baths) 1130 S. Casino Ctr. Bl.
Other Place 5410 Paradise Rd.
Sixteen-Ten 1610 E. Charleston Blvd.

RENO

Club Baths 1030 W. 2nd St.
Trapp 5201 W. 4th St.

NEW JERSEY ASBURY PARK

COLONY BATHS 500 Summerfield Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY (SEASONAL)

Ramrod (above Lark Inn) 174 S. New York
BRICKTOWN

The Egyptian Baths 1714 Hwy. 88
CAMDEN

Club Camden Baths 1498 Broadway

NEW YORK BUFFALO

Club Buffalo Baths 44 Almeda (Amherst)

Villa Capri 926 Main at Allan

FIRE ISLAND - CHERRY GROVE/PINES

"Meat Rack" - Outdoor Action Area

Sea Shack Cherry Grove

MANHATTAN

Badlands 388 West St. at Christopher

Barbary Coast 64 7th Ave.

Beacon Baths 227 E. 45th St.

Boot Hill 317 Amsterdam at 75th St.

Boots and Saddle 76 Christopher

Broadway Arms Baths 218 W. 49th St.

Cell Block 372 West 11th St.

Chaps 1558 3rd Ave. at 87th St.

The Club Baths 24 1st Ave.

Crossroads 858 9th Ave.

Dakota 550 3rd Ave. at 37th St.

Den 264 W. 43rd St.

Eagle's Nest 142 11th Ave. at 20th St.

Eastside Sauna 227 E. 56th St.

Glory Hole (private club) 139 11th Ave.

Half Breed 168 Amsterdam at 68th St.

International Stud 733 Greenwich St.

Kellers 384 West St. at Barrow

Main Man 305 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.

Man's Country 28 W. 15th St.

Mineshaft (private club) 832 Washington St.

Ramrod 394 West St.

Sauna Baths 300 W. 58th St.

Spike 120 11th Ave. at 20th St.

St. Marks Baths 6 St. Marks Place

Ty's 114 Christopher St.

Wall Street Sauna 1 Maiden Lane

Wildwood 308 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.

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Bachelor Forum 1065 E. Main
Roman Sauna Baths 109 North St.

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New Brass Rail 3513 W. Wilkinson Blvd.
Original Brass Rail 105 W. Morehead

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Stagecoach Inn 295 E. Market

CINCINNATI

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CLEVELAND

Club Steam Baths 1448 W. 32nd St.
Club Cleveland II Baths 1293 W. 9th

LEATHER STALLION

. 2203 St. Claire Ave.

COLUMBUS

The Loft 622 S. High St. (above The Grotto)
Tradewinds II 117 E. Chestnut

TOLEDO

Club Toledo Baths 1122 Monroe St.
THE RUSTLER SALOON 4023 Monroe St.

OKLAHOMA

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Colorados 3201 N. May Ave.
Circa 2201 N.W. 39th

Crew's Inn 2721 N. Walker

OREGON

PORTLAND

Club Continental 531 S.W. Park Ave.
Dahl & Penne 604 S.W. 2nd

Majestic Hotel & Club Baths 303 S.W. 12th Av.

Other Inn 242 S.W. Adler

Olympic Baths 531 S.W. 12th St.

Tavern ('Half Moon') 122 S.W. Yamhill

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA

Barrick's (baths) 1813 Sansom St.

Cell Block 206 So. Camac

247/Corral 247 S. 17th St.

Post 1705 Chancellor

Westbury Bar 271 So. 15th St.

PITTSBURGH

Rathskellar 1226 Herron Ave.

Schume's Liberty Baths 917 Liberty Ave.

READING

Red Star 143 N. 10th St.

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN

Lion of St. Mark's Baths 205 Calle Luna

Main Street Bar 257 Calle San Jose

San Francisco Inn 263 Calle San Francisco

Ten Twenty Club 1020A Ashford (Condado)

TEXAS

AMARILLO

The Old Plantation 1005 No. Filmore St.

AUSTIN

Private Cellar 1221 W. 6th St.

DALLAS

The Crews Inn 3220 N. Fitzhugh

Sundance Kid 4025 Maple

Tex's Ranch 4117 Maple

Wild Crowd Saloon 2515 N. Fitzhugh

Throckmorton Mining Co. 3014 Throckmorton

The Locker 1804 No. Harwood

FT. WORTH

651 Club 651 S. Jennings

The Corral 621 Hemphill

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Locker 1732 Westheimer

Mary's 1022 Westheimer

Montrose Mining Co. 805 Pacific

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2306 Club (Gym-L/W Bath) 2306 Genesee

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Silver Phoenix 302 Avondale at Mason

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Warehouse Lounge 2404 Marshal

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Paddock Tavern 125 W. Plume St.

WASHINGTON

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JOHNNY'S HANDLEBAR 2018 1st Ave.

MARSHALL'S OFFICE 1224 Howell

Zodiac Club Baths 1117 Pike St.

WISCONSIN

GREEN BAY

Man Hole 207 So. Washington

MILWAUKEE

Club Milwaukee Baths 704-A W. Wisconsin

On Broadway Health Club 158 N. Broadway

WRECK ROOM 266 E. Erie

CANADA

MONTREAL

Continental Montreal (baths)

456 La Gauchetiere

Bud's 1250 Stanley

Dominion Square Tavern 1243 Metcalfe

Joe Beef's Tavern 201 de la Commune

Monarch Cafe 164 St. Catherine St. E.

TORONTO

The Barn (L&D) Church & Granby Sts.

Ruddy's Backroom Bar (behind Crispins) .

Men's Bar/Bath Scene '79

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Spa-Guy (baths) 553 Victoria St.

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Barracks Bar Flinders St.

Barrel Inn 12-14 Challis Ave. Potts Point

Kens Karate Club (baths) Kensington

King Steam (bath/sauna) 127 King St.

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AUCKLAND

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Empire Tavern Victoria St. West/Nelson St.

Jeunesse Doree (sauna) 945 New North Rd.

Mt. Albert

Victoria Spa (sauna) 64 Victoria St. West

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WELLINGTON

Royal Oak Hotel Bars Cuba Street

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The only kickers are:

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(2) The Drumbeats' ad will be given
out on a first cum basis . . . so be
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or box number.

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Please note our new address.

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DRUMMER



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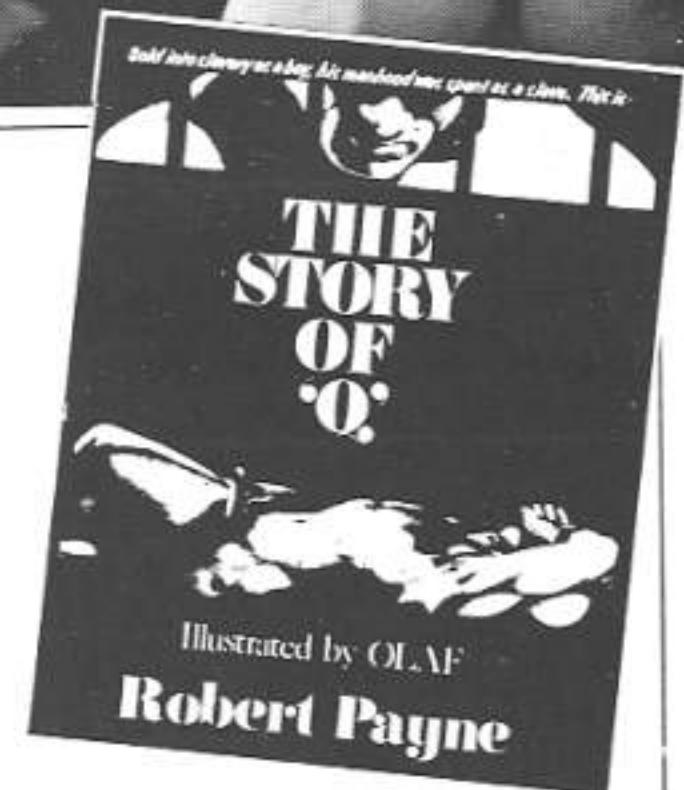
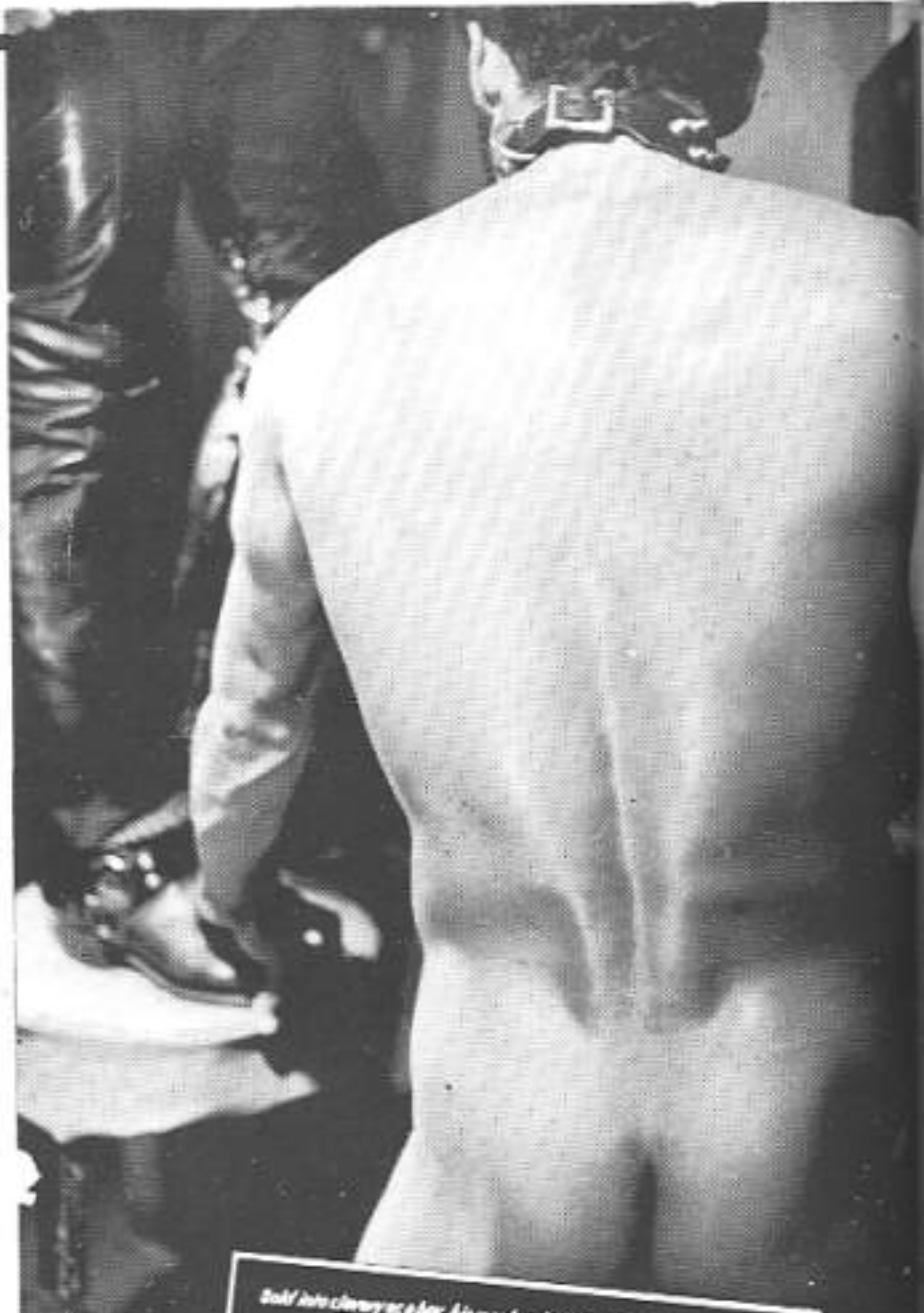
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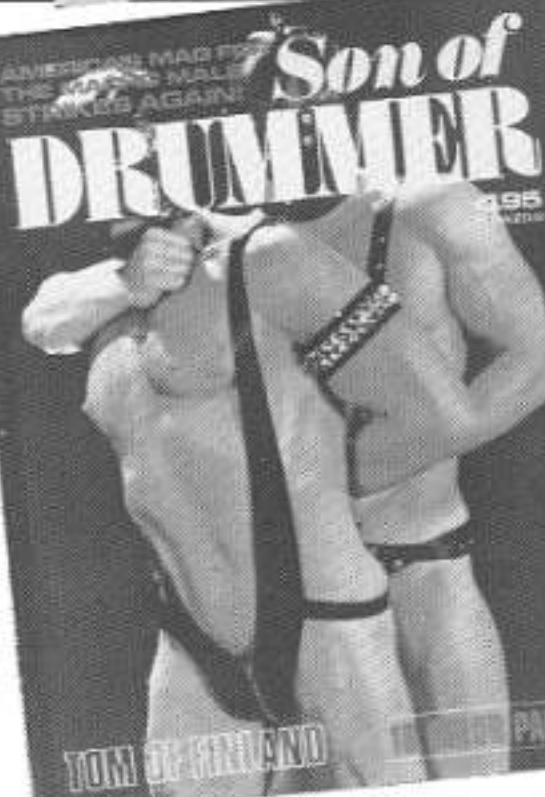


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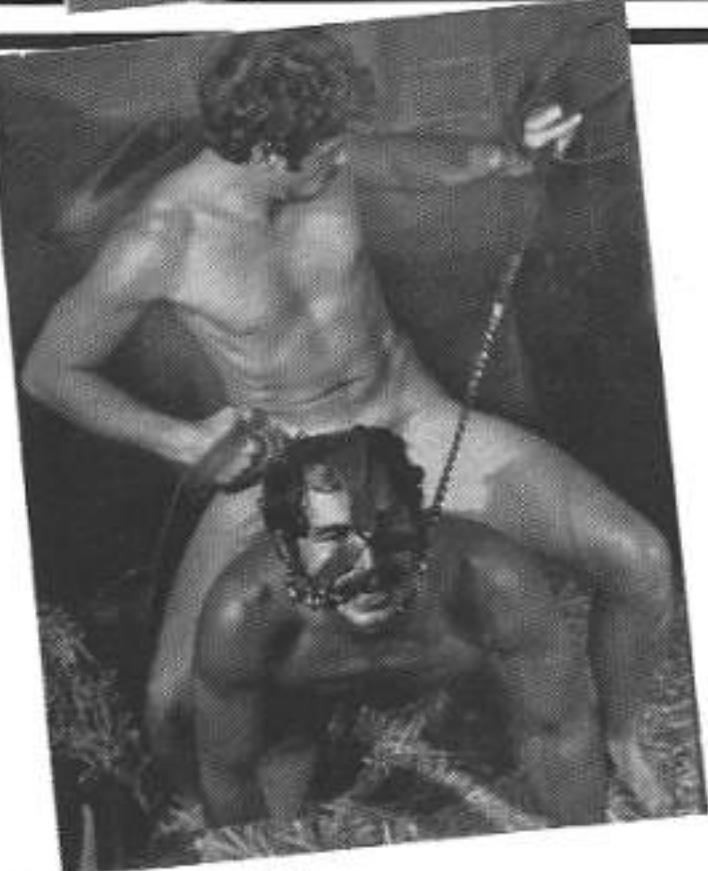
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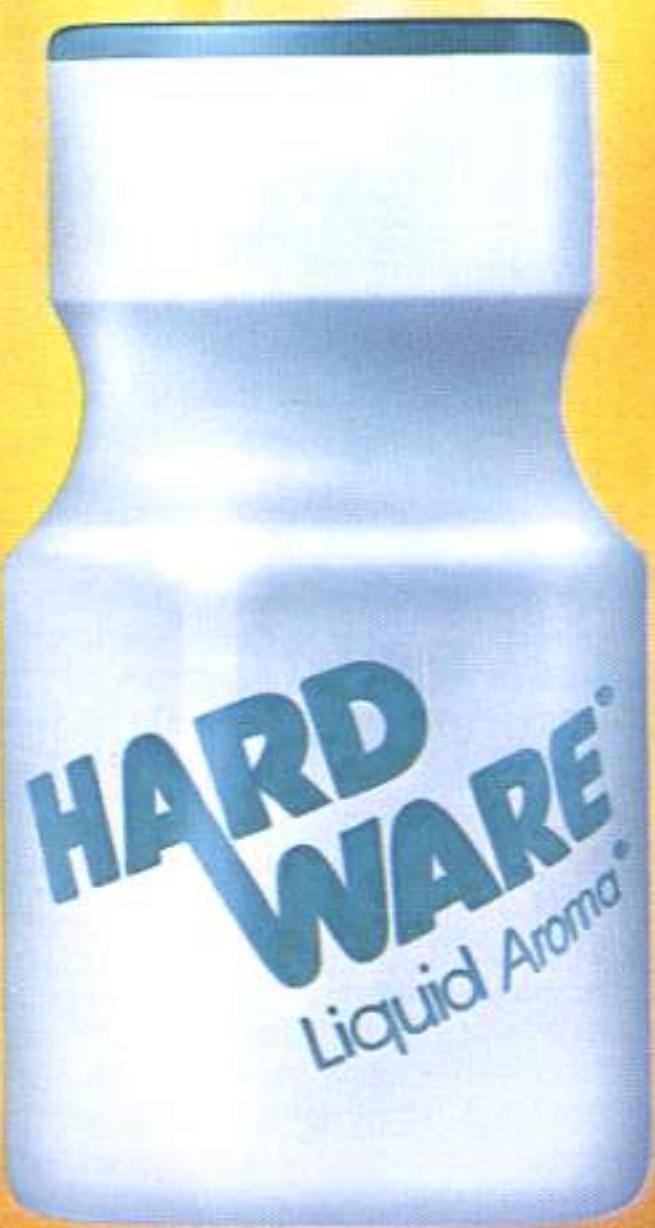
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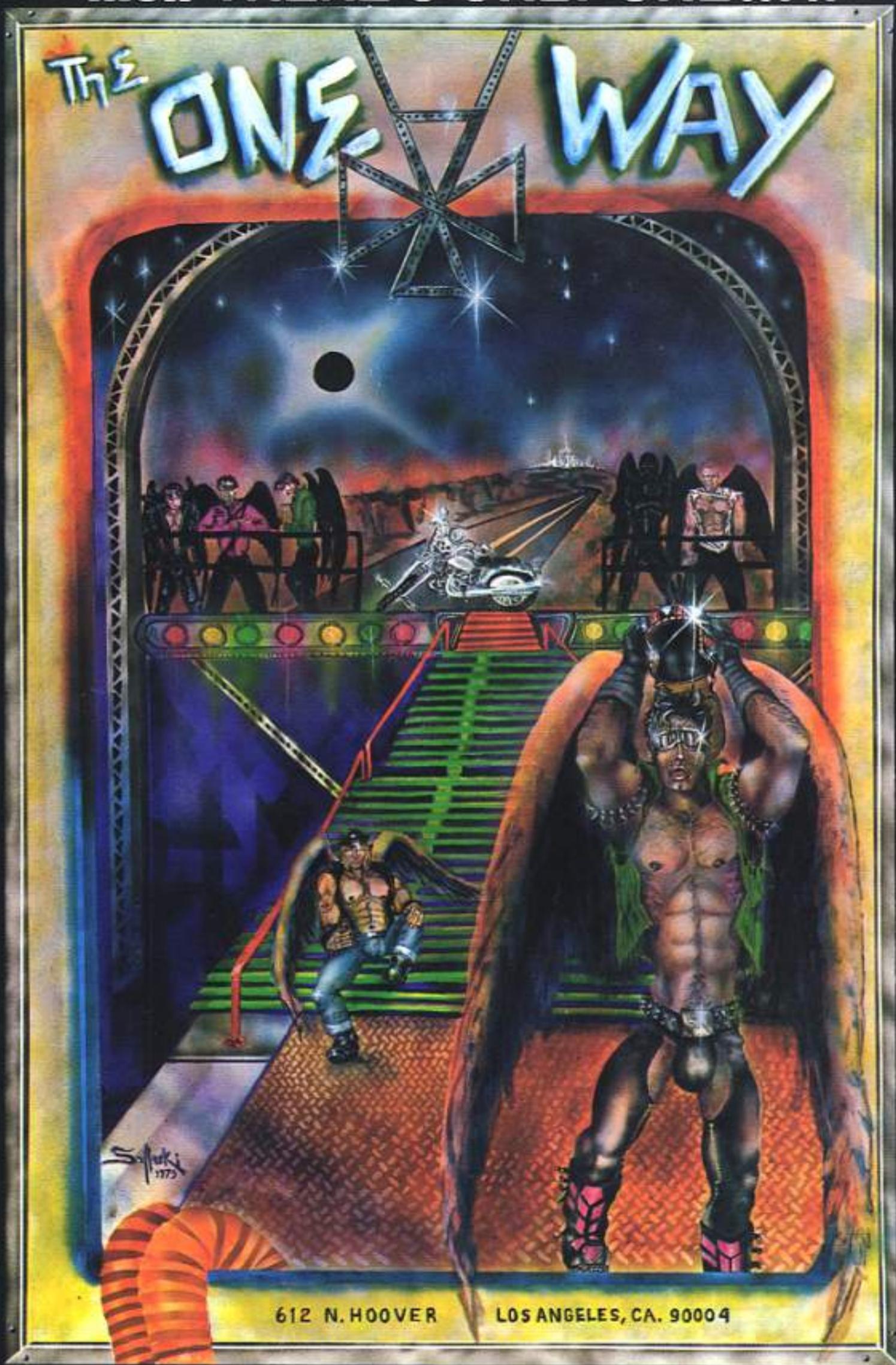
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VOL. MCMLXXIX....No. 1

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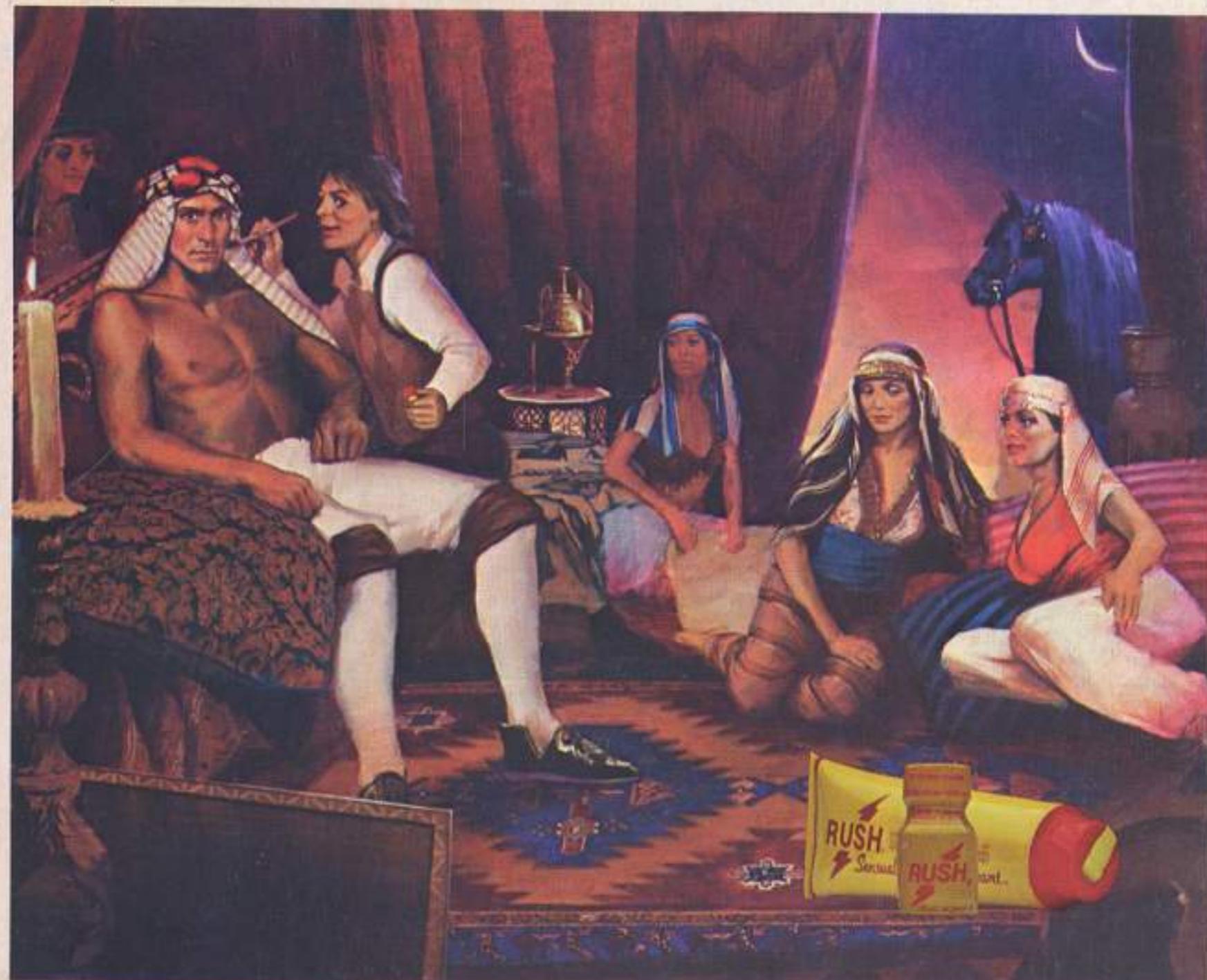
Rudy Rates RUSH a Rave

HOLLYWOOD, Monday, June 1—They're saying it was "heat prostration", but insiders know better! Production on Desert Song, Valentino's latest hysterical heart-throb for Cinegram Studios, had to be suspended last week. According to a studio press agent, it was due to "adverse weather in the Mojave". Temperatures rose rapidly all right, but it was a different sort of sunstroke.

According to our confidential source, it seems that The Sheik arrived late one evening for a moonlight desert take. The Great Lover impatiently told the production crew to "Get a rush on". One prankish makeup man promptly uncorked a bottle of RUSH Liquid Incense* and spread it around the set. Rudy was supposed to begin the scene by giving some sultry starlets the air, but what came next was definitely not in the script!

The entire cast and crew put in for overnight overtime. The tent was in tatters, and even the pillows were plastered. It's too bad they never got around to putting film in the cameras!

What effect will this have on future production? No further comment was available from Cinegram. When cornered in the studio cafeteria, Rudy only smiled and said: "I'm glad I didn't come early. We'll have to get more RUSH for the next take."



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